

# Incidents in the life and ministry of the Rev. Alex. R.C. Dallas

Anne B. Dallas

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INCIDENTS  
IN  
THE LIFE AND MINISTRY  
OF THE  
REV. ALEX. R. C. DALLAS, A.M.



Your very faithful—  
Alex<sup>r</sup> R. Dallas.

# INCIDENTS

IN

## THE LIFE AND MINISTRY

OF THE

REV. ALEX. R. C. DALLAS, A.M.

RECTOR OF WONSTON;

CHAPLAIN TO THE RIGHT REVEREND DR. SUMNER,  
LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER;

AND

HONORARY SECRETARY TO THE SOCIETY FOR IRISH CHURCH  
MISSIONS TO THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.

DALLAS  
BY HIS WIDOW.

*SECOND EDITION.*

LONDON:

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## INTRODUCTION.

THE REV. Alexander Robert Charles Dallas was, through the kind Providence of God, spared to a great age in the ministry of His Church. Placed by talents and by circumstances in a prominent position, he gathered around him not only a large circle of acquaintance, but also many true and loving friends. Among these there has been a very earnest desire to possess some incidents of his life and ministry. Their request was responded to by one of his most intimate friends, John Campbell Colquhoun, Esq., who, as Chairman of the Committee for Irish Church Missions, was associated with him in the important work which occupied the last years of his life. Mr. Colquhoun had kindly consented to take the responsibility of this publication, when it pleased the Great Disposer of all events to call him also, by the same messenger of death, into the inner temple, the 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

The 'Recollections' thus left in the hands of the sorrowing widow, who has gathered them up, are now presented to the friends of the Rev. Alexander Dallas. If the veil of love has been thrown over the character by a loved and loving hand, they can judge for themselves and supply the defects from their own remembrance. The record is one of true fact, true thought, true feeling; and let it be remembered that God's work is not to be judged by man's finite mind, and that the weakness of man cannot circumscribe God's power or hinder His blessing.

There is a deep responsibility in reviewing the life of any servant of God. Independently of that separate individuality of character which makes it difficult for one person to judge accurately of the inner life of another, the path in which we ourselves

are walking may be one to obscure the true aspect and dimensions of that of others. We need to have a bird's-eye view of its circuitous wanderings, and in our present low position there are a thousand influences which mystify our vision of the true position of others as well as of that of ourselves; then, the nearer our contact to the object the more one-sided will be our view, the true perspective is wanting and the object is naturally distorted.

A wife who has for twenty years been the receptacle of every thought of her husband, and has poured her every thought into his mind, who has been one with him in every care and sorrow while finding her rest in his heart and sharing in his joys, is the last person, it may be supposed, to judge impartially of his character and action; yet, with those more removed from personal communication there is proportionate want of knowledge, and with all the lens of vision is coloured by the complexion of the individual mind.

The more public the sphere of action the more severe in general is the criticism of the world, even when the evil influences of human nature are not among the obscuring elements. The life we are contemplating is, from many causes, peculiarly open to the severity of this judgment. It must be viewed from the heights of the Eternal world to be seen in its true proportions. But it has been reviewed by the honoured minister of God himself, and we have his own judgment upon it, as with one foot in Jordan's stream and the other lifted up to enter into it, he cast a look back upon the seventy-eight years of his past pilgrimage: a bright gleam, not of the setting, but of the rising sun, lighted up the distant past; he seemed to see it all at one glance, and in that view he exclaimed, 'My sins are more in number than the hairs of my head, but the blood of Jesus Christ covers them all.'

It is from this standing-point that it is most for the glory of God that every life should be reviewed. It is the only review my departed husband would desire, as he now sees all the turns and mazes of his eventful course. Whenever in his later years amid the crowding business of his life he had a few minutes to pause and look back, the expression which followed that pause was that of deepest humiliation and wonder at the mercy of his God. He adored the Sovereign Grace which had rescued him from destruc-

tion, and had used the unfitnesses and faults of his natural character for the manifestations of His glory, making these faults to bring their own chastening, and, through that chastening, moulding them into qualifications for service.

The incidents of life and fragments of ministry here collected bear so entirely the mark of Divine influence, and pourtray so evidently its progressive transformation of the character, that the most transient observer must trace in them the finger of God, 'who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will.'

May God, for Christ's sake, give the Holy Spirit to every one who reads them.

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Since the incidents have been collected, the assistance required for their publication has been supplied, through the kind Providence of God, by the Rev. Charles Karney, who as a son with a father, was united with Mr. Dallas in the ministry at Wonston.

OXFORD, *April*, 1871.

The family of Dallas was descended from James Dallas, Laird of Cantray, in Ross-shire, in 1600, who traces lineal descent from Willielmus de Dallas who lived in 1298, of the township of Dallas, in Morayshire. George Dallas, of St. Martyn's, the son of James Dallas, was Keeper of the Privy Seal in Scotland, in 1668. His son, Robert Dallas, who was the grandfather of the Rev. Alexander Robert Charles Dallas, was one of a very numerous family of brothers and sisters who have descendants in different parts of the world. A son of the eldest brother of this family, Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Dallas, distinguished himself in the Mahratta War, and was made a K.C.B. on the recommendation of the Duke of Wellington. Another son, Major-General Charles Dallas, was Governor of St. Helena, when it was transferred to the Crown by the East India Company. Robert, a younger son, was a physician, and having settled in Jamaica became the owner of a valuable estate there, called Dallas Castle. His son, Alexander James, settled in America, and was the intimate friend of Washington, and Secretary of the Treasury there. He was the father of George Mifflin Dallas, the American Minister to the English Court from 1856 to 1860. Of the daughters of Dr. Dallas, one, Charlotte Henrietta, married Captain George Anson Byron, whose son succeeded to the title of Lord Byron on the death of his first cousin the poet. Robert Charles, his eldest son, was called to the bar, and practised for a short time both in Jamaica and in England, but he soon retired, and devoted his time and talents to literary pursuits. He married Sarah the daughter of John Harding, Esq., of Nelmess, in Essex.

These were the parents of the Rev. Alexander Robert Charles Dallas.

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During my dear husband's illness in the year 1868 he was for some time obliged to give up all attention to public work. But his mind never rested. To be idle would have been the most toilsome labour to him. Among other things he found great interest in reviewing his early days, and the following Autobiography was written by dictation, and printed for the perusal and criticism of intimate friends. It was not intended for publication in this form, but with the corrections and the revision the author desired to have made, it is here given.

## CHAPTER I.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY. 1791-1821.

It would greatly distress me in the last hours of my life to think that the remarkable circumstances of my long career should ever be given to the public by the partial pens of my many loving friends. They have seen the effect of God's goodness to me. They may have observed the light of His grace as it was reflected from the surface of the material on which it was poured; but they could not tell the singular unfitness and unsuitableness of that material for the work which that grace accomplished. There is something so strikingly conducive to the glory of God in the contrast between the brightness of the one and the unfitness of the other, that it would be well, should any remembrance of me be sought for, that so much of the contrast may be seen as none could set forth but myself. This is one reason why I trace these lines.

But there is another reason which seems to call for my own detail of the remarkable current of my life, both in its preparation for the service of God, and its discharge of those blessed purposes to which the preparation tended. As I look back upon all the way the Lord has led me these seventy years and more, I can perceive, from the height of a matured experience, the wonderful workings of Providential means, interposing their power to direct the most minute events with a precision and a beauty which glow more brightly as they are more closely contemplated. As a traveller on the top of the Righi may look down and see the tortuous path by which he has mounted to that height,—the narrow track, the dangerous precipice,—so, as an old man, I can look down and see my birth in the valley below, and trace the winding ways which at last have led me to

the point at which I have arrived. I discover in them all a wondrous illustration of the power of that saying of our Lord, 'Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered.' Ranged altogether these form the beauty of the head. All the events of life make but one general story to the unenlightened memory ; but each event was ordered by the Divine mind, and carried out by Providential care. So every hair is numbered for a special use, by Him who governs the destinies of His people, and who has His own purpose in employing the instrumentality of each of His children. By wondrous ways He fits them for this object, and brings about the events which call forth their instrumentality. The minuteness of the means is marked in the metaphor—they are the hairs of the head that are numbered. In looking back I can discern, as none other can, the ordering of Providence in the minutest events of my life, leading to a special end ; and as I put a spiritual microscope to the very trifles that befel me, I find them only the more testifying to the wisdom and power of the guiding Mind that numbers the hairs of my head.

These reasons induce me to occupy the leisure time which the bodily infirmities of age supply, in sketching a retrospect of God's dealings with me. In this I trust that everything will tend either directly or indirectly to advance the glory of God, although there must be much, especially in the earlier part of my life, which is calculated to do this only by proving His power to select His own instruments *out of the world*, who have most clearly shown that they were *of the world*.

I purpose to supply first of all a sketch of the various periods of my life ; and then, in connection with each period, separate chapters detailing such events as have arisen in that particular time. I earnestly pray that it may please God to guide my mind and my pen, by His Holy Spirit, throughout the whole.

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## PERIOD I.

*My earliest years, from 1791 to 1805.*

I was born on the 29th of March, 1791, at Colchester, and was baptized in St. Peter's Church, in that city, on the 23rd of April following. This latter date I only knew when I had



occasion to procure a certificate of my baptism for my ordination; and it gave me a thrill of pleasure when I then found that I had been introduced into the visible church, by the sacrament of baptism, through the instrumentality of that excellent servant of God, the Rev. Mr. Storer, who was honoured by God to plant the seed of eternal life in the distinguished regiment of Royal Artillery, in which there has ever since been a succession of earnest Christians, both amongst the officers and the men. I felt then that when he uttered the words 'Give Thy Holy Spirit to this infant, that he may be born again, and be made an heir of everlasting salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord,' I might confidently trust that he had lifted up his heart in believing prayer for the object and that it would surely be answered.

I came into the world before the expected time, and struggled through my infant days with the constant danger of death. But God had a purpose for me, and I grew into health which has been of no ordinary power and continuance. The sufferings of my mother produced a derangement of health from which she never completely recovered. My father was a man of no common character. With the pride of an honoured Scotch ancestry, he combined high powers of mind and great literary attainments. He was a barrister; his father had acquired a considerable fortune in Jamaica, as a physician. A strong feeling against slavery had induced my father to leave the West Indies, where a brilliant career was opened before him. He held an eminent position at the bar there, and Lord Balcarras, the governor, had led him to expect that he would appoint him Attorney-General. The strong statements he made concerning slavery offended many of the planters; and his deep abhorrence of the system, as it was then carried on in Jamaica, made him forego all the advantages of his prospects and return to England. From the moment of his departure from Jamaica he never received a single remittance from the proceeds of the property, which became involved and passed into other hands. The result was, necessarily, a painful position of straitened circumstances in England, which lasted for some time.

My father's mind was one of peculiar texture. He had a

ruling passion—the realizing of a Utopian notion of family affection. He had seven children, one of whom, the eldest girl, he lost early; the others were three boys and three girls, of whom I was the youngest but one. We were all brought up under the influence of that strong feeling which I have described. Affection—family affection—was the one point constantly placed before us, as the sum of all true virtue. To this was added a high tone of feeling, which I fear I must acknowledge, as it was then without grace, was but the exercise of pride. Literary attainments were made of great value to us; in this my father was eminent, and we naturally took the high standing of such a combination.

Yet, with all this, there was no system in the progress of education. We learnt poetry that pleased us, and spouted it in the family circle. We were all very musical, but our music was more impulsive than scientific. My sisters had beautiful voices, and we formed a charming family concert; but there was no orderly arrangement for study, and all our acquirements were matters of amusement.

I am happy here to be able to say that, however formal the exercise might have been, family prayer was always maintained in the house. I afterwards felt the benefit of this, as a habit, before I became acquainted with the power of prayer as a blessing.

Although it was very long before the light of Truth beamed upon my father's mind and the power of the Holy Spirit influenced his heart, yet before he died there were clear tokens that that great change had passed upon him which brought him to the foot of the cross to partake of the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. The certainty of this will enable me to speak more freely of some of the difficulties that arose from him in my early Christian course.

From the point of view from which I can now look back upon my early years I can perceive how, even in those early days, my father was permitted to form a mould in which the infant material of my character was to be poured. He himself was a man of warm temper and strong decision; and there is wrought up with my earliest recollections the remembrance of four lines, which he not only made us commit to memory,

but obliged us to repeat upon every occasion when we showed disinclination to do what we were told. The lines were these—

‘The wise and active conquer difficulties  
By daring to attempt them. Folly and sloth  
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and trouble,  
And make the impossibility they fear.’

The habit of repeating these lines at a very early age has graven them, as with a diamond, upon my memory. Many times have they risen to my mind with great power, under circumstances of no ordinary difficulty, and I have no hesitation in stating that the tone of my character, which God has been pleased to employ many times in His service, is due to this original moulding of the character of the child, who, according to the adage, is the father of the man.

There was another special point on which my father laid great stress with us all. He was an accomplished man himself, and had a high sense of gentlemanly bearing and manners. He constantly met our childish disinclination to comply with necessary requirements that were disagreeable, by repeating to us again and again, ‘What you do, do gracefully.’ He would urge, ‘When you must do a disagreeable thing, don’t lose the benefit of your concession by showing your dislike. What you do, do gracefully.’ This became a household word. I will not say that it had its immediate effect upon the grumbling children who grudged their trouble; but it has grown up with me like initials cut in the bark of a tree, that become more indelible as the tree grows. I have been in my life the object of a vast amount of kindly affection, and have found myself acceptable in difficult positions. It is not that I have deserved these benefits; but I trace very much of them to the deep impression made in my earliest days by my father’s often repeated ‘What you do, do gracefully.’

Here then I trace some of the earliest hairs of my infant head, numbered for a purpose to be fulfilled in a long futurity; and I desire to give God the glory for having made my father the instrument of moulding the elements of character into a capacity for the future service of my Lord.

Yet with all this special influence on particular points, there

was no system of education carried on calculated to regulate the mind. By the time I had completed my eleventh year, it was very evident that something was wanting in my training. My elder brother, Byron, had chosen the sea as a profession, and my father had procured him a berth as a midshipman on board the *Apollo* frigate. He had hardly served two years before he died. My younger brother was little more than an infant, and it was determined that I should be sent to school. Accordingly I went to a respectable academy of some standing, in Kennington. The site of the large house where fifty or sixty boys were educated, and the large playground behind it, are now built over with numberless habitations.

The two or three years which I passed in this school I consider to have been entirely wasted. Among the older boys were some very sad fellows, who did me no good. The classical usher was a very profligate man, and the master himself was very imperious. I took to arithmetic, geography, &c., but I had no taste for Latin and Greek, so that though I learnt the Eton Grammar in Latin, and could get up a short lesson in *Cæsar*, and a sentence or two in *Cicero*, I retained no intelligent knowledge of any of them.

In the retrospect of my school days there is but one thing which I can apply to the great object of my life, and it is that the utter worthlessness of all effort at intelligent education, during the only period in which the foundation should have been laid, renders it the more wonderful that God should have chosen such an instrument, so unfitted, so unprepared, and should Himself bring out results for His own glory, which, according to human calculation, would require the advantages of education and mental training.

Before I had completed my third year at school, it pleased God that my eldest surviving sister, Charlotte, should be carried off after a short illness. She was a person of singular beauty, great attractions, and with an intellect so suited to my father's own, that she was the very idol of his heart. Her death was a heavy blow to him. I was sent for from school to attend the funeral. My father was almost paralysed with grief, and could not attend to anything, but he desired that I should be kept at home for a time. I never went back to school. This was

a turning-point in my life; it opened for me a new course altogether, which must be given in the account of the next period.

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## PERIOD II.

*From 1805 to 1810.*

I was one morning sitting at the piano in the drawing-room, when the servant announced Mr. Bullock, a very old friend of my father's. My mother came immediately afterwards into the room to receive him, and I went into a corner of the room and took a book. Their conversation was of the death of my sister and the state of my father, when Mr. Bullock said, 'What is Alexander doing?' My mother replied, 'Nothing but idling his time; but my husband will not let me send him back to school yet, he cannot bear to separate the family.' 'How old is he?' 'Fourteen,' said my mother. 'Can he write?' 'Oh yes.' Then Mr. Bullock called me and said, 'Just copy that page for me.' He opened a book, which happened to be the *Spectator*. I took some paper and began to write. I observed that he took out his watch at the time, and I wrote as quickly as I could. By the time I had come to the end of my piece of paper, he said, 'That will do, you may go and play,' and I left the room.

My mother told me afterwards that he was kindly thinking of getting me some occupation, but the matter was more fully developed two or three days afterwards, when the sister of Mr. Bullock called on my mother, and told her that I was to fill a vacancy, as a clerk, in the Commissariat Office of the Treasury. Miss Bullock took me at once to various shops, and to a tailor's. My boy's short jacket and open collar were exchanged for the attire more suitable to my new position; and in a couple of days the schoolboy was transformed into the young man, who was not a little proud of the transformation.

Mr. Bullock took me to the office, which was then at No. 35, Great George Street, Westminster. Sir Brook Watson was the head of the department, and to him I was introduced by my father's kind friend. Those who are acquainted with human

nature will not be surprised at the tenacity of my memory in reporting the short conversation which took place.

‘This is Mr. Dallas, the young man whom I propose to fill the vacancy in Mr. Saunders’ room.’

‘A very young man, Mr. Bullock,’ said Sir Brook.

‘He is clever beyond his age, Sir Brook, I assure you.’

‘Well, send for Mr. Saunders,’ said Sir Brook.

The bell was rung, and the messenger was told to summon Mr. Saunders, who presently appeared, and Sir Brook having kindly repeated the partial testimony of Mr. Bullock, told him that I was appointed to occupy the vacant desk in his room, to which Mr. Saunders at once led me.

This sudden change gave a great impulse to my energies; and I began my work with a considerable amount of diligence, which pleased the head of the room, who took kindly to me. I had to add up long lines of figures, to compare entries, and to copy letters. Mr. Saunders praised my arithmetic, and was particularly pleased with the orderly character of my writing, as he said the greatest fault of young lads was never to carry their lines straight across the paper. The sunshine of his favour tended, I am sorry to say, to relax my diligence, and I soon found time for reading in office hours, and otherwise wasting time.

My father lived at Camberwell, from whence I had every morning a pleasant walk across what were then fields, to arrive at the office by ten o’clock. I greatly delighted in poetry, and soon began to occupy the time of my walk in reading the works of the poets. This led me to commit large portions to memory, and at last I made it a rule to learn a hundred lines in the morning, and another hundred in the evening, during my return walk. The effect of this was to lay up in my memory a great store of the works of Pope, Shakespeare, Goldsmith, &c., and many of the lighter and ephemeral effusions of wit by Croker, Jekyll, Anstey, &c., and they cleave to me now, so that the occurrence of one line by accident, produces a flow of hundreds that follow, and will go running on in spite of my desire to lay them aside. It is like walking up and down a room, of which the figures of the carpet and the paper will interrupt the thoughts in spite of other occupation of the mind. I have

carpeted and papered my memory with these multifarious poems, and they often interfere with my present thoughts.

How I wish that I had then had the same relish for the divine poems and records of Scripture as was afforded to me by the poems of Pope and by the plays of Shakespeare. What a treasure-house would my memory be now, and how much of labour would have been spared me when I had to commit to memory, in the toughness of its maturity, what might have been so easily engraven in the softness of its infancy; yet my daily walks might have been worse employed, and the exercise of memory at that time gave me some advantage in facilitating the use of it afterwards.

In this way the time passed for about two years, when circumstances occurred which changed the current of my life. I was now in my seventeenth year, tall for my age, and my early start into manhood had helped me to acquire a maturer bearing than might otherwise have been the case. My father had changed his residence to lessen my daily walk, and had taken a house in the King's Road, Chelsea, from which I went as much through the country as before, across those fields now covered with brick and mortar.

I was extremely fond of dramatic amusements, and my father had a friend connected in some way with the property of the theatres, from whom I frequently obtained free admission tickets. I inherited this taste, which was strong also in my father. He was the author of a comic drama, which was represented at Drury Lane with a fair amount of success. This brought him, and me also, into personal acquaintance with the principal actors, and my intercourse with them engrossed my thoughts. Elliston, Russell, and others were pleasant acquaintances, but old Charles Mathews specially charmed me, and he took to me and treated me with many a kindness. This gave me an access behind the scenes, where I saw very much of the accompaniments of theatrical amusements, which ought to have awakened me to better thoughts, and disabused my mind of the passion for plays. But it had no such effect. I saw all in the glare of the theatre's gorgeous tinsel, and I had not then one ray of the bright light from above which might have made me see that I was putting 'darkness for light' and 'bitter for sweet.'

The office of the Commissariat department was transferred to the Treasury Chambers, where I sat near a window that looked into Whitehall Gardens, for about two years. Whenever I now pass by that or the other window in Great George Street, I cannot refrain from pausing and considering the wonder of the Lord's mercy who has enabled me sixty years afterwards to look upon those spots and lift up my heart in thankfulness that He has brought me to a better service, and carried me through the eventful drama of life, that I might occupy the time He has spared me in striving to bring others out of the vortex of that intoxicating world in which I then lived. On those occasions I often think what would have become of me if my career had been brought to a close in the midst of that whirl of excitement, which was all the more dangerous because it was gilded with the cultivation of taste and intelligence.

It is scarcely possible to convey the feeling of an old man who walks about the world belonging to the generation two or three removed from the present. Everything is so changed. The places all take a new appearance. The people of his own generation are gone, and those that occupy their places look with surprise on the old man. The foolish ones laugh at his old-fashioned thoughts and ways; the wiser ones scarcely have time to give them fair consideration. Such a man seems to realize the case of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, and grows weary of searching for the old accustomed things.

Yet there is a pleasure in living over again the memories of generations long gone by. The events in which he acted are history for the young intelligence of to-day; and except the really well instructed, who are comparatively few, others are greatly confused as to dates, and often mix up the historical events of a century ago, and which are worthy to be recorded as history, with those which happened only forty or fifty years since: the consequence is, that they look with wonder upon any living actor in such events, and his presence yet on the earth seems to endow him with the distinction which he never acquired from his share in the events themselves. I have often had the attention of strangers drawn to me when they have been told that I was present at the battle of Waterloo, and they have looked on me



almost as if it had been the battle of Blenheim that was spoken of.

And the man himself, if he has any feeling at all, cannot but partake in some degree of the tone afforded by such historic memories. I look back with a pleasure which I cannot describe when I think that I was alive to the daily impressions of the news from Ireland, in 1798, and that I heard the Park guns fire in the rejoicing for the peace of 1801, and wandered about London to see the illuminations on that occasion, when Mr. Otto's, the French Ambassador's house, was one blaze of brilliancy.

It is to me a matter of great pleasure that I have seen some of the characters, which as a young man I most admired, and whose names occupy the most brilliant pages in our history. I once walked from Somerset House to the Admiralty by the side of the great Lord Nelson, just before he took his leave to join the fleet, in which he closed his victories and his life. I never can forget the impression made upon me at his funeral, though I was but thirteen years old. By the help of a lamplighter's ladder, for a small reward, I stood in one of the niches in Whitehall Chapel, immediately opposite the Horse Guards. The procession defiled from the Park; in the front came thirty trumpeters, who ranged themselves in line. Before the procession moved these trumpeters blew one united single blast. It was overwhelming. I thought I should have leaped from my niche,—the tears burst from my eyes,—and it left an agitation which I did not easily recover. It had a similar effect on many around me. My ear's memory can never let that sound pass; and many times since, when in the Holy Scriptures I have read of 'the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God' which is to raise the dead, my mind has been raised to a higher appreciation of that trumpet-blast by the recollection of that which I heard at the funeral of Lord Nelson.

My great admiration for Mr. Pitt induced me to venture upon a similar apparent discourtesy, when I met him at the top of St. James's Street, and walked as near to his side as I could with propriety, until he entered a house in Pall Mall. I was also present at and followed his funeral to Westminster Abbey, which left a solemn impression upon my mind.

It would not be well to enumerate the several points of lively reminiscence, of a public character, which rise to my mind connected with that generation; but I have often found the benefit, as well as the pleasure, of an historical memory. I seem to grasp the great events with a hold that reading cannot give. I compare them with the present in a contrast which is distinguishing. Even as I walk through London streets, and remember the houses and shops built round St. Clement's Church, in the Strand—the narrow defile by Exeter 'Change—and the elephants, lions, and tigers that roared there, with the pleasant toy bazaar below, I wonder at the great alterations which have cleared the streets and decorated the palaces. I thank God and bless His name who has left me so long to enjoy the pleasure of an historical memory.

Colonel Gordon was at that time the head of the Commissariat department in the Treasury. The European events which had occurred in the year 1809 had brought about great changes. A British force was sent to garrison Cadiz, and to preserve it from Soult, who invested it with a large army. Some Commissariat officers were wanted for this service; and Colonel Gordon sent for me to offer me the commission of Deputy Assistant Commissary General, which of course I gratefully accepted. It was a great disturbance to my father, whose ruling idea was family union, and it affected my mother much to think of parting with me. Arrangements were made for my outfit, and on the 10th June my father took me down to Portsmouth to report myself in the proper quarter. A large convoy was about to sail for Cadiz; there were no fewer than a hundred and four ships. My berth was assigned on board the brig 'Mary,' in which three Commissariat clerks were also sent out; thus I was beginning the service with a sort of command. It was a long time before all the ships were ready, and it was not until the 1st July, 1810, that I took leave of my father, and of the shores of England.

## PERIOD III.

*My Launch into Life. Cadiz, 1810.*

I was now launched into active life, upon my own responsibility, without the supervision of my parents and the influence of a family circle. It was, indeed, an important point in my career; and, as I look back to that point, I see how little the preparation for its dangers and its difficulties was calculated to enable me to steer wisely in the vortex of the world; and, as from that same point I look forward, I am overwhelmed with wonder, not only at the mercy, but at the marvellous wisdom of God, who by His providence so often interfered to keep me safe in the midst of peril of every kind.

I rejoice to look upon the last twenty years of my journey, and see that the work allotted to me in the Lord's service, of a peculiar character bearing upon great and important matters, has been blessed with singular success. Tracing the work of the Irish Church Missions from its earliest dawn, as none can do but myself, and seeing the important results which have followed to the Church of Christ, I have no doubt myself that this work has been the final object towards which every step in my life has been made providentially to tend. I do not mean to detail the history of that work in this place. 'The Story of the Irish Church Missions' is a publication which will supply all that is needful in this respect; but I desire to draw attention to the peculiarities that were required to combine, in order to carry this great work to its present efficiency. If a statesman or a theologian had had the plan of operations sketched before him, and been commissioned to select an agent suitable for so delicate and difficult a work, he would doubtless have sought amongst the most learned doctors of the Dublin University—he would have chosen a person whose position added prestige to the influence of his character—he would have endeavoured to find an individual in whom various qualifications combined to produce the right man.

But God's thoughts are not our thoughts, and by the ordering of His Providence, as well as the power of His grace, He can magnify His own glory, by moulding the most unsuitable

instrument into that suitableness which, while it effects His purpose, proves that it is the Hand which wields it that gives the power, and claims the praise.

I assume that the great work of the enlightenment of large bodies of Roman Catholics in Ireland, by the affectionate preaching of an outspoken Gospel in antagonism to Roman dogma, was the object intended in Divine Providence. And looking back on all my life, up to the time when I was honoured in being employed in this work, I can trace the finger of God in some of the most minute things in my course, positively preparing me for the work, and negatively preventing me, time after time, from marring the preparation. He let it be plainly seen, by myself and others, that there were a multitude of unfitnesses which stood in the way. This was His mode in getting the glory to Himself. He so constituted the inconsistent character as to give it the facilities that were needed. In my early training the two household words that were graven on my memory and my spirit, educated them into energy, decision, and a kindly bearing. This would not naturally have been the case. My schooling was no schooling like that of other boys, and He left me without the ordinary teaching for my age, that He might bend my mind to pick up a teaching, the merit of which could not be claimed by the pedagogue, and the fragmentary nature of which gave no sense of merit to myself. I might prolong this picture very largely, but I have said enough to lead the mind of the reader to revert to this contrast in the course of the story of my life, and to observe in how many instances it will be justified.

The same result can be more palpably seen in the working of Divine Providence around me. I have been in many dangers in my life which I could not avoid ; but I have also cast myself into many dangers and risks that I might have avoided ; but the hand of the Lord has been over me at all times, and I have survived every risk and danger to my life. There are other risks and dangers not so obvious to the looker-on, but in which I can perceive the hand of God preserving me in a still more striking manner, even than in His preservations of my life. Morally, socially, spiritually, I have again and again been hurried on by strong temptations and weaknesses of will

even to the very edge of precipices, over which if I had fallen, my present character and position would have been utterly lost ; but ‘ the hairs of my head are all numbered.’

There is another feature in the formation of the character that God designed to give me in spite of myself. I have already referred to the peculiar sense which my father had of the principle of family affection. He carried this principle to excess ; and, alas ! he made it, practically, a substitute for the highest principle of love in which there can be no excess. But on looking back, I am surprised to find the depth to which this feeling was rooted in us all. My family carefully preserved every letter I wrote from the time I left England, and latterly they have fallen into my hands. Not a letter but abounds in the strongest expressions that betoken this family love. In the very first letter to my mother I find the following words :—

‘ My only happiness is the result of yours, and I feel confident that your affection for me will lead you to preserve your spirits. The knowledge of your welfare, and the affection which glows in my heart, will prove the greatest sources of delight to me during my absence ; and God has been too bountiful to me in blessing me with so dear and affectionate a mother, for me to repine at any of His dispensations.’

To my sisters I write :—

‘ Your affection is all I covet ; it is the true riches to me, the key of happiness, and if an all-bounteous God has blessed us with that, why should we be unhappy ?’

After parting from my father at Portsmouth, my first letter contains this :—

‘ The sea was very rough, and the boat tossed a great deal going on board, but my heart was too much pained to be sensible of fear, or to have any other feeling than that I had just parted from you. I believe that my mind being fixed on that idea alone, was the reason of my being preserved from sea-sickness till the evening.’

These extracts are only specimens of the tone and expressions which I find running through the whole of my letters, and which met with a most cordial response in those from the members of my family to myself. This affords an illustration of implanting a strong feeling, of whatever kind, into the soft soil of the early heart. I am disposed to say how great a blessing it would have been to my own soul, if, instead of the idolatry of family affection, the spiritual love of Christ had been

the seed then planted ; but I am forced to remember that my father's principle of affection found a suitable soil in which it was indigenous, and many a parent will testify that similar efforts made in early days to plant the seed of eternal life in the heart of a dear child, and to make family affection, affection for the family of Christ, have found no favourable soil, and have only rested on the memory, without touching the heart. But I can trace as the effect of my father's principle on my character, a softening influence, which promoting a sensitive tenderness, gave me some power in society, and refined my intercourse with ladies.

It was on the 1st July, 1810, that the large convoy had the signal to weigh anchor. The wind was very boisterous, and it was by no means fair, so that we had to tack all day, and in the evening we only sighted St. Alban's Head. Then the wind much decreased, and the signal was made for the convoy to return through the Needles: this was done with a fair wind, and a rising moon, and like a flight of sea-birds, we perched upon the water in Yarmouth Roads. This review of a voyage, as it might be called, occurred no less than three times, so that we passed the Needles Point six times in the course of a fortnight. On the 15th July the wind became fair and permanent, and for the seventh and last time we saw the white cliffs of the Needles.

Whatever else may have been purposed in the Providence of God by this delay, and doubtless there were many things combining, it was certainly amongst those, for which the hairs of my head are all numbered. Who has not enjoyed the delight of looking through a powerful microscope, and finding an almost invisible atom to be an organized creature, telling out the greatness of the Creator in the most minute operations of His power? Go to the broad expanse of the Rhine at its mouth, and when you have tracked its windings, its islands, its rapids, go on still, until you come to a little crevice in the Splugen pass of the Alps; there you will find the bubbling source of the great waters in a crack of two mountains that might be spanned by the leap of a child. God's mode of dealing providentially with the course of His children, whom He purposes to employ in His service, is like the current of the Rhine. If you have eyes to see spiritually, you may trace the links of the chain of Pro-

vidences folded together, hanging upon some very trifling event, afar off in time, which, if it had not happened, the great event at the end would not have been. I can trace the course of my life to a small event which happened at this time, and, unless I knew the result, it would seem ridiculous to imagine so disproportioned an effect from such a source.

The time passed in cruising out of the Needles and back, left several days in which we could go on shore, without danger of losing our passage. Three of us having spent the morning at Yarmouth, wandered about the country, and found ourselves toward evening in a pretty lane, where several pretty cottage ornés stood, with nice gardens before them. In one of these was a cherry-tree laden with fruit; a cherry-cheeked damsel was picking the fruit. The tree was near the road, and we stopped and talked to the girl. After a while a lady came from the bay-window of the drawing-room, and said we were welcome to have some cherries, but that we need not occupy her servant's time. My two companions were disposed to shrink and walk away, but I remained; and remembering my father's household word, 'What you do, do gracefully,' I made the most graceful apology I could in acknowledging the impropriety. She asked us if we belonged to the convoy of ships in the Roads. I said 'yes,' and that we were going to Cadiz. She asked us to walk in, and in the course of twenty minutes we were very friendly. Perhaps this might have been promoted by a little touch on the piano, which was open in the room.

This kind lady invited us to come the next evening, and she would gather a few young ladies, her neighbours, for a musical evening. We had two such evenings before the final sailing; and the acquaintance had so ripened, that she begged me to take a parcel of papers to her brother, a Lieutenant of Artillery, then at Cadiz; and at the same time she gave me a letter of introduction to him, promising to write by the Mail, which would certainly reach Cadiz before the convoy.

I had no spiritual microscope by which I could perceive in this cherry-tree the occasion of that machinery which led to the work of the Irish Church Missions. I was only standing in the Splügen pass to see the rivulet, without knowing that it was the Rhine; but I can look back now and perceive with earnest

gratitude, that at my very launching into life, it pleased God to form the link on which He wrought the length of a long chain, suspended upon that trifling beginning, the accidental adventure of the cherry-tree. Mrs. Ottley was a lady of good position, and whose connections were of the best order. I found acceptance with her; and when some years afterwards, on my return to London, I found her there holding a high place in society, she received me with the warmth of an old friend. I formed acquaintances in her house which led to friendships in more cases than one, some of which proved to be of the utmost importance to me, and were the means of directing my course to the ministry. And in the mean time, her introduction to her brother Brereton, at Cadiz, was of great value to me. A brother officer of his said to me the other day, 'Brereton never was a young man, but he was always the guide of young men.' When I delivered my letter from his sister, he received me with great kindness, and he afterwards helped me much to get into a right set of officers, and not unfrequently gave me seasonable advice. All this came out of the adventure of the cherry-tree. 'Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered.'

Our passage was a long one, and we had nothing to diversify it but one very terrible storm in the Bay of Biscay. It began just before sunset, and the signal was given for the convoy to disperse; but in the course of that night three ships were lost, either by collision, or by foundering at sea. It was a condensed apprenticeship for a young sailor. I had not till then the least notion of the fury of the waves. I got myself lashed to the mainmast, as the hatches of our little brig were fastened, and I could not stand on the deck, and more than once expected that the sea would certainly overwhelm us, as it swept from stem to stern. After this storm, we were delayed by a long calm off the coast of Portugal, and at length, on the 8th of August, we entered the Bay of Cadiz.

Cadiz is one of the loveliest cities of Europe. It stands upon a large rock, the whole of which it occupies, and this rock is reached from the shore by a single causeway four miles long, washed at high tide on either side by the sea. Its houses are all perfectly white, and the window-shutters are all painted bright green; the effect is dazzling, and the tall towers which



are dotted in the midst of the houses, give it a peculiar appearance. The Cadiz at which I was arriving was a very different place from the city in its ordinary times. It will be well that I should briefly describe its political position.

We all acknowledge the military genius of the Duke of Wellington, and rejoice at the laurels that his genius has acquired for the British Army; but some of the most remarkable proofs of that genius are to be found in matters that do not commend themselves to the ordinary understanding, until they are especially pointed out. The Duke of Wellington may be truly said to have preserved both Spain and Portugal from the power of the French, but it was not by his brilliant victories that this was accomplished. When Portugal was entirely overwhelmed with the French armies, Lord Wellington brought into a small compass what may be said to be the essence of the government and kingdom of that country. The river Tagus takes a bend towards the south at its embouchure; in consequence of this a considerable extent of country is washed by the Tagus on one side, and the Atlantic on the other. If a line were drawn from the river to the sea, this district would form an isosceles triangle. Lord Wellington marked out such a line by a chain of batteries, which rendered everything beyond the lines of Torres Vedras inaccessible to an enemy. Lisbon is situated in this tongue of land; and here the government, the junta, the public offices, the aristocracy, were all safely located, so that it might be said all Portugal was condensed into this corner; and as long as the lines of Torres Vedras were sufficiently secured with well-armed garrisons, it could not be said that the enemy had possessed the country. When the proper time came, the British Army issued from the lines, and freed the country from the foreign invasion.

When the French overran Spain, a similar device secured a similar result. I have described the position of Cadiz, standing in the centre of the beautiful bay, at sufficient distance from the forts and batteries that studded its shores. The long thin line of causeway joined it to a large tract of country, and the river Santi Petri made this an island called the Isla de Leon. The form of this island on the map may be compared to that of a long Chinese fan, the handle of which went sideways,

The river gave to this island a natural protection, as safe as the artificial lines of Torres Vedras. Within this island all Spain may be said to have been condensed, as in the former case at Lisbon; the Regency, the Government, the Cortes, the officers of every kind, a large number of the aristocracy, may be literally said to have been crushed into Cadiz. The ordinary population of the city numbered 80,000, and when I arrived there, there were over 200,000 people within the walls.

Let the reader consider these things in order to estimate in some degree the nature of the vortex of the world into which this young lad of nineteen was launched in his start into life.

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#### PERIOD IV.

*Two Years at Cadiz, from August 1810, to August 1812.*

I was two years at Cadiz, launched into this very whirlpool of the world. Cadiz being at this time the condensation of the government and kingdom of Spain, the crowd of living beings who formed this condensation brought with them the very essence of the corruption that infected the society and the manners of Spain. I look back with wonder on those two years. I see the manifold snares, into every one of which I might have fallen, and been ruined; and I adore the Divine mercy that would not let go of me, whatever danger beset me.

My superior officer was a clever, kind, and fascinating man. He showed me great kindness and drew me to him, and if he had been a man of right principles, he might have been of great service to me in keeping me right in the midst of difficulties; but while his kindness attracted me, I could not but observe his conversation and conduct to be very objectionable. I remember the early shock this gave me; and, alas! I remember too the gradual overcoming of the shock, and the losing, in his cheerful manners and personal kindness to myself, that sense of repugnance which at first I had felt.

At Cadiz I may be said to have been at school, to learn what the world is, and the nature and character of men. I did not investigate the world as viewing it from without; but I picked

up the knowledge as from within, by practical and experimental lessons, gathering sad experience to be applied long afterwards, when the light of the Holy Spirit enabled me to look back upon it as from without. In this sense, I profited more by my two years' schooling in Cadiz, than I had profited by my two years' schooling at Kennington, and I learned my lessons more readily.

My father had several friends amongst the officers in the garrison; I made others myself through Brereton. The head of the Commissariat opened to me the houses of several merchants, and my father provided me with several letters of introduction to some of the highest class of Spaniards in Cadiz. By these means I was brought into a great deal of society, and drawn into much worldliness. I soon became fluent in the language, and tolerably apt in playing the guitar. The following extract from one of my letters to my sisters, in which I describe the general habits in the evening, will convey some idea of the kind of lessons that were to be learned:—

'The higher orders are hospitable; a description of their *tertulias* (or evening parties) will give you some idea of their notion of comfort. From about eight (that is, after the Paseo or walk upon the Alameda) till past eleven, every house is open, and every acquaintance that likes walks up to the drawing-room, makes his or her compliments to the lady of the house, sits down and talks till he or she is tired, and then walks out again to some other *tertulia*; a bottle of wine and some water stands on the table in the corner, which is all the refreshments allowed; the Anglo-Spanish families give tea; in some houses there is a music-room, and card-tables are set in the drawing-room, but the card-players too often gamble. There are some English houses here where the *tertulias* are both respectable and pleasant when the language is understood; and I assure you I am no despicable hand at it, in spite of my mistakes, sometimes intentional and sometimes unintentional, which serve to enliven a dull conversation; I manage to get on somehow or other, and the ladies very good-naturedly put me right when I am wrong.'

To communicate some notion of the effect upon my character of my residence in Cadiz, I turn to the large parcel of my letters written at that time, and which my family so carefully preserved. A few extracts from these will convey a better idea of that effect than any retrospect I could write now. A couple of months after my arrival in Cadiz I wrote to my father thus:—

'As loss of character in a woman is not considered here an offence of sufficient magnitude to prevent a Spanish lady being admitted

into company, the parties of these ladies are not deficient in female society ; and as gambling is a passion that is by no means reprehensible in a Spanish man, their *tertulias* or parties, which are every night, are always crowded. Faro-tables are in their rooms, and whoever does not choose to gamble, is not welcome either to the Marquesa de P——, or to Mrs. A——. Is this the society that you would like your son to be introduced to ? Your answer is so plain, that I will send the letters (as they were sealed), without a card or other hint where I am to be found. I had many opportunities of being introduced, not only to the Marquesa de P—— and Mrs. A——, but to most of the society of that kind in Cadiz, before your letters came ; but as their characters are so notorious that it is impossible to be in Cadiz an hour and not know them, I have been able to steer clear of that rock, on which I am afraid a great many young officers here have split. Though the depravity and immorality of Cadiz is very great, yet it bears its antidote with it, at least to a mind that is not reduced to the same standard, for “Vice is a monster of such frightful mien, that to be hated needs but to be seen,” and so little pains is taken to hide it, that it loses its temptation in disgust. The few weeks that I have been in Cadiz have been enough to overthrow the ideas, which I now call chimerical, that I had of the world. I see the difficulty of the path, and I tremble for myself. Do not then, my dearest father, neglect to support me by your advice ; such letters as the last you sent me, and the one it leads me to expect, will be of more service to me than you are aware of. Your present at Portsmouth (a Bible) is my constant companion, and God will bless you for it, and for that other present which I received in your letter.’

In a letter more than a month afterwards I find the following :—

‘While I was at the Isla, after due consideration I *delivered* one of the letters which you sent me—that to Mrs. A——. Though Mrs. A——’s character would not have stood very high in England, yet, in Spain, where loss of character and consequent diminution of acquaintance is unknown, she was not remarkably particular ; besides, it might appear affectation in me to refuse to attend Mrs. A——’s *tertulias*, or *levée*, when every other officer in the army did so.’

The progress was rapid which led me on into the circles that more and more bewildered me in the world ; and yet the deep impress of early heart training constantly influenced me, and its lively influence appears in all my letters with a truthfulness and reality that almost surprises myself, and I can perceive how it maintained my tone from lowering to the level of the selfishness that surrounded me. In the same letter from which the last extract is taken the following passage occurs :—

‘I will not attempt to describe the pleasure I feel in reading over and over again your letters, and all those which I have received from *Home*; they are the greatest consolations that the world can afford, and one of them is generally the prelude to the nightly prayers, which I offer to the Universal Maker, for the happiness of those dear beings from whom my greatest happiness is derived. Not a day passes over my head but I experience the truth of the sentence which is at the end of the invaluable paternal present that I received from you at Portsmouth,—“Family Love is the source of the greatest happiness in life.” It is only in a situation like mine, that the value of family affection can be duly appreciated. Such letters as yours of the 6th of October are most gratifying to the heart of a son. May I deserve such a father as I am blest with; and that I may, continue, my dear father, to write me such letters, that, whenever the line of conduct that I am about to pursue is dubious, I may seek in them a certain direction to the right path.’

It cannot be a matter of surprise, after what I have said, that my duty at the office should have been neglected. When I arrived at Cadiz, Mr. — placed me in his office for a time, that I might learn the official work before I was sent upon any active duty. At first I attended regularly and kept the appointed hours; but gradually I was less exact, and when Mr. — remonstrated with me, it was in a manner which left no impression, and with an example which was far from checking the dissipation which occasioned the irregularity.

A circumstance occurred which changed my duties. There is an inner bay at Cadiz extending to a great distance within the great semicircle of the outer bay. On the point at the narrow entrance to this inner bay, which was on the French side, stood the Fort of Matagorda, which, having been bravely defended by the British troops, was blown up when they retired. Behind this the French had constructed batteries, which were the nearest to the British works. On the opposite point stood the Fort of Puntales, and between these two positions constant cannonading was kept up. Our General ordered that certain earthworks and batteries should be raised immediately behind our Fort of Puntales. A thousand Spaniards were to be employed in this service. The charge of procuring these men, paying them, and supplying them, was given to me. This was my first active service, and I set to work with energy and delight. Having engaged the men, I applied for assistance in the detail work of payment, &c. A Sergeant of the Guards was

selected, and placed under my orders. In the discharge of this duty I am bound to confess, that on several occasions I left this Sergeant to distribute the pay to the men, when I ought to have been present. I sometimes went to the Fort to talk to the Engineer officers, with whom I was acquainted, and to see the effects of the shot and the shell, which were continually aimed at the Fort. There was danger in doing this, and the excitement of danger gives an indescribable relish to every action. I can now recall the thrilling feeling with which I used to gallop some four or five hundred yards, from a spot called the Aguada, to which there was safe cover, but in the interval between that spot and Puntales there was an open breach within easy range of the French batteries, from which a watch was kept, and when a horseman appeared, a shot was very commonly aimed at him. It was a most thrilling excitement to put spurs to the horse at Aguada, and make him fly over the sand at low water, and to hear the boom of the cannon which my appearance produced. While I loitered in the casemates and bomb-proofs of the Fort, the Sergeant was left many times to dispense the pay to the Spanish workmen, and as I was not present on these occasions, the Sergeant managed to alter some Pay-Lists, and so to appropriate money fraudulently to himself.

When these Pay-Lists came in due course to be examined, the fraud was detected, and I was under the necessity of bringing the Sergeant to a Court Martial. It is one of the privileges of the Guards, that a Court Martial on their own men should always consist of officers of the Guards. Those who tried this Sergeant, while they were obliged to punish him severely, reducing him to the ranks, and stopping his pay, yet felt deeply the stain upon their Regiment, and they added to their sentence a strong reproof of the negligent manner in which the payments had been overlooked. All this was put in General Orders, and Mr. ——— considered that the whole department lay under the imputation involved in this reproof, and that it was necessary that I should suffer personally. The matter was referred to the Commissary-in-Chief in London, and such a reference in those days required a considerable time, even for the passage of letters to and fro.

Before anything could be heard from the Commissary-in-

Chief in London, a new matter of very stirring interest took place. An expedition was arranged, which had for its object to raise the siege of Cadiz by an attack upon the French from the land side. This expedition issued in the battle of Barossa, in which the valour of the British soldiers was displayed very gloriously. I was appointed to accompany this expedition, and I was the next senior officer of the Commissariat to Mr. —, who was to take the principal charge. The circumstances that occurred not only bore upon my own position, but are of lively general interest. I find a letter which I wrote to my sister, immediately after this battle in 1811, will convey the details, both as regards myself and the historical events. And it may not be unsuitable to give the letter as it was written at the time. The public events may be new to the present generation, and the personal events will prepare the reader for fresh manifestations of the wonders of God's working in Providence:—

‘I received orders to make up my accounts and prepare to proceed with the expedition then going on; you may easily imagine the pleasure I experienced at the news, particularly when you recollect the circumstances mentioned in my last letter, as an opportunity offered itself for me to do away with any detriment which might be left on the mind of the General by those circumstances. The public hopes, here, were raised to the highest pitch by our departure; everybody was calculating on the time they should be in Chiclana and Medina Sidonia, the two principal positions of the French. The result of it has been most glorious to the British name, and most inglorious to the Spanish; and though the advantages obtained were comparatively trifling or nothing, you will most likely be disturbed while reading this by the horns of the newsmen, proclaiming the victory of Santi Petri, or the victory of Barossa, as I understand it is to be called; but I must proceed regularly.

‘The expedition was detained some time by the weather, but at last, on the 21st of February, we set sail. The English division only sailed—the smaller boats, in which the Spaniards were embarked, were prevented from sailing by the violence of the wind. The signal for sailing was so sudden that I very nearly lost my passage, and many officers actually did, amongst whom were Mr. — and all his department, both officers and clerks, who were ordered for the service; this I did not know until the morning we landed at Algeiras, where the General sent me a message that Mr. — not having come, and I being the next senior officer, he desired me to make arrangements for supplying the troops with two days' provisions of every kind immediately on their landing. I was determined, my dear sister, to exert myself as much as possible; and though I was rather

disheartened at finding myself quite alone, I managed so as to be able to deliver everything by two o'clock, and the General afterwards expressed himself quite pleased with my exertions. I will tell you all about myself afterwards, but I must first give you an account of the battle, and what preceded it.

'We landed at Algesiras on the 23rd, and the troops took up a position in a large plain until the next morning, when they marched, at 10 o'clock, over the Trocha, the sister Rock of Gibraltar, and arrived at Tarifa at five in the evening. At Tarifa we stayed two days; on the second the Spanish troops joined us, together with all our artillery; and at six o'clock on the morning of the third day, the whole marched on, and took up a position in the evening, in a wood about two miles from Fascinas, and about fifteen from Tarifa. We did not march from thence until eight the next night, and in the morning we halted between two hills, within sight of Casas Viejas. Here our advanced picket of cavalry had a small skirmish with a party of French, and took them prisoners, 25 in number. Here we remained all that day, and the next morning set off again. The original arrangement was changed; and instead of going on to Medina Sidonia, as at first intended, we took the road to Chiclana, and arrived at Vejer that night, taking up a position about two miles from the town. At Vejer we remained the next day until six in the evening, when they all marched on, passed through Conil, and a little after daylight halted on a hill two miles from Santi Petri. I myself had remained at Conil after the troops had passed on, and I joined the army about ten o'clock upon the hill.

'I was just regaling myself with a sight of Cadiz and the Isla that lay before us, having Chiclana on our right, or rather the Pinar of Chiclana, which is a very thick wood which completely surrounds it, and La Veger de Barossa, a small tower which stands by the sea, to the left, when Mr. — rode up to me and told me to return as fast as I could, with another of the department, to Conil, to endeavour to procure salt meat from the vessels lying in the Bay, and bring it up to the army as soon as possible. The Spaniards were at that time marching down to Santi Petri, to take possession of a battery which was the only obstacle to the communication between us and the Isla, leaving two Spanish regiments with us on the hill. A body of Spanish troops, the precise number of which I don't know, commanded by General Layas, threw a bridge over the river Santi Petri, and co-operated with these. I should have told you the whole allied army, consisting of between eight and nine thousand Spaniards and nearly four thousand English, was commanded by General La Pena, our General being under his orders. In the march the Spanish army took the advance. The force I have mentioned attacked and took with very little resistance the French battery, in which there were three hundred men, and contenting themselves with this glorious victory, piled their arms and sat themselves quietly down.

'In the mean time, the French having made a circuit and got into our line of march, came upon our rear in numbers between nine and ten thousand, opposed to our unassisted army of less than 4,000.



The two Spanish regiments that were with us were lost sight of, having retired to the skirts of the wood. The Guards, the 87th, and Colonel Brown's flank division, received their fire, and charged them in the most glorious style. The exertions and example of the noble General Graham was one of the great causes of the decision of the day. The three cheers that the 87th regiment gave as they advanced in their charge struck terror into the hearts of the enemy. It is an extraordinary coincidence that the 8th French regiment, 1,200 strong, which received the 87th's charge, was the regiment that was so completely cut up by the same 87th at Talavera; this the French perceived, and cried out as the 87th came up. They could not stand the charge, and two-thirds of them were left on the field. The 87th regiment also added to its honours by taking one of the Imperial Eagles, with a golden laurel on it, a distinction only given, by the Emperor's own hand, to those regiments which volunteer their services for Spain.

'The despatches will give you a more particular account of the minutiae of the battle; it is enough for me to say that some old officers, who have been in the most famous actions, have declared to me that they never saw so sharp a one, or one in which the valour of the British soldiers was more conspicuous. The result speaks for itself—the French ran away as fast as they could, leaving us their artillery, and losing upwards of 3,500 men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, amongst whom are two Generals prisoners, and one killed, and the Eagle, which was presented to the General this morning, and which will go home with the despatches. Our loss, as may be expected, was great; 1,138 in killed, wounded, and missing, of whom upwards of 70 were officers. In the evening the British troops marched over the bridge into the Isla, and resumed their former quarters, leaving the Spanish army, which we were to have supported, to dirty their muskets at the wolves, and plunder the unfortunate Frenchmen with greater rapacity than the wolves themselves. They are left in possession of the field, and have an advanced picket in the wood so as to keep up a communication with the other side. But let me do justice to their character. From the fatigues they bore on the march, I expected, as well as everybody else, that they would really meet the enemy, and I think still that in battle they would make good soldiers; but their officers are very different, so that the troops are never led on to battle; and if they were, their want of confidence in the officers would prevent them from fighting. God in His infinite mercy was pleased to preserve me twice that day.

'The troops marched through Conil at one in the morning, and Mr. ——— determined to take two hours' sleep, and I followed his example. Accordingly, Don Mariano Liford, a very intelligent Spaniard, a kind of secretary to Mr. ———, and I, procured beds at the Corigidor's; Mr. ——— was at another house. When Liford and I woke we found it eight o'clock, and Mr. ——— already gone upwards of three hours. We immediately mounted our horses and galloped away, following the wheels of the Artillery; but getting into conversation we forgot to look below our feet, having enough to do to admire the

beauty of a fine rich country which presented itself. After some time, we found ourselves getting into a wood, whose thickness was increasing, and then for the first time I remarked that we had lost the traces of the wheels. Liford, who knew the country, soon recognised the Pinar of Chiclana, which forms the principal protection to the town, and is therefore strongly guarded by the French. We were not long in turning our horses' heads, and we made directly towards the sea. In about three miles we came up with the army on the very hill where the battle was afterwards fought, having come over the same road which an hour afterwards was covered by the French army.

'About an hour afterwards, as I have already mentioned, I was despatched to Conil to obtain salt meat. After some time, having got a quantity of meat on shore, I left an officer loading the fourteen mules that I had brought, and returned from the beach to the town to procure more mules if possible: this with some difficulty I did, but when I got back to the beach, I found that the officer was gone with all the mules, leaving eight barrels of beef behind him. It was already growing dark, and as it was impossible to load the three mules I had got without sacks, I sent them back, and was proceeding to follow the party, having given the beef in charge of a sailor, when I was informed by a fisherman that the road to Santi Petri was too intricate for a stranger to discover. I should have gone all the way back to the town for a guide, had I not fortunately met a man who was going to join the army. This was a most fortunate circumstance, for had I returned I should have met a party of French Dragoons, who passed through the town a short time after. I soon overtook my mules, and proceeded at the head of them to the spot where I had left the army. I will not, my dearest Georgiana, attempt to describe what I felt on passing over the field of battle. You may easily imagine what a sight it was. I turned sick, and made the best of my way to the left, so as to pass clear of the bodies that obstructed my passage. And here I am, my dear sister, safe and sound again in Isla, and to-morrow I shall be in Cadiz to despatch this to that home, which the fatigues and difficulties I have undergone have only served to render more and more dear. The dangers and delights of the march I shall reserve for another letter.'

The account given in this letter supplies many tokens of the abiding protection of the Divine providence so mercifully extended to me, the powerful guidance, by the slender hairs numbered, for my preservation to the ultimate object of my life. One of these will be presently seen to have been of great importance in the current of my course. The excitement in Cadiz upon our return was intense, and the officers who had been upon the expedition were especially courted. Of course I partook of this honour, and it did not tend to make me more attentive to the office duties to which I returned. The General

showed me kindness, inviting me to dinner, which had not been the case before.

In this intoxicating career I was checked by the arrival of the Commissary-in-Chief's reply to the report of the Court Martial on the Sergeant of the Guards, and the reproof it conveyed for my carelessness in overlooking the accounts at Puntales. His decision was severe. He rebuked me, and ordered me to England, that I might be sent to serve in Jamaica. This was a terrible blow to me in every way. I acknowledged the neglect, which had made the Sergeant's fraud possible, and humbly apologized for it; but while willing to go anywhere if ordered in the regular course of duty, I protested against being as it were transported penally, and I told Mr. — that I demanded a Court Martial, before obeying the directions to return to England. Before, however, any steps were taken, and before the next packet sailed, General Graham suspended the order for my return, and said that he would write to Colonel Gordon to justify the delay.

In the meanwhile, my father had learned at the Treasury the nature of Colonel Gordon's decision on my case, and was doing all in his power, through friends, to obtain a reversion of his severe sentence. While thus occupied in London he also wrote a letter to General Graham, appealing to him as a father on behalf of a young man, whose whole life would be marked for a fault, which, after all, was not one of moral delinquency but of carelessness. To this letter my father received the following reply from Sir Thomas Graham :—

‘SIR,

‘ There required no apology for writing to me on a subject of such near interest to you, as what so materially concerned your son. I was happy that I had already done, and on the least exceptionable grounds, what I trust will have been sufficient to induce Col. Gordon to show him indulgence on this occasion; for, before your letter reached me, I had written to tell Col. Gordon that, for the sake of the business of the department, I had found it necessary to suspend the execution of his orders to Mr. —, and that I trusted Mr. Dallas's good conduct on the expedition, which I had occasion to remark particularly, would entitle him to be favourably considered. Lest, however, Col. Gordon should not have thought this enough, I have written to him to request, as a personal favour to me, that he will pass over what has happened, and allow your son to remain here

instead of continuing the destination intended. I shall be happy to hear that he acquiesces in this request.

‘I have the honour to remain, Sir,

‘Your most obedient and humble servant,

‘THOS. GRAHAM.’

As I look back, I am struck with the Providential arrangement by which my superior officer lost his passage to Algesiras, and I was placed in the position which produced this result in the General's mind. This, and this alone, averted the threatened destination to Jamaica, which would have altered the whole course of my life. Surely the hairs of my head are all numbered for the service needed to bring about God's purposes concerning me. Counter orders were received by Mr. —; the matter of the Sergeant was passed over, and I was left in my position in Cadiz. In reflecting on this and some other incidents in my eventful life, I can perceive the influence of that impress of my father's favourite passage, ‘The wise and active conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them;’ but it needed obvious and recognised difficulties to call forth the energy that overcame them. It required a long and painful schooling to enable me to detect the hidden difficulties of my own character, and to exercise the overcoming energy. I was roused to active exertion by the sudden difficulty in which I was placed at Algesiras, but there was no difficulty in the routine work in the office in Cadiz; and I did not perceive that the difficulty to be conquered in that case was the desultory nature of my own character, and the facile yielding to temptations which drew me from the too easy duties of official correspondence. It cost much labour afterwards, and much suffering, to make real efforts in overcoming that difficulty.

My ordinary duty had hitherto been confined to the work in the Commissariat Office in Cadiz, where the head-quarters of the department was carried on. The service at Puntales, and the expedition to Barossa, were extraordinary occasions upon which I was employed. In the office work there was no exercise of individual thought, no originality of action, and very little personal responsibility. This tended to foster the habit of irregularity in an irksome service. An important change, however, took place shortly after the return of the expedition to Cadiz.

The Isla de Leon, which I have already described, was the central point of the Spanish army, and a large portion of the English troops also. It was a station next in importance to Cadiz itself. I was placed in charge of the Commissariat department at this station, and went thither with mingled feelings of regret at leaving the dissipations of Cadiz, and of pleasure at being called into active service with personal responsibility.

At the City of the Isla there was a large society of Spanish officers and Spanish families; to these I presently found access, and my fluent Spanish and pleasant guitar obtained me much acceptance. I was also acquainted with many of the English officers, and was admitted as a member of the Mess of the 95th Regiment (now the Rifle Brigade), which brought me in contact with many agreeable companions,—several of the merchants of Cadiz, whom I knew had country houses in La Isla, so that I became immersed in the vortex of the world there, as I had been in Cadiz; but I was active in my duty where activity was required, and I often felt the struggles between compunction for time lost in worldly dissipation, and anxiety to be more diligent in duty and in study.

After I had undertaken my charge at La Isla about two months, I received a letter from my father which affected me deeply. Mr. — had written to him stating in strong terms my idleness and irregularity at the office in Cadiz, and the pleasure-seeking life I was leading, requesting him to remonstrate with me. My father's letter to me was most painful, not from its severity, but from the manner in which it appealed to the tenderness of my heart, nurtured as it had been upon the principle of family affection as the supreme source of happiness and of good. I am in possession of the letter which I wrote in reply, and it contains a picture of myself in detail, given with a candour which surprises me when I look back and remember the circumstances which surrounded me at the time. I insert the greater part of my letter to show how God was preserving me in spite of myself:—

‘It was on the 24th June that I received your letter, and it was also on the 24th June that I received your letters respecting the affair of the Sergeant. They were put into my hand a few moments after I had arisen from imploring the Deity to bless that day which

had united the best of fathers and the most excellent of mothers, and to pour blessings on their heads for many years. You can easily conceive with what delight I read them; to find myself the object of such kind, such fond affection was so delightful to my heart, that I forgot to think whether I was deserving of it. I read again and again the account of the exertions you had used, your letter to the General, his answer, and Mr. Sheridan's, and in the fulness of my heart I sat down and wrote a letter to General Graham, which I sent the next day. I was happy, and I hoped you were so too.

'This momentary elevation seemed ordained by fate that I might feel more dreadfully the blow that was awaiting me. Another packet had arrived that morning, and in the evening I received the letters that it brought. The beginning paragraph of the first letter, and the expression which follows it, "I have you more in my eye than you are aware of," produced an extraordinary emotion in my mind, in which surprise predominated; but I read on, and my feelings were of a different nature. I read them over and over; I felt that the admonitions they contained were the offspring of the kindest affection, and to recollect that I had given pain to the heart that harboured that affection, gave me a pang of remorse such as I have never before experienced. My dearest father, I have resolved, I have thought, I have acted; I can now look on the path of my life since I left England as if you were by my side, as if I had your own eyes; I can see the road on which the monster of the world was decoying me to destruction; I fear I am nearer the precipice than I was aware of. I will pray to God to grant me strength and resolution to get free from his power, and I feel that my prayers will not be in vain.

'The only way that I can fully answer your letters is by relating to you undisguisedly, and with the candour which has always existed between us, how I have lived since I have been here. You say you do not think that I would hide from you any action of my life; indeed, indeed, my dear father, you are right. If in writing I have omitted frequently to mention the particular tertulias that I frequented, the societies in which I mingled, it never was from a desire that you should not know them; no, I declare to you, from my soul, that I never deliberately wrote a letter with an intention to deceive you; I had lost the habit of thinking, or I should have found out my danger before. Had I thought and written more, I might have been spared the pain of being for an instant suspected of want of candour to my father. The first step I took from the plan of life which I had laid down upon the principles which I had received from you, I was forced to by the dreadful manner in which I was living with G ——. He was uneasy in his mind from some cause or other, and not having any means to resort to to divert it, he drank incessantly, and there was scarcely a night he did not return home drunk.

'From the scarcity of lodgings, we had taken one in which we had only a single bed-room between us; and, as he never would get into bed when he was in that state, but remained walking about the whole night, you may conceive in how miserable a state I must have lived.



At this time, a person with whom I was acquainted was leaving Cadiz, and offered me his lodgings, which I took ; from this point I date my loss of economy and of everything else. The lodgings consisted of a large handsome drawing-room, well furnished, and a comfortable bed-room, two doors below my old house. I was most pleasantly situated in this house, but I paid thirty-five dollars a month for it instead of fifteen, the amount of my share with G——. This was a difference, but not the greatest ; my room was one of the pleasantest in the town, it overlooked the whole of the bay, and was freshened by its breeze, and it was immediately over the public walk ; these were inducements which rendered my room a lounge. In the morning I had two or three visitors to breakfast with me, and as I generally took tea in the evening, which very few officers did, many more used to call in every evening to fill up the gap between the time of leaving the Alameda and that of going to tertulias or the Neveria. Imagine what a difference this made in my expenses ; but as the lady of the house undertook to purchase everything I wanted, I did not feel the effects at the time. I sometimes thought what my expenses would be, but I was pleased with the manner in which things went on, and I deferred thinking until at last I forgot to think at all. This was one great step towards ruin, but I was taking another still more dangerous. My room was a fine one for music. I improved my voice, I studied the guitar, and I got Spanish songs and sung to it. I was determined also to become a Spaniard, and I paid great attention to my grammar. It did not require much time to study Spanish or to play the guitar, but the time I devoted to it ought to have been devoted to business, and by degrees I became habituated to going into the office two hours after the proper time in the morning.

‘ Mr. — mentioned it to me good-humouredly, and I again attended regularly ; but in a few weeks I slackened in my regularity, and again amused myself after breakfast for an hour or two instead of going to my duty. The small society that I was at first introduced to, soon extended itself, and in a short time, instead of thinking what book I should employ myself in reading after tea, I had every evening to settle which tertulia, and to how many, I should go. This, though it did not interfere with my duty, turned my head. I had better opportunities in conversation than in study to acquire a knowledge of the language, and I took, perhaps, a greater advantage of them than most of the officers about me, so that it was not long before I could talk tolerably fluently. I paid particular attention to the ladies ; I took my guitar at night and serenaded them ; I sang with them in Spanish ; and this, together with a natural volatility of character, pleased them, and obtained me their smiles. My vanity was flattered ; yes, my dear father, I blush to own it, to the mean passion of vanity am I to ascribe a great part of the progress of my error. I was vain of the favour of a set of foolish, not to call them despicable beings, whose praises had power to make me neglect the exercise of every duty. But let any one who is vain, look at himself through the

medium through which I see myself now—let him know what his vanity has led him to do or to neglect, and he will be at once rescued from the claws of a monster—a monster most dangerous, as he is most frequently met with in our path, and most difficult to combat with.

‘This, my dear father, was before the affair of the Sergeant, which, for a short time, dejected my spirits, and called me to a sense of my duty; but it was only for a short time, and as the business seemed to die away here, I recovered my spirits and resorted again to company. I acquired such an intimacy in several families as to be allowed to call in the morning, and sit with them at their work, which is not generally the custom, evening being the visiting time. These visits were more pleasant to me than the grand tertulias, and I neglected the Office to attend them. Day after day I left my duty for the greater part of the morning, and felt it as a restraint when employed for a short time. This dreadful habit grew upon me more and more. Mr. — treated me with the greatest kindness; he several times spoke to me in the gentlest manner; but so fascinating was the form of pleasure, and so strong the ardour with which I followed it, that his remonstrances had effect but for a moment; in a few days I fell again into my former habits, unknowing how quickly I was hastening in the path of ruin.

‘The expedition to Barossa was at this time preparing. I had not yet lost all spirit or desire of improving myself, or perhaps it was only a wish for variety, so natural in youth, which induced me to ask Mr. — to let me go with it. After some time he consented, but not without entreaty on my part, and on his, a remonstrance on the conduct I had pursued. I went, my dear father, determined not to make it necessary for him to remonstrate again. Providence in His goodness gave me opportunities of doing more than I had hoped. I had not to work against the temptations that surrounded me in Cadiz, and the task was not difficult. My reward was greater than I deserved; I had the happiness of knowing, not only that I had done my duty, but that the General had remarked it. This ought to have given me a double incentive to act so as to merit in future, and by that means to preserve, the good opinion of my superiors; it should have made me doubly active in the discharge of my duty; I felt all this, and when I was at the Isla, before we returned to Cadiz, I made a determination that I would not again give Mr. — the slightest cause of complaint. Such was my firm determination, my dear father, but the enemy of mankind was preparing his snares in Cadiz to counteract it.

‘On my return, I found the temptation to company and pleasure stronger the more I determined not to let it interfere with duty. For a time the company of the officers who had been on the expedition was more courted than usual, and I found myself more in favour than before. My vanity worked with the fascinations of pleasure to destroy me, and in a short time they again succeeded in drawing me from the performance of my duty, and in making me forget, not only the obligations I was under in common with every other person in the



department, but the particular gratitude I owed to Mr. —, as well as the determination with which I had once more taken up my seat in the office in Cadiz. This second lethargy into which I fell was more fatal than the first, and I neglected my duty with less shame, as I had almost become habituated to being told of my neglect, I blush to say, even from the mouth of Mr. — himself. This lasted for some time; and about two months ago I was sent down to the Isla, I conceive about the time he wrote to you; here, my dear father, I had leisure to think, and I was induced to it by finding in consequence of leaving Cadiz that I had been spending more than my pay.

‘The horror of getting into debt struck my imagination; but thank God the evil had not extended itself too far, and it showed me the necessity of a reform. I was beginning to look back upon my conduct, when your letters came to awaken me to a full sense of the situation in which I stood. I saw the precipice before me, and I blest Providence for having pointed it out. To regain the right road, and to recover my position with Mr. —, which I feared was, as you thought, *gone*, were works of time, but I instantly laid the groundwork. I knew the folly of making determinations, which I wanted resolution to fulfil; but your admonitions in my hand and in my mind, supplied the place of both; they were the armour that screened me from the attacks of the enemy who had been so triumphant before. They shall continue so, and they will save me; yes, my dearest father, I feel that I shall regain the ground that I have lost—that I shall recover the opinion of Mr. —. I have written to him; I will send you a copy of the letter, and also of his answer, which is a most kind and affectionate one, and his conduct since has borne testimony to the truth of his letter. Let me but recover your esteem, and the esteem of those I love more than my life, in England, and I shall be happy.’

I read this photograph of myself at Cadiz with wonder on many accounts. I could not now give so lively a detail, even looking from a standpoint very different from that at which I stood then. I wonder at the goodness of God in restraining the natural effect upon the heart of such a vortex of vanity as it describes, and which might have been expected to harden the neck against reproof, and to hinder the humility and candour which confesses fault and submits to correction. The state of mind which could write that letter under such circumstances affords a striking illustration of the power of even a secondary principle, when it has been embedded in the soft soil of very early youth. The principle of family affection as the paramount object of life had been thus implanted in me, and in a severe trial it had power to overcome the intoxicating influence to which I had been so long exposed; and

instead of a defensive or evasive course under parental reproof at full age, and in a distant land where I could not be easily overlooked, it produced humble confession and self-abasement. If parents were wise in the training of their infants, what a wholesome influence they might establish even when acting upon principles of a secondary nature! But if that training were directed consistently upon the primary principles of Christian truth, and were blessed by the grace of the Holy Spirit, what happy traits of Christian character would be the result!

This powerful and sudden check had a salutary effect upon my conduct at the Isla de Leon—not, indeed, such an effect as it promised to have at the first shock. It increased my struggles and restrained me in many things, and I can look back on the later portion of my residence at La Isla with more of comfort, or rather with less of sorrow, than on the former part. I continued in charge of the Isla until August, 1812, just two years after my arrival at Cadiz. In that month an event occurred which altered the whole political and military arrangements of the Peninsula. The French were obliged to retire, and the siege of Cadiz was raised.

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### INCIDENTAL CHAPTER I.

It will enliven the interest of the reader to know some of the incidental details of my life during the two years I passed at Cadiz and the Isla de Leon. An incidental chapter will convey the account of circumstances, which, while they arose in the course of my progress, yet were not necessary to the main object for which I am writing. They may throw light upon the difficulties of my way, or the dealings of Divine Providence with me, or through me with others.

In a letter to my sister I gave a sketch of the manner of keeping the Carnival at La Isla, including my own participation in its follies. The following is an extract from my letter:—

By the laws of Spain masks are forbidden to be worn by the loyal subjects of his Catholic Majesty; but Quevedo, a famous Spanish satirist, says, that there is a certain time when all the world run mad, in which period it is no sign of wisdom to preserve one's senses. This period in Spain can be no other than the Carnival, when every

one diverts himself as well as he can, without any regard to laws, customs, or anything else. Accordingly the patrole of the town proclaimed by the beat of drum the Governor's bando, that nobody should mask during the ensuing Carnival; and a few hours after, information was sent round to the obedient inhabitants of the royal town of La Isla de Leon, that the Governor's house would be thrown open to receive masqueraders, &c., &c.

'You would suppose that in such a city as Cadiz the amusements of such a period would be preferable to those of the paltry town of the Isla; but as in Cadiz there is necessarily more ceremony and less familiarity, the Islanders easier divest themselves of it than the inhabitants of the more populous city: thus the Isla has always been famed for the Carnival in preference to Cadiz, and this year it has certainly borne the palm. All the principal houses of tertulia in Isla were open to masks, and music was prepared, by which means a constant variety of characters was kept up in each of them, the parties going from one to another as they were inclined; by this means also the street presented a ludicrous sight. Besides the numerous fancy figures and characters that were supported, it was the general mode for parties to form groups of from ten to twenty or thirty each, all dressed in fancy dresses exactly alike; these groups were each preceded by music, and upon entering a house, room being immediately made, they danced figure-dances or cotillons studied for the occasion—most beautiful ones. The continued entrance and exit of these groups enlivened the scene most wonderfully; the endeavours to discover each, remarks on the dances, dresses, &c., furnished curiosity and conversation enough; and this lasted till after daylight. The most beautiful group I saw of them all was one formed of twenty Indians, dressed fantastically but gracefully, particularly the women, with bows which they made use of in a grotesque kind of figure dance, which possessed both the recommendations of novelty and grace. The best figure I saw was an old man, who was carried about on the shoulders of another. This was supported by Don Pedro Salazar, Colonel of Engineers, with whom I am particularly acquainted. He is rather tall, and managed to put on false legs and arms, and to fix a false head with a mask on before him, in so judicious a way, that it required a closer examination than the confusion of such crowds afforded, to be able to discover that it was but one man.

'Perhaps somebody may ask you what I did in all these goings-on. Merely that you may not find yourself at a loss in answering such a question, should it be put, I must inform you that, previous to the three grand festival days, I dressed myself as divers and sundry nondescript animals, most of them in the shape of men, but of what particular description it would be difficult to decide. Two nights I availed myself of Mathews' inventive talents, and rendered the use of a mask unnecessary by festooning my nose à la Spectre; and as everybody was accustomed to see me in uniform, the difference was greater, and I passed generally unknown. But the first of the great nights I sustained a character—that of a Majo. What's a Majo? A superior

kind of Gitano. And pray what's a Gitano? Nothing more than a Gipsy! Majo or Maja is a term applied to the lads and lasses of a village when dressed in their national dress for any festival or gala day; the national Majo dress is beautiful:—if I can afford it, when I return to England I will take one with me. The leader of my band of commissariat mules at the Isla is a handsome fellow, and of course would not be without his *Vestido de Majo*. This he lent to me, and who but I. The two other nights I formed one of a group, formed by a very pleasant family, who are very near neighbours, and in whose house I spend the greater part of the time I can devote to myself or diversion. They are called Valdez. I assure you half the pleasure was in seeing with what delight the girls fagged indefatigably to get their dresses ready for the occasion.

'The Carnival begins three weeks before Lent, but the festival-time is only the three last days, and it is fortunate that it lasted no longer, or else every one would have killed themselves. Much as I was pleased with the diversion while it was going on, I was most heartily glad when it was over. Almost all the English officers here followed Quevedo's maxim, and thought it folly to keep their senses in the general madness. They went however to very great excesses; a whole cavalcade rode up and down the town at noon-day, in the most ridiculous dresses you can conceive; the Spaniards however could not do more than laugh *at* my countrymen, and not *with* them, as most of them chose characters completely and nationally English, the wit of which was of course completely lost upon the Spaniards. What a strange character this nation possesses; it is out of the power of fate to prevent their enjoying life. The amusements that have been going on this Carnival is an example of this.

'The Isla is a town unlike Cadiz, where everybody is rich because everybody is a merchant; on the contrary, Isla being the principal arsenal of Spain, its ordinary inhabitants consist of nothing more than naval officers and their families, and the siege of Cadiz has brought a principal part of the army here. When you figure to yourself that the Spanish navy have not received a farthing of pay for three-and-twenty months, and the army for more than nine, except partially, you would conceive that a town's whole population, consisting of naval and military officers mainly, would afford a most perfect picture of misery; and add, to complete this, that the enemy are within gun-shot; and yet I never saw pleasure so despotic, or so much happiness pictured in the countenance of every being, as during the late merry-makings; nor is it only by starts or at certain periods that this is the case, their general character is the same.'

Some time after the battle of Barossa I obtained a short leave of absence, and a young man with whom I had a close friendship joined me in taking a pleasant journey. A Spanish Lieutenant of the navy, who commanded a gunboat, was going from Cadiz to Tarifa, and he gave us a passage. We stayed some days in

that town, which the former expedition, and a subsequent noble defence by a small British force, had made specially interesting, and then we retraced the route our troops had taken, and crossed the Trocha into Algeiras. There is something peculiarly exciting in passing through the scenes we have once visited under circumstances of interest. The memory of every little incident attaches itself to the place where it occurred, and raises a lively vision of it, heightened in colouring by the knowledge of the consequences that resulted. Even after an ordinary journey through a new country, a return to the same scenes recalls little matters that were so trifling as to be unobserved before, and which render the second journey more pleasant than the first. In our ride from Tarifa to Algeiras I experienced this in a lively manner, and I detailed to my friend the events of our former march, with a particularity which I could not have attained except upon the spot.

We passed over to Gibraltar, and remained long enough to explore all the interesting points of 'The Rock,' as it is generally called. From thence we made an excursion to Ceuta; and, as one of the incidents which occurred there involved a Providential preservation of my life, I will give some account of our visit.

An acquaintance at Gibraltar joined us, and we three hired a small felucca to take us across the Straits. We started with a fair wind, but when we were about half way the wind fell and we were becalmed. I had then an opportunity of observing the superstition of the Spanish sailors, two of whom were with us. In the dead calm they knotted a piece of rope with which they lashed the sides of the boat, and then threw it into the sea, fully expecting that a wind would spring up; after waiting some time, they threw into the sea a piece of the burning charcoal kept to light their cigars, in order that the smoke resulting might indicate which way the wind would come, but the tiny cloud of smoke rose perpendicularly, without any sign of an influence one way or the other. After a while the oars were brought into use, and by clumsy and difficult rowing we managed to get to the quay at Ceuta about half-past eight o'clock, having occupied ten hours in our passage.

The fortress at Ceuta, like the Rock of Gibraltar, is always maintained in strict military discipline, as orderly as if an

enemy's army was before it. After gunfire, at sunset, the gates are not permitted to be opened. There was a guard on the quay outside the walls, and a sentry patrolled to the end. This man challenged us as our boat approached, and bid us keep off; I explained to him our circumstances, but this had no effect upon him. The sound of our voices brought the officer of the guard, who very civilly assured me that there was no possibility of our being permitted to land till the gates were opened at sunrise in the morning, nor then, unless we brought an order from the authorities in Gibraltar. All he would allow was, that we should fasten our boat at the stern of some others that were moored at some little distance, and he gave the sentry orders to keep an eye on us. There was no alternative, and therefore we spread the sails upon the half deck, and both blanketless and supperless we arranged ourselves for sleep. But sleep was rendered nearly impossible; for, besides our personal inconveniences, we had the mortification of finding that, as the day was the vigil of Corpus Christi day, there were great merry-makings in the city, and a band of music played most indefatigably in some place close to the wall by the quay. Whenever they paused there were shouts and noises of all sorts, with the sound of squibs and fireworks. This continued till long past midnight; then the moon rose and shone upon the calm sea, giving a striking contrast to the noisy merry-makings we had heard, and at last we fell asleep.

New difficulties beset us in the morning. The officer had no power to allow us to enter the town without a pass. It seemed a difficulty that could not be overcome, but I acted upon my father's favourite maxim, 'The wise and active,' &c., and as I was in uniform, I urged that a British officer ought to be allowed to enter for the purpose of obtaining the necessary order, giving his word that he would return to find his friends who were civilians, and submit himself to the orders of the officer if he did not bring an authorized pass. After some discussion this plea prevailed, and I was allowed to go into the town at half-past six in the morning, my companions remaining in the boat.

On inquiry, I found that the order I wanted must be given by the Governor, to whose residence I therefore made my way,

hoping to find some official, even at that early hour, who would put me in the way of obtaining a pass. It was a palatial house. I expected to find a sentry at the door, but there was none. I saw the guard-house at some distance, but I avoided it, and went up the broad flight of steps which led me to the hall. Here there were evident marks that there had been revelry the preceding night, but there was no person to be found. Hoping to find some person to instruct me what to do I went in, carefully passing from one room to another, and in each calling for a servant, if perchance one should be within hearing; but at seven o'clock in the morning after a festival there was not a soul within hearing. In the banquet hall the remains of the feast were still on the table, left in uncomfortable confusion after the supper. From this room there was a door opposite that by which I entered, and I ventured to go to this and knock, repeating my call. Presently the door was opened by a short fat man, who had evidently jumped out of bed in alarm; he was barefooted, and had nothing on him but a night-shirt. He spoke in great anger, pouring out strong Spanish oaths with no measured discretion. He called out several names, to none of which anybody answered, and at last he frantically called the guard. I soon perceived that this was no other than the Governor himself. I endeavoured to apologise—said I was an English officer—that I lamented my intrusion, &c. &c., and that I would call later on his Excellency and explain. The Governor banged the door in my face, and I withdrew through the rooms by which I had come; and, thanks to the entire solitude that reigned, I passed out of the palace without being interrupted.

I went to a posada, and upon inquiry found that there was an English officer residing in Ceuta who was a British agent. To him I made my way and explained our circumstances, and my unfortunate intrusion upon the Governor. Through his intervention a proper pass was obtained after a long time, and by about ten o'clock I took it to the quay and liberated my two friends. We all repaired to the posada and refreshed ourselves, and had a good breakfast, for which we were very ready. Later in the day I went to the Governor's house to leave my card, and I explained to his secretary how it had happened that I

intruded myself in the morning. The secretary let me off very easily, and could not help laughing at my narrative.

The city was all astir upon the occasion of the Corpus Christi day, so that we saw Ceuta in its holiday condition. I will not refer to the exhibition of idolatry which the procession afforded, nor to the painful evidence of devotion of the people to what they imagined to be God, in whose train a number of images of various saints (so called) were carried. Though at that time I did not feel what I have since felt when I have witnessed similar scenes of Romish idolatry, yet even then I was struck by the dullness of the minds which give their worship to such objects; and the remembrance of the procession at Ceuta has often helped me to expose the delusion since it has been manifested more plainly to myself.

The fortifications of Ceuta are of the greatest strength, and have been added to from time to time, as new devices have arisen in the science of war. What struck us most in all we saw were the tokens of terrorism that were exposed on the gates of the citadel. Ceuta is a place for penal servitude, and the citadel contains the prisoners. It is generally the doom of political prisoners to be sent here. Over one of the gates of the citadel there was an iron cage containing the skeleton of the hand of a murderer. Over another gate there were three iron cages, each containing the skull of a traitor, placed within the sight of the passers-by, in the same way that murderers and highwaymen used formerly in England to be hung in chains on the spot where the crime was committed. On one of the huge buttresses of the walls of the citadel there was a kind of excrescence occupying the breadth of about half the top of the buttress, at some considerable distance from the top of the battlements; a small window in this suggested the idea that it might be a room, perhaps a prison; upon inquiry we were told that it was actually the dungeon built there for a political prisoner, who was confined in it, or had been. Food and water were lowered from the height of the wall, through an opening at the top. It could hardly have been eight feet by four, and being placed on the slope of the buttress, it is scarcely conceivable that a human being could have lived there many days. It is horrible to conceive the cruelty that could have planned such a prison, and the still more



intense degree of cruelty that could employ it for such a purpose.

A considerable extent of land which encircles the fortress and city of Ceuta belongs to Spain, and in it are found the remains of the ancient Ceuta, of which scarcely enough is visible to be called a ruin. The Spanish ground is separated from the Moorish region beyond, by a deep ditch called a ravine, but mainly artificial, and scarcely important enough to be dignified with that name. No one is allowed to go beyond the gates into this surrounding district without a written order from the Governor; it was not without difficulty we obtained this, but having obtained it we occupied the greater part of a day in exploring the site of old Ceuta and the flat country about it.

As this took but little time, we determined to venture across the ravine or ditch which separated us from the Moors; we saw their advanced post at some little distance beyond the ravine, and a couple of huts with some people sitting on the ground near them. We scrambled down and up the broad ditch, and being without arms we took off our hats in token of amity. The Moors at the huts seemed to respond civilly, and we went up to them; we found that they spoke no Spanish, and so our intercourse was carried on entirely by signs, by which however we gained but little information. They let us go into their huts, which were poor places, but not dirty, as we thought they might be, and we observed that the hands of the men were remarkably clean; a fowling-piece with a very long barrel was placed outside against the hut, but we saw no other arms. Having satisfied our curiosity, we made our obeisance and left them, not however without showing friendliness by leaving a present; I had a pocket-comb, which I happened to take out of my pocket, and it attracted their special attention; on going away I gave it to the elder of the two Moors whom we had visited.

We repassed the ravine and sat down to partake of the refreshments we had brought à la pic-nic; after which we were strolling about to amuse ourselves at the edges of the ravine, when the report of a gun was heard, and a ball whizzed by close to my head; the smoke showed us that the long fowling-piece had been employed by the old Moor to recompense me for the gift of my pocket-comb, or to relieve their conscience of the sin of

having been civil to us, by the sacrifice of one of the Giaours. We felt that we had no redress for this outrage, we could not appeal to the authorities in Ceuta, as we had been out of bounds and brought it upon ourselves, so we were obliged to be satisfied with retiring from the vicinity of the Moors, and returning to the city. I look back however and feel that this was an intervention of Divine Providence; the object towards which my life was directed could not be prevented by the bullet of the Moor. We returned to Gibraltar, and took advantage of a transport about to sail for Cadiz, which received us on board.

The siege of Cadiz was remarkable on many accounts, but specially from the fact that it was upon this occasion that the long range cannon were first employed. After a lapse of many years the powers of science have been applied to the subject, but in 1812 the possibility of propelling a shell four miles was a marvel and a novelty. The position of Cadiz defied all the ordinary siege devices; the almost insular position of the city and the breadth of the bay were thought effectually to secure the inhabitants from the danger of a bombardment. There was a cannon foundry at Seville, where a clever engineer officer cast a machine which took away this security. He constructed an engine capable of sending a shell within the range of 6,500 yards. Three of these guns were cast—one of them is now a trophy of victory, which is placed opposite the Treasury in St. James's Park. These were mounted in a battery raised behind Matagorda, at the nearest available point from which the city could be reached, and the bombardment commenced. The first shells thrown only cleared the outer wall, but presently the range was increased, and included full two-thirds of the city. The inhabitants were at first seized with a panic, and many crowded into the extreme Barrio, or quarter of the town which the shells did not reach, and others occupied the bomb-proof arches under the Muralla, or wall of the city. It was found by the French engineers that the hollow shell filled with combustibles was not of sufficient weight to make it possible to send them the full distance, and they therefore had to fill them with lead. The result was that the shells never exploded, and did very little damage, and the panic soon subsided.

Every precaution was however taken by the authorities. It

was remembered that the walls of some of the houses were peculiarly thick, in order to support high towers which had been built by the rich merchants to watch for the approach of their argosies bringing the treasure from America. Several such houses stood together in the best portion of the city. These walls were considered to give the security of better cover from the shells than other parts. The streets likely to afford this shelter, and which were across the course of the shells, were publicly stated, and the public knew them by heart. A watchman was placed in the high spire of one of the churches, who with a telescope observed the Napoleon battery where these mortars were. As soon as he saw the smoke rise, he struck the great bell of the church. The winged messenger of death took two minutes in its transit from the battery to its fall in the city, and this allowed time for the people to seek the refuge of the thicker walled streets, or any other safety they could find.

The effect produced by the sound of the church bell was most striking. I was one day in the Plaza del Correo, a square, much resorted to, and in which were stalls for the sale of books, pictures, fruit, &c. Amidst the crowd I was bargaining with a man for the purchase of a set of pictures, when the heavy single toll of the great bell sounded. With a rapidity that was hardly conceivable to me I found myself literally alone. It was the first sounding of that morning, and it foretold of other two which soon followed. The man at the picture-stall left me with his wares, and when I saw him run to a corner street near at hand I turned round, and in that little space of time during which I had looked after my friend of the stall, every living creature had found their way out of the Plaza. After waiting what on such occasions appears a long time—two minutes, there followed the loud hissing sound of such missiles growing louder and louder until it thundered in its fall at the corner of the street into which the picture-man had made his escape. Another shell came soon after, but fell somewhere short of the former, and a third followed which passed over the Plaza and found its way beyond.

For about four months this bombardment continued, and its results were only seventeen persons killed and wounded. Twice, and sometimes three times a day, the firing went on for an

hour, and sometimes two hours. At night the tolling of the warning bell was equally frequent. On the 15th of August the bombardment went on almost all the day without intermission. It was supposed that this was to celebrate the Napoleon day. It continued after nightfall, and still on till over midnight. I happened to be in Cadiz, and had a bed at my old lodgings on the wall. After admiring the rolling lights in the heavens (for each shell had a long fuse, though it had nothing at its end to ignite) till I was tired, I went to bed. I was aroused about four o'clock by my landlady, who told me that the French were blowing up their castles, as she called them. I hastily threw on my clothes and went to the balcony, just in time to see the grand explosion which blew up the fort of St. Catalina on the opposite side of the bay. From this surprising sight I turned to one quite as surprising, though of an entirely different kind. It was just the time of early dawn; but even at that hour the people had left their beds, and were thronging the broad walk of the Muralla immediately under my window. The frantic expressions of delight—the shouts and hurrahs—the loud singing of national stanzas written against the French—all made a medley of madness for joy. Every man or woman was shaking hands with the next person near them, and I saw many embracing each other, apparently without any knowledge of each other beyond the momentary proximity.

This fever of excitement lasted all the day, as it was soon found that the French had blown up or otherwise destroyed all their works, and had retired; the only music of their march being the sound of the explosions, which told of the destruction of the labour and the hopes of three years. By six o'clock in the morning there was not a Frenchman within many miles of Cadiz. Everybody ran from house to house to pay visits to their friends and acquaintance, and people often stopped each other in the streets, to pour out some of the joy which would run over in its effervescence.

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## PERIOD V.

*The March through Spain—August to October, 1812.*

It is impossible to describe the exhilaration of spirits which is excited by a sense of liberty after having been confined within a circle of fortified walls for many weary months. This was the state of the garrison at Cadiz, when the retreat of the French left us free to leave our walls, and roam through the open country. On the day after the retreat, I went with some officers across the narrow opening between the outer and inner bays, and examined the Napoleon battery, from whence the mortars had sent forth their messengers, rather of fear, than of death. There were three of these mortars, one of which is in St. James's Park, as has been stated; they were all three effectually disabled, not by spiking, which could easily be remedied, but by firing a cannon-shot at the bore of the muzzle. This produces an indentation which rendered the future loading of the mortar impossible.

We had no time to join in the joyous festivities of the people of Cadiz, for the greater number of the British troops were ordered immediately to advance upon the track of the retiring enemy. They were divided into two brigades, and the charge of the Commissariat department of the first brigade was given to me. My kind friend General Graham had left us, and joined the army in the North, and the command devolved upon General Cooke, of the Guards, from whom I received so many civilities that I could not help thinking General Graham must have mentioned me to him kindly.

After a few days of preparation, we proceeded on our march. This campaigning was an entire change from the current of the life I had been leading at Cadiz and the Isla. The duty was totally different; but I had had some little experience of it in the short campaign which terminated in the battle of Barossa. In the garrison town the duty was very much routine, and the supplies were drawn with regularity from well-filled stores. The march of an army requires the conveyance of supplies, preparatory arrangements on the route, and the anticipation of necessary requirements which may occur under various contingencies. The difference may be understood by a civilian at home, but the difficulties of an active campaign can only be estimated by a

Commissariat officer, whose duty it is to overcome them. At the beginning all was comparatively light work, and the troops arrived at Seville in good heart and right order. A party of the French soldiers which had been left in Seville were surprised by our men in the early morning, and the officers had to escape from their beds, and, with their men, make the best of their way in a confused flight.

Our first halting-place was Xeres de la Frontera, the city that stands in the midst of the vineyards which supply the world with what we call sherry. We arrived at the season when the grapes are ripening, and as we marched through the vineyards in which the large bunches of grapes hung in immense quantities, and were not protected by any fence from the road side, I got off my horse and plucked some, which, however, I found sufficiently self-protected, by the bitter taste of the thick rind of the grape.

The march to Xeres was long enough to enable me to know what I needed in an outfit for my new duty. I procured what articles were necessary; I purchased a second horse, and I provided for my independence in devoting myself to my duties by engaging two servants. One of these took charge of my baggage and my mules of burthen; the other had the care of my horses, and attended upon myself. The former was Lorenzo, a stout active Spaniard, who turned out to be both trustworthy and clever. The other was a remarkably handsome young man, about twenty. He belonged to a respectable family in Xeres, and had burned with strong feeling against the French invaders of his country while they occupied the town. His joy at their retreat was unbounded, and his earnest desire was to avenge their conduct which he had witnessed. On our arrival at Xeres he sought to join our army, in some capacity or other, and after several disappointments he was happy to engage with me as a servant. His name was Andres Osisto. It will be seen in future details how providential was my connection with this young man; he remained with me until I left Spain, and I had many letters from him afterwards.

We marched on to Seville, where our little army found itself in very comfortable quarters. General Cooke waited here for orders from Lord Wellington, who had been advancing in the north, and had invested the citadel of Burgos. In Seville we

received all sorts of attention from the inhabitants; and for a time the gaiety of Cadiz was repeated here, increased by the circumstances in which we came, and those from which we delivered the inhabitants. The one thing that kept us in anxiety was the uncertainty of our movements, the watching for news from Lord Wellington; this state of suspense continued a full month, during which, however, we managed to make the wheels of time move very rapidly.

Orders from head-quarters came at last. Five thousand men of the garrison of Cadiz were to march forthwith to join the corps of General Hill, in the north-east of Spain; and the remainder were to return to garrison Cadiz, under the command of General Cooke. The regiments to form the five thousand men were selected and placed under the command of Colonel Skerrett, a very gallant officer, who afterwards lost his life in the assault upon Bergen-op-Zoom; and they were to commence their march on the third day after the orders were given. My commanding officer immediately sent for me, and told me that, though there were senior officers who might perhaps seek the distinction, he had determined that I should have the honour of taking charge of Colonel Skerrett's corps, to supply them in their march to the north. He said many flattering words, which at the time seemed to me to be a little too much, though he did not disguise from me that it would be a peculiarly difficult duty, from several causes, which he pointed out; but he summed up the array of difficulties by talking of my talent and powers, &c., &c. I could not help feeling gratified at the honour of being appointed to the charge.

The example of my superior officer was not consistent with the advice he seemed to give me, and the care he took in watching over my official conduct. Upon the present occasion this might have been my ruin, if the good hand of God had not averted it in a singular manner. After the check in that laxity of discipline, which had occurred upon my father's intervention, I had taken great pains to be diligent in the transmission of my monthly accounts from the Isla, and the only arrear at the time of our march from Cadiz was that of the months of June and July, with a portion of the month of August. When he was doing me the honour of appointing me to the charge of Colonel Skerrett's

division, I observed that it would be a serious matter that I should be absent from Cadiz until I had closed and transmitted my two months' accounts. He asked me where the vouchers were. I told him in a particular closet in the office, in the Isla de Leon, of which I had the key. He said that he would take the key and have the accounts made up for me, and give a full explanation of the reason for this proceeding. I gave him the key, and thought no more of the accounts.

Reports were however sent to the Treasury stating that Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General Dallas, who had a large public credit, had rendered no accounts since he had had charge of the Isla de Leon, and that this deficiency involved much difficulty. In those days a letter by the post-office packet took a long time to go from Cadiz to London, and the time was doubled for a return. Orders came from the Treasury to make me a direct public accountant, and charge me with all sums issued to me. At the same time, an order was sent to Sir Robert Kennedy to send me home immediately to account to the Treasury, personally, for my delay. Sir Robert Kennedy, with instructions from the Treasury, had also received the statements respecting that eventful march, of which I am about to give an account; and he wrote back to the Treasury saying that he could not spare such an officer as Mr. Dallas, and that my return to England must be delayed. This Sir Robert told me himself, but not till years had passed, and the whole campaigns were finished. During all that time I had frequent personal communication with him, but I was kept in entire ignorance on the subject until we were marching through France, to embark at Calais, in the year 1814.

When however I did know it, I went immediately to the Treasury, and explained the state of the case. All my accounts had been sent to the Treasury in a box which was marked with my name, and left unopened. When the lid was taken off, the accounts came forth in separate monthly parcels, and upon the endorsement of the balance-sheet of each appeared 'Exd., T. H. M.' This proved that they had been officially examined and passed.

But to return to the position of matters at Seville. I had not then opportunity of knowing all the extreme difficulties of



the duty that was laid upon me, neither had I time to consider them in detail. A reference to Alison's History of the War in Spain, and to that portion of it which describes the conduct of the army of Soult before Cadiz, will convey some notion of what was likely to be the state of the country in the track of their retreat. I do not wish to harrow my readers with the instances of cruelty, rapine, waste, plunder and murder which disgraced that army, and to which Alison refers. It is enough that I call attention to the historian's account of the manner in which the produce of the country was carried away and destroyed. Alison gives an account in figures of the amount in money and church plate drawn from the people in the southern provinces, especially in Andalusia, which was immense. That passage in the history conveys an appalling idea of the desolation that marked the track of the army. It may be truly said that 'the country was as a garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness.'

Although I had some notion of the general character of that French retreat, gathered from the rumours and tales which the peasants reported in Seville, I never realized the actual state of things, nor its special bearing upon the duty with which I was charged. I had no time to think about it, for there were only three days of preparation; and the first great trouble I had to overcome was how to obtain, by hire or by pressing, the services of three hundred mules or horses, and a hundred cars. I was armed with a plenary power, signed by the Commander-in-Chief and by the Spanish authorities, to take what I wanted, with a pledge that it should be paid for on the warrant of a document signed by me. The good people of Seville, with all their personal civility, were very averse to give up their animals, and I had to press a great many. For safety I had to lodge them, night and day, in the Plaza de Toros, which was placed at my disposal for the occasion. All the energy I could bring forth scarcely sufficed to get these arrangements completed, even with the assistance of a brother officer under me, and with the necessary staff of storekeepers and muleteers.

I have found amongst my papers a little book which I used to carry in my sabretash. It shared the fate of my baggage which was robbed from my tent a long time after, and was

afterwards found on a hill-side, amongst other refuse cast away by the thieves. As it had been there some time, many of its pages were defaced by the weather. The notes are very brief; they are as follows:—‘Supplies to be drawn from the Commissary at Elvas—write to him on the subject. Bullocks to follow the army. Three days’ provisions. What number of mules? What number of cars?’ A few pages after I find a list of the seven towns to which I had written for supplies. These were on the proposed route. Opposite to each of these is the number of rations required to be delivered to the troops on their arrival at the several places.

Not one of these requisitions was ever attended to. The authorities pleaded the impossibility of supplying what they did not possess, and stated many painful things of the conduct of the retreating French army. There were sufficient tokens to justify their statement in the burnt villages, ruined houses, destroyed vineyards, and in some cases, even the burning of olive plantations. This made it apparently impossible to supply the troops from the country.

Another source of supply was by drawing stores from dépôts. But we had no dépôts, either in Andalusia or Estremadura, through which provinces our march lay, and the nearest dépôt was at Elvas, in Portugal, the distance of which from our line of march made it quite impossible to expect any assistance from thence in our progress. The actual supply of the troops was thus limited to the three days’ provisions which each man carried, and to an equal number of rations carried on the mules, &c. Three hundred bullocks were to accompany the force, and I earnestly urged that they should be sent on in advance. This, however, was neglected; a number, under fifty, went with us, and the remainder never overtook the troops.

Let the reader consider the several points I have thus put before him, and imagine for a moment the position in which I was placed. When I went forth upon this duty of supplying five thousand men in their march from the south to the north-east of Spain, through districts the greater part of which were desolated in the manner I have described, I had no conception of the real state of the country. I did not, indeed, place any reliance upon the dépôt at Elvas; I greatly feared that the

three hundred bullocks would never reach us; and I began to discover some of the difficulties before me, though I could not realise them at one-tenth of their reality. I was not apt to give way to despondency, and, remembering my father's early lesson about 'the wise and active,' &c., I started from Seville on the evening before the march of the army, accompanied by Andres alone, and we took up our quarters that night at Guillena, about twelve miles on the road.

I left the junior officer who was with me in charge of the daily duties of the division, telling him I would go forward and ascertain what we might expect from my requisitions to the Alcaldes of the towns upon the route. I had already heard enough to make me very anxious on this point, and we had not proceeded many leagues without the reality of the difficulties being forced upon us. These realities were enough to alarm us. Six days' march from Seville would exhaust all that we carried with us—what was to be done after that? It was well that Andres had a spirit in accordance with my own. He had not learned the lesson taught me by my father, but he was a sharp-witted, clever Andalusian, who had learned a deep lesson taught him by the French. After much discussion one night, he said that he knew the Andalusians well, and that he had witnessed many times the manner in which farmers and others had deceived the French, by sacrificing a part of their property, and hiding the larger portion. He said that he did not think any of them would discover the mystery of their hiding-places merely for the English foreigners; but that if I would put a red cockade in my cocked hat, and lay aside my staff feather, he assured me my Spanish would enable me to win my way to their hidden treasures. 'Besides,' he said, 'the farmers have got wives and daughters, and you can win their good will; depend on it we shall find stores enough; let us try—*quien porfia mucho alcanza*;' a Spanish proverb, which means, 'try much and win much.' It was to act upon this plan that we set forth on the following morning.

It was quite clear that to have proceeded in the ordinary way would have left the troops to starve, and the hazardous experiment I was making was in fact the only alternative. Andres and I went forth that morning very much like Don

Quixote and Sancho Panza. Having made careful inquiries as to the properties and farms which lay at some distance on the right and left of the road, our plan was to seek these, not saying a word of our purpose, but simply asking hospitality. I do not remember that this was ever refused to us, and though sometimes we failed to gain anything beyond being admitted, we never were turned from the doors. Andres was very discerning, and his Andaluz accent was no small help to us.

We usually began by talking of the horrors of the French, of which Andres had many terrible chapters to relate. This led to expressions of grief at the ravages the army had made; and by degrees we introduced a word of rejoicing that the people had so well known how to hide their property from such rapacious robbers. It often happened that at the word *esconder*, 'to hide,' there were indications on the countenances and the faces of some of the party, which led us on to further inquiries. I am giving a general sketch of the manner in which we proceeded: to detail the circumstances in the several cases would have the character of a romance indeed. The hint of Andres about the wives and daughters was not thrown away. Both of us, as circumstances admitted, ingratiated ourselves with the female part of the families. I sometimes found a guitar in a house, which was made very effective. Andalusian wit is proverbial in Spain, and besides, there is a happy tone of pleasantry, bordering on the very limits of joking, for which their rich language affords abundant opportunity. By my intercourse with the society of Cadiz I had acquired this peculiar tone, and I often found it flash good-humour into faces which bore the weight of suspicion before.

I look back with surprise on the extraordinary success which attended this plan. On many occasions we drew out hints from various members of the same family, which enabled us to jump to conclusions which surprised other members of that family, as to the concealment of stores of wheat, barley, Indian corn, &c. &c. The difficulty was to obtain access to the supplies when we became aware of their existence; but I had power to give a good price, and was armed with plenary authority with the signature of the Spanish officials, to guarantee that my draft would be honoured in due course.

An incident or two which occur to my mind will illustrate the manner in which this was obtained. At a distant solitary house of poor appearance, where we remained two days, Andres had discovered that while everything looked poverty-stricken about the place, there was, at some distance from the house, in a thick wood, a barn or outhouse which contained the concealed stores of this man. I had been exceedingly civil and attentive to the good wife, and Andres had made love to the daughter, through whom he had obtained the information. I told the mistress that if I could obtain a certain number of fanegas of wheat and Indian corn, and some forage, I was ready to pay a very high price for it. I left her with a golden dream before her, and went to bed. In the grey dawn of an October morning, I was awoke by the master of the house, who told me he could supply what I wanted, if I would give a certain price, which he named. I said that I must be sure of having the supplies before I could give the money; and where were they? He bid me rise, and he would show me. This I did quickly, while he saddled my horse. We set out at the very earliest dawn of light; my companion was silent and gloomy, but I felt that it would not do to leave him in that mood, and I tried to get something cheerful between us. I remember that I even sang a Spanish song to him. My efforts were not very successful. At a distance of full two miles, we came to a thick wood, which covered both sides of a deep ravine. As we entered, I confess that I regretted that the single pistol I had in my holster was not loaded; but the only precaution I took was carefully to keep him on my sword-arm whenever we rode abreast. I did him great injustice, for he brought me safely to a receptacle of hidden stores, the greater part of which I purchased at his own price, and gave him the proper documents when he had arrived at his house.

Another instance may, perhaps, be enough to give some notion of the character of this laborious work. In one part of the Sierra Morena we discovered that a considerable flock of sheep had been secreted, deep in the recesses of the forest. I obtained the permission of the owner of these sheep to possess them for a certain price, if I could get them, but he himself could not point out the spot where they were to be found. A supply of meat was of pressing importance to the troops, and,

with what information I could obtain, I set forth in hope of finding them. After awhile, I came across a track of sheep, and following it I found myself in the midst of them. There were two shepherds with them; these I accosted, and told them that I had purchased the sheep. They were doubtful, and one of them was very refractory. I gave them orders to take the sheep where I told them. They both refused at first, but the quieter one at last did as I told him, and the other went away. The shepherd led the sheep through the forest till they came to the open plain, when the man rapidly disappeared among the trees, taking his dog with him, and I was left to drive the sheep as I could. It was no easy task to me to get them all into an enclosure, a considerable distance off.

By means such as these, supplies were secured. One great difficulty was the transporting them to the line of march. It was quite out of the question to get conveyance from the farmers; they were much more jealous for their horses and their mules than for anything else which they had hidden. I had to send peasants back with directions to my brother officer, Mr. Cumming, to send beasts of burden for the supplies, and I had to leave Andres in charge of them until Cumming sent a proper guard. Andres then galloped after me, and by this means I lost much of his valuable service. The circumstances, of course, rendered the delivery very irregular; sometimes they could not be obtained at the proper hour; sometimes they were partly deficient one day, and had to be made up the next; and it very rarely happened that a regular issue of three days' provision was made during the whole march. This irregularity gave considerable annoyance to the Colonel, who was a gallant officer, but a very strict martinet. He was hasty in temper, and sometimes made use of very violent language. This he did occasionally to my poor friend Cumming, who was quite unable to bear it. He was rather a rough Scotchman, and was sometimes led to speak his mind in these troubles. To myself, personally, the Colonel was always kind in his manner. I had known him well in society at Cadiz.

An incident which occurred will give some idea of this phase of our troubles. I had had good success in a considerable village in Estremadura, and was sleeping at the house of the Alcalde, after

a fatiguing day. Difficulties had occurred with the troops, which had fretted the Commander-in-Chief, who had worried poor Cumming till he could not bear it. After obeying my instructions, and issuing the supplies I had left to the troops, he went to the Colonel and told him he could bear it no longer, and that he meant to go forward until he overtook me, resign his commission, and return to England. After a day of intense labour and worry, the poor fellow mounted his horse and rode on all night till he found me. He traced me to the house of the Alcalde, and arrived there between five and six in the morning. He woke up Andres, to whom he explained all his troubles and all his intentions. Andres told him that we were to start before seven o'clock, and brought him to the room where I was sleeping in a large-sized bed. They tried to wake me, but in vain, and while Andres was speaking to arouse me, Cumming laid himself down in his clothes, on the outside of the bed, by my side; and he had not placed his head on the pillow five minutes, before, overcome with excessive fatigue, he fell into the soundest possible sleep.

Andres then aroused me, and told me Cumming's story. I felt that it would be of no avail to enter into a long discussion with him, which would produce no good, and greatly retard my journey; so, while my chocolate breakfast was preparing, I sat down and wrote him a kind sympathising letter, with a respectful message to the Colonel, and closed by giving him the pleasant intelligence that there were ready for him in this village a sufficient supply of provisions to put the Colonel in good-humour, and to give him some quiet for two or three days at least. I then recommended him to the special care of the Alcalde, and leaving him to the refreshment of his restoring sleep, I mounted my horse, and went forward with Andres. If this is considered to be cruel, I had the comfort of knowing that he heartily forgave me. And I cannot avoid inserting here an event which occurred many years afterwards relating to this brother officer. We had been much together in Cadiz; he was older than I, though his commission was dated a few months later than mine, and he had always borne the character of a steady fellow amongst us. Some years after it had pleased God to enlighten my mind, and to impart to me the knowledge of

His salvation in Christ Jesus, I was walking in the Strand, and met Cumming near Temple Bar. He was aged and limped, having suffered from a paralytic stroke; but we knew each other immediately. I gave him my arm, and walked back with him nearly to Charing Cross. My great anxiety was to speak to him of Christ. We began to talk about old times, and especially our eventful march together. At length I came to the great subject that was upon my heart; he listened to me attentively, and at last he said, 'My dear Dallas, I knew all that long before I knew you, and many times I prayed God to convert you when you were in the world. When you left me that morning asleep at the Alcalde's, I put a Spanish tract under the mattress when I went away, as I did in many other places.' I looked at him with great surprise, and I told him that I did not know whether to be grateful to him for his prayers, or angry with him for his silence to myself. Why did he not tell me of Christ's salvation, if he knew it so well? He defended himself in the usual manner; he told me that he had a pious Scotch mother, who had taught him true religion when he sat on her knee, that it had never left him, and he trusted it never would. What a lesson was this for those who shrink from confessing Christ before the worldly! I have often thought of it since, and I trust not without profit to myself.

Having now given such details of this march as may enable the reader to form a judgment of the extraordinary difficulties which had to be overcome, and of the manner in which they were met, it is a great comfort to me to be able to say, that the five thousand men of which I had the Commissariat charge, were never without food during the whole march, except the deficiency of half one day's rations. Though the irregularities to which I have referred, and the smaller causes of grumblings incidental to troops which had been long in garrison under regular arrangements, often produced anxiety, yet the difficulties were so apparent to every officer and soldier in the division, that the surprise at their being overcome softened their feelings into good-humour. We passed through Estremadura, marched over the field of the battle of Medellin, came to the scene of that greater battle of Talavera, halted at Truxillo, the birthplace of Pizarro, and took up our quarters for a time at Molino. It



was the report of this march by Colonel Skerrett to head-quarters, and to the Commissary-General, Sir Robert Kennedy, which induced him to act in the manner I have explained, in the matter of the accounts from Cadiz; and it established me favourably in his mind, of which I had many proofs in his subsequent kindness.

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## INCIDENTAL CHAPTER II.

I subjoin an extract from the first letter I wrote to my sister after leaving Cadiz. It was written at Xeres, and finished on our arrival at Seville. It gives some slight tokens, at the beginning, of the state of things arising from the conduct of the French in our subsequent march. It is as follows:—

‘I am delighted that I had an opportunity of seeing the whole of the French works at the Trocadero before we were ordered to march; I went also to Chiclana, their head-quarters, and very near to the scene of the glorious battle of Barossa. It is terribly destroyed; the houses of the persons who had gone to Cadiz bear no longer the forms of houses; those that remained have been well treated, and some not touched. We went with a large party of ladies and gentlemen there, and while resting ourselves, I amused myself by talking to a little boy who had brought us water. He told me that his father had been hanged by the French for not giving up some corn that he had, and that shortly after his mother had died of hunger. What a most horrible situation! What atrocities these men have committed! The first brigade of our little army is given into my charge to provide for. We marched out of Isla on the 1st of the month. I had the pleasure of riding at the head of the column for about two miles with Sir Sidney Smith, who, having touched at Cadiz, came to see the French works. The first town we came to was Puerto Real, about twelve miles from Isla, which, from having been the principal garrison of the enemy before Cadiz, is entirely destroyed. There is not a house left in it which does not carry some marks of its late inhabitants. A pleasant circumstance occurred to me here. While I was riding with a number of officers on the road, a countryman came running up and almost pulled me off my horse with a shake of the hand, saying, “My dear master, how delighted I am to see you here, I shall now have it in my power to thank you as I ought to do. I have a house here which, as it was made a canteen by the French, has been spared from the general ruin; there you have bed, stable, and everything that the poverty in which this town has been left, can afford.” This was a man who had been a small farmer in Puerto Real, but upon the coming of the

French had gone to the Isla, where he had been a labourer in my stores. I was so delighted with the warmth with which he expressed himself, that I should certainly have gone to his house had it been in my power; as it was, I gave my horses a feed in his stable, and rested myself a short time. I proceeded that night to El Puerto de Santa Maria, being so far on my road to this place, where it was necessary that I should be some hours before the troops, to prepare the supplies. The Puerto is a very pretty town, and fronts Cadiz on the opposite side of the Bay. It serves, or rather served, as a kind of Richmond or Highgate to the rich merchants of Cadiz, where they have their country houses. I had been to the Puerto a few days before with Mr. Fleetwood, a person in whose house I have received a great deal of civility ever since I have been in Spain, and who has a very pretty house there. With him I had gone into several houses of the principal people, and the new governor happened to live in one of them. When, therefore, I went to the governor's to state my commission, and demand a habitation for the night, the owner of the house knew me, and would not let me go out, insisting that I should stay there. You know, my dear sister, I never was troubled with much of what the Spaniards call *cortidad*, or bashfulness, and I assure you I should have found it a very great inconvenience to have been seized with a fit of it just then, for it would have prevented my enjoying a comfortable bed in the best house in the town, a good supper, and, what is still better, a pleasant party of musical ladies who were assembled in the drawing-room.'

From the time I wrote this letter at Seville intense occupation and anxiety filled every day and night. The whole story of our remarkable march until our arrival at Toledo is told in the following few sentences in a letter to my sister:—

'I have much, very much to tell you since my last letter, so much that I don't know how to do it; it would be too long to make a journal of, and anything else would be to tell you nothing. I believe the best way of bringing you along with me from beginning to end, would be to send you a nondescript kind of journal, which I have managed to scratch down sometimes in pencil, and sometimes in ink, in defiance of wind and weather, both of which, I assure you, have conspired against me many a night and day when I could get nothing in the shape of shelter to protect me whilst I was doing it. But from second thoughts, although this book brings to my mind the occurrences of every day since I left Cadiz, yet it would be perfectly unintelligible to you, as it is written almost all in Spanish, and a great deal in hieroglyphic. You must then, my dear sister, be content to fly over the ground that I have walked, and it will save you from the participation of many inconveniences and even miseries that I have suffered. . . . . I should tell you that I left Seville a greater man than I entered it, for I was the Senior Commissariat Officer in charge of supplying the division of the army which marched from

thence to join General Hill, under the command of Colonel Skerrett. The difficulties of supplying provisions were innumerable. I surmounted these difficulties by passing for a Spaniard ; don't laugh—it's a fact. This opened their hearts, and I got everything I wanted. We passed the Sierra Morena, marched through the towns of Villafrauca, Guarena, Medellin, Truxillo, Talavera,—where was laid the foundation of great Wellington's glory,—Toledo, here I should stop, for it's a city that deserves notice. It is built upon four hills, and it is a fine object from a distance. It is handsome also inside. Its Cathedral upon a reduced scale is handsomer though by no means so grand as that of Seville. It is tolerably clean, and the first clean town I had entered in Spain, or perhaps it is that my eyes had been dazzled by the milk-white cleanliness of Cadiz. I regret very much that our short stay in Toledo prevented my having an opportunity of seeing the manufactory of sword blades, so famous in all ages.'

I may now add one or two of those striking preservations, with which it has pleased God to mark the current of my life. We had to pass over the Sierra Morena, the passage of which was beautifully picturesque, and with abundant traditions of Spanish romance. One part of the Sierra is covered with thick wood, oak, cork, chestnut, as well as beach ; these are the habitations of wild bulls, wolves, and wild horses. The bulls of the Sierra Morena are especially famous in the amphitheatres of Seville and Madrid. Our route did not lie through the depths of those forests which are upon the highest land, but there is a military road made upon the western extremity, along which we marched.

I had left Andres to send off supplies from a village hidden in the woods, and was gently riding up the slope of the mountain, when there walked out from the forest into the road the largest wolf that I ever saw ; it looked like an English ass in size. It stood in the middle of the road and looked at me, opening its mouth to show a tremendous pair of fangs. My horse gave that peculiar screech which is the token of fear, and would have turned sharp round, if I had allowed him ; I made him however stand still, expecting nevertheless that the shriek of the horse would tempt the animal on ; and I felt that I had to prepare for a battle with this wolf. As however he stood quite still, I considered that I might perhaps excite some fear in him, and I gave a sudden and violent shout ; he did not move, and I gave another, and after a pause he walked as quietly into

the wood on one side, as he had come out of it on the other. I was very glad to go on my way, being very happy that I had been spared a battle on a frightened horse, against a ferocious wolf.

I was preserved in a still greater danger some days afterwards. The spurs of the Sierra Morena branch down into an extensive plain in Estremadura; in the midst of this plain there is a very remarkable object—an enormous solid rock, rising some five or six hundred feet, exactly shaped as a right-angled triangle, rising on the smaller base; one side perfectly perpendicular, more completely so than the Rock of Gibraltar; and on the summit there is a celebrated Ermita, to which pilgrims resorted, but how they attained the height I could not divine. It is called the Rock of Alange. I was contemplating this object, quietly sitting on my horse, when he began to neigh very cheerily; I looked round and beheld at a distance a large herd of wild horses galloping along the plain; their neighings soon made their approach known. The horse I was riding upon gave responsive neighings abundantly. While I made him gallop away from the herd, his will was to turn back to them. The danger was very great to be surrounded by a number of wild animals on such a horse. They were gaining fast upon me, and when they came neighing and kicking within a short distance, I turned sharp round, and made a sudden shout; the whole herd stopped in an instant, and I did not give them time to gather a new impulse—I took off my hat and waved it with its white feather, repeating my shout continuously. The animals turned round and galloped away as fast as they had come, and I made the best of my way, seeking the shelter of the Rock of Alange, to prevent the possible return of the wild creatures.

Such were some of the dangers through which I was preserved, and the remembrance of which rises to my mind with a freshness that gives a lively spring to the gratitude with which I can look back on 'all the way the Lord has led me these many years,' when 'the Angel of his presence saved me,' though I knew it not, and while his ministering angels were sent forth to minister to me in every difficulty and danger, although I bore no outward mark of being an heir of salvation. Often when I have been called upon to exercise the ministry of

the Word under trying and difficult circumstances, the thought that God has brought me through many perils of life in which others have fallen, has strengthened me to go forward through all difficulties, trusting to that Saviour who ordered these providential preservations.

I have avoided as much as possible describing the terrible scenes which we have often had to witness in tracing the reckless course of those whom we were pursuing. It is, alas! too true, that a long course of active war, with the looseness of restraint which accompanies it, tends to brutalize the mind by familiarizing it with blood-shedding, and leads to the indulgence of passion, till the natural cruelty of man breaks out in violence. I have seen much of this even in our own men, but it is very shocking to picture the horrifying details of the course of that army which had overrun Spain, and had been living there in lawlessness. I will only exhibit one instance, which will show the condition in which the people had been left.

As we were approaching Toledo I went to a large village, or rather town, on the banks of the Tagus, called Anover. It is very prettily situated at the foot of a high hill, on the top of which was a monastery, inhabited by several monks. When the French first came down through Spain, they made a great stand on the course of the Tagus, and a squadron of French cavalry were quartered in Anover. They took everything that the monks possessed, and made them the instruments for obtaining from the country whatever they wanted, during several weeks that they remained there, and this without any payment whatever. The captain who commanded the squadron took his quarters in the best house in the place. The daughter of the family was a handsome girl, and the captain did all he could to lead her astray. There seems to have been some respect mixed with his feelings towards her, which saved her from the outrages too common with the French.

In the chances of war an advance of our troops produced a retreat of the French. On leaving the town the captain proposed to take this girl with him, but she firmly refused. On the night of their departure the passion of the captain induced him to go back in disguise, and to make one last effort to get the girl away. As soon as he entered the house he was known

by the servants, and one of them went up to the monastery to inform the monks. They went down to the house in a body, seized upon the unfortunate captain, and dragged him up the hill. In the middle of the great hall stood the *brasero*, a large copper chafing dish, some three feet in diameter, placed in a wooden stand, with a breadth of nine inches of wood round it for the feet of the people, who thus had their winter warming when the *brasero* was full of burning charcoal. The monks filled and lighted the *brasero*, and when it was thoroughly heated, they placed the unhappy victim upon it and burned him to death.

I was walking in a short avenue of trees leading to the deserted monastery with the *Alcalde* of the town, and some remark of mine about the trees led him to say that he had seen some strange fruit on the boughs. When I asked what fruit he meant, he told me the story I have now related, but he added another terrible chapter. The fortune of war changed. The French returned to their old quarters. The fate of their captain had become known to the whole of his squadron. That same squadron were sent to be quartered in Anover; they entered the place at a gallop, took every one of the monks prisoners, some twenty of them, and had a discussion whether they would not burn every one of them alive. Nothing but the difficulty of the operation prevented them, and they decided to hang them. On the trees of the avenue every monk was suspended, and the bodies were kept there in their cowls and frocks, with sentries placed over them to prevent their being taken away, until the squadron departed. Perhaps this was considered an excusable retaliation rather than an outrage, but it shows the terrible state into which men are brought by the brutalizing effect of a war of invasion.

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## PERIOD VI.

*The Retreat; October 1812 to April 1813.*

At Toledo, we had got out of the extraordinary difficulties of our earlier marches, and had come into a country where it was

possible to obtain supplies in the ordinary way. We halted five or six days at Toledo, and then marched to Aranjuez.

On arriving at Aranjuez, we first learnt that General Hill was in full retreat, and his forces joined us at this place; we found also that Lord Wellington had raised the siege of Burgos, and was also in retreat upon Madrid. Our division bivouacked in the Royal park at Aranjuez, where the French came down upon us in force. General Hill had destroyed the bridge over the Tagus, and we remained on one bank, opposite to the French on the other, for three days, keeping the enemy in check. Our route to join Lord Wellington's army at Madrid lay over the broad river Jarama, to cross which the road led over a long narrow bridge of sixteen arches, called the Puente Larga; here our division made a very gallant stand. Circumstances occurred during this action which involved me in considerable difficulty and danger, and which had an important bearing on my future course. I will reserve the detail for an incidental chapter, without breaking the thread of the narrative.

After wading and for a time swimming across the Jarama, I arrived at Madrid at midnight, on the 29th October. I found my needed rest in the great hotel in the Puerta del Sol, and when I arose in the morning, I found that part of Lord Wellington's army had passed by the day before, and that more would pass by that day. Colonel Skerrett with his division having blown up the Puente Larga had retreated, and was in bivouack outside the city. My first object was to obtain as large a quantity of supplies as I could possibly carry away, but I found everything was in confusion in the Commissariat Dépôt. A large church had been employed as a place to receive a quantity of wheat, which was intended to have been carried away; but, as there was a great want of sacks, the wheat had been thrown down upon the floor, and when I went into the church, I had to wade through loose wheat at least two feet thick on the pavement, as those who came to fetch it had distributed the heaps when they had taken what they wanted. I was directed to a store where a quantity of bread had been baked, and also where there were casks of spirits. I immediately mounted my horse and went to Colonel Skerrett. In reaching the spot where his corps was bivouacked I had to pass

through the whole of the 4th division of Lord Wellington's army, which had halted and were resting on each side of the road.

When I came to Colonel Skerrett, he told me that he had just received orders to prepare to march immediately, in connection with the 4th Division, and that his corps was soon to be broken up, and the regiments brigaded with the divisions of the army. I told him the state of things in Madrid, and that an order was given to destroy all the supplies that were left in store that evening, and that if he would halt the division where it was for two hours, I would undertake that the men should have two days' rations served out, which if they did not take, would certainly be destroyed, or fall into the hands of the enemy. He told me that his orders were positive, that they were getting ready to march, and that they would be off in a quarter of an hour. I urged the emergency of the case as strongly as I could, and at last I said that I would venture to say that the supplies should be served out in one hour, if he would allow that halt. He refused this, and said that his men should follow in the rear of General Cole's division. I asked whether he would permit me to put his case before General Cole. To this he consented, and I galloped off to the General.

By one of those singular coincidences which the Providence of God has arranged for me so very often, the General was talking to one of his aides-de-camp, an officer of the Guards, who had been quartered for some months at Cadiz, and whom I then knew very well. He immediately recognised me and shook hands with me, and then introduced me to the General. There was no time to lose. I stated the case briefly and strongly to General Cole, and told him Colonel Skerrett's decision, together with his permission to make the reference. The General asked me if I could be sure of doing it all in an hour. I said that I believed I should. 'An hour is a long time in our circumstances, Mr. Dallas; but the case is urgent, and we will order the halt for that time.' He gave directions to the aide-de-camp to give orders to Colonel Skerrett and to the division, and I started off at the full speed of my horse.

It was an agitating moment not to be forgotten. I found



the Commissariat store crowded with people, and a clamour of voices. Here my Spanish was of the utmost service. In what they call round Castilian, which means very strong language, I commanded silence in a loud voice. I told the store-keeper that I must have what I wanted, and be first served, by order of the General. I laid hold of the capataz or chief of a long string of mules waiting in the street for their loads, and taking him by the collar, I bid him hasten the loading of these mules, and if it was not all done in half an hour, his animals should be given up to the French. My manner was determined and somewhat violent. My Spanish rebuked him for an oath that he uttered, as I put my hand to the hilt of my sword. The mules were loaded and on their road, led by the capataz, and closely followed by myself. General Cole and his aide-de-camp smiled kindly as we defiled before him, and Colonel Skerrett was somewhat surprised when we arrived. But my Cadiz men, who had but one day's provision with them, had now three as they started on their retreat; and my heart beat high as I took off my hat to General Cole and told him that I was five minutes within the promised hour.

Other circumstances of a military nature detained the troops for a little time longer. I went to my hotel, got some refreshment, and prepared to return to my corps. Unhappily, I had a great loss here. My cloak had got quite wet in crossing the river Jarama, and when I went out, I thoughtlessly hung it across the balcony in the sun. When I returned it was nowhere to be found, and I was forced to depart without it, a great loss to me in the subsequent retreat. As I passed by the royal palace, and into the great road below it, I found to my surprise that the troops had not yet passed, although they were then about to form. As I was riding along, General Cole came up to me, and I had the great pleasure of receiving very promptly the fruit of my diligent exertions in the morning, and perhaps of Colonel Skerrett's information concerning our march from Seville. The General told me that Colonel Skerrett's corps was immediately to be broken up, and the regiments attached to the several divisions. But he said that circumstances had detained at head-quarters the Assistant Commissary-General, who had the charge of the fourth division, and he desired me to

take his place. I thanked him very much, but asked him whether the Commissariat officers attached to any of the regiments were senior in their commissions to myself. He told me there were two young officers; but 'never mind the date of their commissions, I give you charge of the division.'

This was a great step for me, but also a very great responsibility. Six thousand men in a retreat, pursued by the enemy, and I in perfect ignorance of the state of their supplies. I made diligent inquiry on these points, and found the department in some confusion and the supplies very deficient. We had the country before us this time, and the French behind us, the very reverse of the former march. I profited by my experience, and made use of the cleverness of my two servants, so that matters went on very smoothly,

We marched southward and came across the plain of the Arapelles, the scene of the famous battle of Salamanca. We crossed the Tormes, and I hastened on, that I might reach Salamanca in time to sleep there. I had only one whole day to see all Salamanca. I made the most of it, but that most was very little, for duty occupied me the greatest part of the day. Sir Robert Kennedy, the Commissary-General, had come down from head-quarters, and was staying at Salamanca. This was the first time I had seen him. He received me with great kindness, and spoke with warmth of the march through Andalusia and Estremadura. He told me that he was very sorry that he could not leave me in charge of the 4th Division. Arrangements had already been made for the appointment of a senior officer, and that my rank would not justify my retaining the position. He told me, however, that he would place me in one of the most agreeable charges, though during the retreat it might be a difficult one. He appointed me to take charge of the 16th Light Dragoons, on the staff of General Anson. His cavalry brigade had marched by the day before. I had charge of the 4th Division just a fortnight. On the day I delivered up this charge, and took leave of General Cole, with many thanks for his kindness, he expressed his regret in the kindest manner, and assured me of his approval of my conduct during the short period of my connection with the division.

This done, I made haste to overtake General Anson's brigade

of cavalry. I presented my orders to Major Hay, who commanded the 16th Light Dragoons, and from that time I became associated with one of the most gentlemanly body of officers in the army. We had a very dreadful time in the retreat from the very gates of Salamanca. Something like a rainy season set in, and never ceased for three weeks. Then I experienced the misfortune I had sustained in losing my cloak at Madrid. We had no mackintoshes in those days, and mine was a good camlet cloak. When, however, I perceived that similar cloaks were of little or no avail after the third or fourth day of rain, I tried to console myself that mine would have been useless after awhile.

There was a greater distress than this. From Salamanca to Ciudad Rodrigo there are two parallel roads, through different lines of country, diverging from each other in some parts at a greater distance, and in others less. Unfortunately, the baggage and a large portion of the supplies had hurried away from the enemy, and taken the eastern road, while the army marched upon the western. The effects of this were most disastrous; the retreating troops were oftentimes without provisions, and in many cases resorted to plunder to avoid starvation. The difficulties of my charge were as great during that fortnight as they had been in the former march, and I think even greater; the dreadful condition of the roads and of the weather aggravating all the hindrances in obtaining supplies. For two days I myself had nothing to eat but acorns, which it was extremely hard to roast, as the rain made a fire almost impossible; every drop of water was so saturated with earth and mud that we could only drink it through our handkerchiefs. General Anson's brigade of cavalry had the duty of keeping the enemy in check; our position was in the rear, and the effort to enable the army to get time in the retreat made almost a daily battle necessary. In the midst of all this distress, it was an extreme burden upon my mind to maintain the supply of the men and horses; several portions of the army were left in that eventful fortnight as many as seven different days without food. I had 480 sabres and 500 horses to provide for, and I am happy to say that they were without food only two different days.

On the 1st of December we came to Ciudad Rodrigo, and both the armies retired into winter quarters. Some villages in

Portugal were assigned to the 16th Light Dragoons, and we came on the 3rd of December to our appointed resting-place for awhile, after the labours and privations of the retreat from Burgos. We were not allowed to remain long in the same quarters. When our horses had consumed the forage to be obtained in one district we were removed to another, and then we changed our quarters onwards, but it was always to the north, remaining a few days at each place. By this means we were enabled to visit most of the principal places in the southern part of Portugal, and whether by being quartered in them, or visiting them, there are few of the towns which I have not seen. I managed to pick up Portuguese enough to make myself understood, but the possession of the Spanish language made it very difficult to speak the Portuguese, except in that mingled form which was more intelligible than elegant.

I took some pains to get acquainted with the manners and feelings of the Portuguese, in which I was more successful than in my attempt to master their language. One of the peculiarities for which we Englishmen were not prepared, was the large amount of liberty allowed to the nuns in the convents. We found their habits to be extremely different from the notions prevalent in England. I had had some little experience on this subject in one or two places in Spain. At Truxillo, in our march up from Seville, I was quartered in a large house, and had my bedroom in an upper story. Immediately opposite to my window was the principal convent of the town, and on a level with it were several small windows with iron bars across them. The street was very narrow, we could almost have shaken hands across. During many parts of the day those windows in the convent were occupied by the nuns, many coming in succession to chat with me and any officer who happened to be with me, in very lively conversation. I had other opportunities of observing the same thing, but we were hardly prepared for the extreme liberty we found in the Portuguese convents.

Our wandering change of quarters led us at last, at the beginning of the year 1813, to a more settled resting-place as abiding winter quarters, in and around the city of Aveiro, where we continued till the opening of the ensuing campaign in April. I had a billet in a very comfortable house in a pleasant spot, a

short mile from the city; and as our supplies were easily obtained, I passed a very pleasant time, and made some agreeable Portuguese acquaintances.

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### INCIDENTAL CHAPTER III.

A very gallant action was fought by Colonel Skerrett's division in defence of the Puente Larga, in our retreat to Madrid. There were circumstances connected with it relating to myself, which had a peculiar interest. The river Jarama, which this long bridge spans, is of great breadth, and its channel is almost dry in the summer, except a rapid course which meanders through its breadth. After heavy rains the whole channel is filled, and the middle course is a deep stream.

Our division was bivouacked in the park at Aranjuez, on the right bank of this river. Madrid lies about fourteen miles distant on the left bank. Our position at Aranjuez was about five miles from the bridge which we had to pass in retreat. We were face to face with the enemy the day after we took up our position, and we remained so two, or I think three, days before retiring.

There was a large village called Bayona, between two and three miles from the bridge, on the right bank of the river. On taking up our position, I had taken possession of the ovens in this village, and despatched a quantity of flour there, with orders that it should be baked and ready two days after. When Colonel Skerrett had told me in the morning that the division was about to retire to the bridge and defend it, in order to keep the enemy in check, I inquired at what hour they would march, and being extremely anxious for my supply of bread at Bayona, for which I had ordered some mules to go, I felt I might have time, with the help of a good horse, to see after this, and ascertain how the bread could be removed. I despatched my own baggage to Madrid, and galloped at full speed to Bayona. The road led me past the bridge, and I found there an engineer officer making chambers in the masonry, and charging them with powder, to blow up the bridge when our troops should have passed over. I hastened on to the village

and found it absolutely deserted, not a single soul was to be seen. My mules were not there; I went to one of the ovens, and I found that some loaves were lying in confusion on the floor, and that a batch was in the oven which had become quite black. It was of no use to linger, and I galloped back. I feared, however, that I might be too late, as I heard the firing before me. Our division had retired sooner than the Colonel had told me; the enemy had pressed on, and our men were gallantly defending the bridge. As I drew near, I saw a French vidette standing on a rising-ground in the road before me. To have advanced would have been to have been taken prisoner or shot, so I galloped back with all speed to Bayona. In searching through the village I found at the other end an old man sitting on one of those long stone seats with which most villages in Spain are supplied for evening gossip. The man was bent with age; he told me that they had had the French among them before, and they knew what they would have to suffer as they were coming back again. He said that all the population had escaped to Madrid or elsewhere, but he would only have been a burden to hinder their flight, and it was time he should die if the French were to kill him. I asked him how I could get across the river in safety; he said that the water, according to a Spanish idiom, 'ran running,' and that the middle was deep. 'Was there no ford?' 'Yes, there was one just opposite the church of Cienpozuelos, where it was shallowest.' He told me that I must go up the stream on his side till I came to a house with a tower upon it, and when I got this straight in a line with the church of Cienpozuelos I might wade over the river. I bade the poor old man good-bye, acted upon his counsel, found the river very deep for a few yards in the middle, but got safe over, and cantered up to what appeared at first to be only a church, as it stood upon the top of a rising ground, and the whole of the town lay on the descent on the other side.

Cienpozuelos is a considerable town, its habitations may have sufficed for eight or nine hundred persons. It has a singular old-fashioned plaza or square, with a wooden balcony running all round it. I rode into this plaza and found not a single soul. I called loudly, but there was no response. I turned to the

left and went down one street. Most of the houses were open, but not a creature was to be seen. I made a circuit and came up another street, which was in the same condition. As I was riding across the end of another street, I saw a woman in the habit of a nun running away as fast as she could. I called to her to stop, but it was of no avail. My horse however enabled me to overtake her, and I came up with her just as she pulled the bell and sank down at the door of a house. A window opened above, and the head of another nun appeared, which instantly withdrew, and the window closed. The poor nun whom I had followed was lying at the door panting and screaming. I dismounted and endeavoured to reassure her. For some time this had no effect, she was so overcome by her fears, but at length she caught some soothing Spanish, and when she found that I was not a Frenchman but a friend, she raised herself to embrace my knee, sobbing and crying to me for protection.

It was not long before I comforted both these poor creatures, and I learnt from them that the inhabitants of Cienpozuelos had had such terrible experience of the conduct of the French soldiers that had been quartered there, that at the dreadful news of their expected return, the whole inhabitants of the town had that very day left their habitations, taking with them whatever they could carry, and were at that moment on their way to Madrid. They told me that after proceeding some way, the nuns of the convent recollected that, in their alarm and hurry, they had neglected to bring a certain relic of a saint, which was the glory and attraction of their chapel, and that these two had ventured to return and bring it with them, lest they should lose the saint's blessing. The whole party were to make a halt for a time in a certain wood a few miles off, where the adventurous nuns intended to overtake them.

I consoled them in the best way I could. I told them that the French would probably cross the Puente Larga the next morning, and that there was no time to lose. They showed me the road to Madrid, and I bid each of them take hold of one of my stirrups while I gently walked my horse onwards, that they might have an opportunity of giving vent to the strong feelings excited by the recollections of the barbarities

previously inflicted by the invaders. They gave me a story of horrors, the details of which it is impossible to repeat. When we were well on the road, I bid them farewell, and cantered on. It was not long before I overtook that remarkable crowd, aged people and infants, men and women of all classes, some few riding, but numbers of animals loaded with all they were trying to save. I talked to them as I passed through them, and gave them the cheer of sympathy tenderly spoken, which was all I could do for them; and when I cleared the head of this mournful column I hastened on, and got to Madrid.

This was in October, 1812. Fifty years passed on, and in the year 1861 I made a journey into Spain with a friend. Our object was to assist and console the Christian prisoners for the Lord's sake, in Grenada, Malaga, and elsewhere. We were at Madrid, and intended to go to Toledo. I took up the Railway Guide, and to my surprise I found that one of the stations on the new railway was Cienpozuelos. We had settled with a party whom we met at the hotel to go with them by a train at nine o'clock, but there was a train at six by which my friend and I determined to go as far as Cienpozuelos, that I might show him the place where the story which I had told him had occurred. We arrived at Cienpozuelos, and found the station placed between the banks of the Jarama and the church, the only object which appeared. With that singular feeling which is imparted by, as it were, a living dream of past events, starting to life by their association with place, I walked up the hill to the town. We went into the church, where we found the people at early mass, and soon left it. We had made so early a start, that my friend had neglected proper attention to his beard, and I took him into a barber's shop to be shaved. While the process was going on, I could not refrain from talking of the past times. The young barber said he had only been there a few years, and knew nothing of what I referred to; but a lad of about sixteen said, 'I know all about it, sir.' 'It was many years before you were born, my boy.' 'Yes, senor, but I have heard it all from the ancients.' 'I should like to see somebody that was here fifty years ago.' 'Come with me, sir, and you shall see some.'

When the barber's operation was finished, we sallied forth, and



the boy took us to a considerable shop of provisions. Sacks of flour and comestibles were in this store, and a respectable young woman, between thirty and forty, was ready to serve us. The lad told her that we wanted to see her father and mother, and presently an aged pair, the man much older-looking than the woman, came from the inner room. I asked if they were in Cienpozueros when the French were there. The woman asked me if I was a Frenchman. I said, 'Do I speak like one?' 'No; what province of Spain do you come from?' I said, 'I loved Spain,' and I made use of a witticism, which the Spanish language afforded, as to my birth; 'but,' I said, 'I was here fifty years ago.' I had put them at their ease, and the woman began to be garrulous in detailing the circumstances of that eventful period. She talked of the barbarities of the French, and told the stories of the convent which the nuns had related to me. Then she told me of the flight of the whole town. She described it most graphically, pointing it with the expressions of the feelings with which they took their flight. She remembered the return of the two nuns to fetch the relic, and the story they told of their flight; and when I told her that I was the very identical English officer who had passed through them on their sad exodus, she was so excited that she was almost ready to embrace me. I asked her if there were others alive who had been in that distressed flight. She said there were very few alive whom she could name as having been their companions in the journey. I did not lose the opportunity of pointing out to her the mercy of God in having preserved herself and her husband, and kept me all this long while, that I might come back and tell them of the salvation of the Lord Jesus. I opened this point to them briefly, and repeated to them in Spanish that precious little prayer which I urged them continually to use—'O God, for Christ's sake, give me the Holy Spirit.' Many times since have I thought of the unspeakable mercy of God in giving me such an opportunity; and I have especially contrasted the attempt at sympathy which I made to console them in their former sorrow, with the unspeakable sympathy to which I was enabled to point them when I was permitted to see them again face to face on this earth fifty years after.

The lad who had guided us had left the shop and gone

amongst the people, and had told them that a man was come who had been with their fathers when they ran away from Cienpozuelos in the olden time. The consequence was, that when we went forth to walk through the town, and visited the old Plaza, we were followed by groups of people, who displayed the most amusing curiosity. Ours having been satisfied, we made our way to the station, and I occupied the time of waiting in pointing out to my friend the village of Bayona at a distance, the Puente Larga, and the broad expanse of the sands and stones that form the channel of the river Jarama, which was then dry, with but a narrow stream in the place of my troublesome ford.

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#### INCIDENTAL CHAPTER IV.

The retreat from Burgos was a most distressing march. There were two nearly parallel roads diverging from Salamanca and meeting again at Ciudad Rodrigo, and a large proportion of the supplies went upon the wrong road, in the haste to escape from the French, who were pursuing us. Unfortunately, my servants and mules followed this wrong direction, which rendered my duty more laborious, and greatly interfered with my personal convenience. We were nearly three weeks in our march from Salamanca to Ciudad Rodrigo. General Anson's brigade of cavalry was always in the rear, keeping the enemy in check. There was not a single day without continued and excessive rain. I had no change of clothes and no cloak. I have already mentioned our privations as to food. I seldom took off my clothes, which adhered to my skin, and if it had not been for a replenished flask of rum, I should have been forced to give up. I saw many soldiers and a few officers who were thoroughly exhausted and unable to proceed, and who lay down by the side of the road.

We had to pass through some miles of the road in which the soil was thick clay, and the rain had washed all the surface away. The passage of men and animals had rendered this part full of holes, into which, if you once put your foot, or especially your horse's foot, the clinging clay made it nearly impossible to draw it out again. To avoid this it

was necessary to ride amongst the trees along the side of the road, to cross which was really dangerous. As we brought up the rear, I saw several poor exhausted fellows, particularly boys, sticking in this worse than quagmire.

In the midst of all these troubles, there was a liveliness and tone of spirits amongst us, which kept us in a greater degree of comfort than would have been considered likely by those unacquainted with the strong feelings which supply the constant pride of military duty. I remember a case which will show what I mean. In our retreat, we had to pass a small river, by a narrow bridge. Our engineers had mined the arch to blow up the bridge when we had passed. The 16th Light Dragoons had the post of honour, with orders to detain the French on the other side till dark. This they did gallantly, and after a last charge upon the advancing cavalry of the French, they cantered over the bridge, and it was blown up. There was a good-sized shed on our side of the river, with a door and steps to go down to the water. Half a troop took possession of this, while the rest of the regiment kept the tête-du-pont. They placed a sentry at the door to the river, who imprudently showed himself, and the French, who took up their quarters on the other side, shot the poor fellow dead. When his companions had buried him outside the shed, they filled his clothes with straw, and made the figure appear as much like a dragoon as possible. As soon as the dawn began to break they fastened his sabre in the figure's hand, and pushed it a little forward, so that it could be seen through the door. Two or three shots immediately were fired, which of course killed the mock sentry, who was then drawn in, and after a short time was placed as a new sentry at the door. Then the shots came thick, and in this way the sergeant told me that they amused themselves with making the French believe that they had killed no less than five of their number. When, after some hours, they withdrew from the post, they left the straw man, and laughed heartily at the thought of the disappointment of the French on finding that they had been mocked.

Towards the end of our retreat, I was in company with two brother officers. We had found no place in which we could pass the night. It was raining hard. We had eaten nothing all

day ; the evening had closed in, and it had become intensely dark. We went on our way, and came at last to a place which we discovered, more by feeling than by sight, to be an entirely deserted, ruined village. Groping about, we could find nothing that seemed to be able to give shelter, and by going off the road in the dark we were in imminent danger of serious stumbling. We came to what we felt to be a high wall, the rain came down so straight that neither side would afford shelter, and we ranged ourselves against this wall to consider what we should do. Our consultation was not long, there was literally nothing to be done, and while my two friends were grumbling most dreadfully, I sat on my horse humming a Spanish song, the words of which were very applicable to our present situation. One of my friends rebuked me for my merriment, and told me I had better use my breath in calling for my servant and baggage. I replied jocosely that I would do that, if they liked it better, and in a loud singing voice I called out, *Venga aca Lorenzo, Lorenzo*, 'Come hither, Lorenzo.' To our great astonishment a voice answered from the other side of the same wall, even the voice of the identical Lorenzo, who said, 'Here I am, sir.'

Lorenzo had been much distressed at the mistake they had made in taking the wrong road, and had made several endeavours to join me ; but hitherto the breadth of the distance was considerable, and the fear of the French alarming. As they approached Ciudad Rodrigo, the distance between the two roads was less, and Lorenzo had ventured, with three of the baggage mules, to find his way across the country. He had come to this village some time before us, and had sought refuge from the straight downpour of rain on the other side of the very wall where we were waiting. This was a remarkable concurrence, one of the very many by which the providence of God has cared for me even in the lesser matters of life.

It was with difficulty that we could get and maintain a light, with apparatus for which Lorenzo was always furnished. The first thing we asked was whether he had brought provisions with him. Three of the baggage mules had come with him, but, alas ! none of these were the bearers of any eatables. One carried my desk and papers, with a guitar-case on the top ; another carried my clothes, &c. ; and the third bore the tent.

This was a disappointment, but it was well to make the best of it, and so we set to work to pitch the tent. Having chosen the best ground we could, we did our very utmost to raise the canvas; but the earth was so saturated with rain that it would not hold the pegs, and after vain endeavours we were forced to give it up. Lorenzo had left us a little before, and he presently returned with the intelligence that he had discovered a large shed, with a good roof to keep out the rain, but it was full of Portuguese soldiers, who had made a fire in the middle and completely filled the place. We gave our horses to Lorenzo's care, and proceeded to the spot cheered with the thought of shelter and warmth.

When we came there, with the authority of officers we turned out the Portuguese soldiers, though with some difficulty; and when the place was clear of men we were in the difficult dilemma of finding it filled with smoke. A good fire was in the middle, made of boughs of trees, from which most of the wet had been burnt away, but as there was no vent whatever for the smoke, the whole shed was one thick cloud, with the exception of about two feet from the floor, where the smoke was thinner and more bearable. All we could do was to lie down in this more tolerable atmosphere around the fire, and try to comfort ourselves by getting more warm and dry than we had been for a long time.

While we were in this situation, some of the Portuguese soldiers came to the door, and asked whether they might not do a frizzle by the fire, as they could not make a fire outside. A frizzle meant a piece of meat stuck on a bayonet, and held to a fire, to render it not quite raw. A frizzle! whence did they get the meat; they said it was their rations. We let them have their frizzle, but we took care to purchase from them several slices of their rations, which we cooked for ourselves as best we could under our peculiar difficulties. Saltless, breadless, and with no other sauce than hunger, we partook of the first meal we had had since some time the day before. At a distance of fifty-six years I cannot pretend to say how we relished the food; I can only remember that we ate it, and lay down around the fire striving to get some sleep.

One of my companions could not bear the smoke any longer,

and went out to get a little air in spite of the rain. He had not been gone long when we heard a cry. In a time of retreat every alarm puts us on the alert, and each of us seizing a brand from the fire, rushed out to see what was the matter. We found that our friend, wandering in the dark, had stumbled over the carcass of a dead horse, and when we had time to observe the carcass over which he had stumbled, alas! it showed too evident marks that the Portuguese soldiers had obtained their rations from the rump of this poor animal, bringing home to us the conviction of the nature of the supper of which we had been partaking.

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## PERIOD VII.

### *The Campaign of 1813—April to August.*

The spring of 1813 was well advanced before the British army took the field for a new campaign. I have already pointed out remarkable tokens of the genius of Wellington, which lie beyond the understanding of the public generally, and are not appreciated because they are not accompanied by the bright flashes of talent which mark a glorious victory. The previous arrangements for the campaign of 1813 afford one of these remarkable tokens of his genius. After the check at Burgos, the army was driven back as far as Ciudad Rodrigo, where our stand was made for winter quarters at the end of November. The Commander-in-Chief's head-quarters were in that city, and the army extended itself over the country right and left. The French were before us, but we had all Portugal open to us on the left; and by imperceptible degrees the troops ranged through that country, each movement having an ostensible object. By this means the regiments were spread to the north-west until the extreme left reached to the sea-coast at Aveiro, only fifty miles south of Oporto. When, therefore, the army took the field it marched direct along the length of Spain, having greatly outflanked the French forces, which had been spread in the centre and east of that country. The result was, that the enemy were under the necessity of retreating to a point

beyond that at which they were outflanked ; and in consequence, Wellington having swept all the southern portion of Spain of these intruders, never came in contact with them until far to the north of the Ebro, where his first reconnaissance drew out their forces at Orduna on the 19th of June, and he utterly broke their power at Vittoria on the 21st.

In this remarkable manœuvre General Anson's brigade of cavalry, consisting of the 12th and 16th Light Dragoons, occupied the extreme left. After our long winter quarters at Aveiro, we left that city on the 29th April, 1813. Our march led us first to Oporto ; where having halted for a day only, we went on to Braga and halted for a week. We started again and took our course to Chaves, where we had another day's halt ; then on to Braganza. I had thus an opportunity of passing through the beautiful parts of the country, and seeing all the great towns of the north of Portugal, as I had already seen those of the south. I will say nothing of the difficulty of travelling in a country of which it might be literally said there were no roads, and we had to pass from place to place by tracks both dangerous and difficult, and which greatly retarded our progress, so that it was the 25th of May before we came to the borders of Portugal.

On that day we crossed the river Manzanaz, and I found myself again in Spain. It was no small relief to me to cease to be a stammerer of ill-pronounced Portuguese, and to have a free tongue with every peasant or caballero I met. It is extremely difficult for an accustomed Spaniard to fall into the accent of the Portuguese, and still more so, not to avoid Spanishisms in attempting the idiomatic Portuguese. I never succeeded very well, but in my six months' wandering amongst the people of all classes, I contrived to make my talk intelligible.

An incident which occurred in our march onward through Spain will give some notion of our campaign life. Our regiment was quartered at Tabara, where it halted for three days. It was known, however, that we were to have orders to march on the fourth day. I had arranged for some supplies at the city of Palacios, where I had appointed to be on that day. I left the regiment very early in the morning, before the orderly

had brought the general orders, and our regimental quartermaster promised to send an orderly to meet me in the Plaza of Palacios at a certain hour, with information where I was to join the regiment that night. I cantered to Palacios, transacted my business, then ranged over the town and saw the buildings; and I was quietly sitting on my horse in the Plaza waiting for the expected orderly, when my old friend Sir Thomas Graham (who commanded the left corps of the army) came riding into the Plaza with his aide-de-camp Captain Calvert. As he was coming near me I raised my hat in respect, scarcely thinking he would know me, but he rode up to me and shook me cordially by the hand, inquired about my position, &c., and ended by saying, 'You must come on with me to my head-quarters and dine with me to-day.' I told the General that I was waiting to know where my regiment was, which had marched from Tabara that day, and I did not know its route. He said, 'Oh, come with me, and I will tell you where the 16th Dragoons are to be to-night, and put you in the way of getting to them after dinner, when I shall have seen the orders.' There was no refusing this. I bowed and thanked him, as he said, 'My quarters are not above seven miles off.' General Graham was an old man, but he had wonderful energy and strength. He was a celebrated rider, whether in the field before the enemy or after the hounds, which I believe he afterwards followed till he was nearly ninety. Calvert, whom I had known at Cadiz, hoped I was well mounted, for he said the General was likely to try my horse's wind and my own seat, and so it turned out. He went at a great pace, sometimes along the road and sometimes across the country, taking the ditches as they came; happily there were no high fences, and we arrived by these short cuts over the seven miles of country at the General's head-quarters. I am disposed to think that in some of his leaps he had a little humour to test my riding.

He ordered my horse to be well taken care of. Calvert took me to his quarters to refresh, and I dined with the General, who talked kindly and pleasantly about Cadiz matters, and asked some particulars of our march from Seville, of which he had evidently heard. After dinner he looked at the latest general orders, and found that General Anson's brigade of



cavalry was to move in the direction of Medina del Rio Seco, which was five or six days' march off, and that they were to be that night at the city of Zamora. The map was brought out, the compasses applied, and he said, 'It's only twelve miles, Mr. Dallas, and you might make it ten if you knew the way to get there in the daytime.' I thanked the General, who shook hands with me at parting. Calvert came to the door with me, and laughed at the little likelihood I had of finding my way to Zamora that night.

It was the last day of May—the clock had struck nine—there was no moon, and I had to find my way about twelve miles without the least knowledge of the country. My difficulties that night were neither few nor trifling. I was utterly wearied about one in the morning, after wandering in various directions, and I came to a large village which I found to be Cubellos. I picked out a house, and making a great noise at the door I aroused the inhabitants. I told my story, and that I was too wearied to find my way to Zamora that night, begging them to take me in. They strongly resisted for a long time, until at length by fair words and promises of money they relented, making, however, special difficulties about my horse, for which I claimed as much care as for myself; both, however, were provided with lodging, and I was soon fast asleep.

Our onward advance was full of interest. Our speculations where we were to find the enemy occupied our talk. The country had plenty of supplies, which were easily obtained for the bills which were given upon head-quarters at Lisbon. A circumstance of personal interest occurred in our march in which I can trace the hand of Divine providence preserving my life and securing me from serious danger. A body of our cavalry, consisting of a brigade of heavy dragoons and one of light cavalry, crossed the river Esla early in the morning, and went the whole length of that day's march along the right bank of the river. We bivouacked that evening some fifteen miles beyond the bridge; and early in the morning we found that we had got on the wrong bank of the river, and we were also informed that there was an advanced guard of French troops not very far in our front. We were called to saddle immediately, but the difficulty was to pass the river, which at that season had become swollen

and very turbulent from the recent rainy season. There was a ford very near to our camp, but it had become dangerous from the state of the river. This was, however, the only way by which we could regain the left bank and rejoin the body of the army.

Our men rode down to the bank, and valiantly waded into the river. Most of them had to swim a little way, during which many were carried down a considerable distance. The 16th and 12th Light Dragoons having got over, the heavy dragoons began to pass. My ever-attentive servant, Lorenzo, had pitched my tent the evening before and arranged all my baggage. It gave him some trouble to strike the tent, and put all things in order; and as he was evidently in great alarm at the thought that the French might come upon him, I could not leave him until all my mules were ready to start on their way back to the bridge, the only course for them to pursue. This made me late in crossing. I was riding rather an undersized horse, but one which had served me well. When I came to the bank, the heavy dragoons were passing; the weight of the horses, the men, and all their appointments rendered this passage much more awkward and dangerous for them than for the light cavalry; neither did the men dash into the river with the same pluck which our dragoons had done. I confess that the passage before me did not look comfortable, and as the current was dashing with much power, I bethought me that I might as well take the advantage of the protection of the skreen which would be afforded to my smaller horse if I went over under the lee, as it were, of one of these great carbineers. I seized, therefore, the moment when a great tall fellow went into the stream, and put my horse in, a few yards below him. This however was a great mistake; as we got into the deeper water the soldier's horse began to be unquiet, if not restive; he was carried down the stream, and came close upon me, so that the soldier's leg was locked into mine. In this position we were both hurried down, in the centre of the stream, many yards; I dared not check my horse, as to do so in swimming is very dangerous; but after awhile the man made an effort to get forward, which loosened our entanglement, and seizing the moment I spurred my horse and got free from my troublesome companion. But unfortunately I had been carried

down quite beyond the path on the other side, and found myself in a kind of reach, where the bank was several feet high perpendicularly. There was nothing for it but to swim further down; and seizing the opportunity of the first lower land, my horse took the ground and I got safely over. I have always considered this an evidence of God's protecting care of me, even when I knew not that He had given orders to those messengers of His Providence, who are 'sent forth to minister for such as shall be the heirs of salvation.'

It is hardly possible to give any notion of the exhilarating feeling of an army full of hope, and revelling in the expectation of great triumphs. Our onward march at this season stood in such remarkable contrast with the feelings and the discomforts of our distressing retreat, that the brightness of it shone out more cheerfully from the background of the past despondency—a bright May sun cheered us in the place of the heavy and continuous rain of the last November. Our wonder as to where the enemy would show themselves, as we heard the rumours of the retiring armies concentrating towards the north, made every day's information lively and pleasant. None of the officers ever supposed that the French army would let us pass the great river Ebro, and many wagers were laid that they would make their stand there. It can easily be imagined therefore, the joyous delight with which we found that great stream undefended, open, and free; and when we actually crossed it, the rejoicing was at its climax.

It was indeed a splendid token of Wellington's genius that arranged this reaction from the serious check of the previous winter. The French were never seen until the remarkable reconnaissance, which occurred at Orduna on the 19th of June. Our Commander-in-Chief chose his own ground. It was a broad valley with a hill rising on each side, stretching forth like the spurs of a mountain, with deep declivities on the outer side of each. The French army, or a very large portion of it, lay on the northern side of one of these mountains, and Lord Wellington massed his troops on the outer side of the other hill. There was a large village in possession of the French in the centre of the valley; it was occupied by cavalry, and a mounted vidette stood outside the village. I had the gratification of

being near the body of officers who surrounded our Commander-in-Chief, so that I had an opportunity of seeing all the manœuvres of this sham fight in reality. It began by Colonel Ponsonby's galloping towards the vidette and firing his pistol at him. This brought out a squadron of cavalry, upon which our artillery, somewhat under cover of the hill, opened fire upon them. They very soon turned and trotted off to their troops behind the hill. A column of these soon appeared on the top of the hill, and a division of our troops marched to the top of our hill. Another column of the enemy appeared and was answered by another division of ours. In this way the rival forces presented themselves, affording a manifestation of their number and position, and it was not until this had been really like a review that the French opened fire, which was answered by our artillery, and very soon the enemy retreated over the hill and pushed on their march to the concentrated forces at Vittoria.

The interest of this reconnaissance gave high spirits to the army, and we marched on full of the anticipation of great things. A change had taken place in our brigade of cavalry. General Vandeleur had taken the command in lieu of General Anson, and the men of the 11th Light Dragoons had been ordered home, leaving their horses to fill up the complement of the 12th and 16th which remained. Three officers of the 11th were attached to the 16th Dragoons, and with two of these I specially fraternised, Captain Childers and Lieutenant Thelusson. From the time we crossed the Ebro, Thelusson and I got our quarters together; and so it happened on the 20th of June that we were in the same house, in a village called Olano. Our conversation that night was peculiarly interesting. We knew that a battle was imminent, and he spoke to me of his private affairs, and of his engagement to a lady in England. The circumstances of the next day gave a solemn character to this conversation.

Early in the morning the troops were in motion, and it was very soon seen that the eventful day, so long anticipated, had arrived. On a rising ground, some distance beyond the quarters we left, our brigade took its station. We occupied the extreme left of the whole army; and on the slope beyond our position, we could discern the whole line in battle array, and the enemy massed in front of the right of our troops. The conflict began

so far from us, that with our best glasses we could discern little more than the smoke, which with the sound showed that the struggle was going on. At a short distance to our right there was a troop of horse artillery, the Captain of which I knew. After some time I rode to him; and while we were talking together a message was brought to him that on the other side of a rising ground in our front lay the village of Zurbano, occupied by the French, whom he was directed to dislodge. In a moment the troop was in motion. The guns went gently down the slope, and dashing into a little rivulet which ran at the bottom, the horses made a way by levelling its banks, then tugging up the hill came to the crest. In less time than I could have imagined the guns were unlimbered and placed. While the Captain was taking the sight and laying a gun, the French artillery on the other side of the village had perceived us, and even before our first shot was fired, a cannon-ball came to us, and struck a gunner who was somewhat in the rear, in the chest. It was very interesting to me to observe the calmness of the officer, but as I had no reason to be there, having only ridden with my friend, I went back to my own brigade and sat on the grass with the officers, all anxiously waiting to have some share in the battle.

It seemed a long time that we had to wait, but at last an Aide-de-camp came with orders. We were informed that the enemy were thoroughly routed upon the right, and that our troops were pursuing their retreat; that a large number of stragglers had fled across the country to the left in order to gain the parallel road through Zurbano to Vittoria. The brigade of light cavalry was to overtake and turn them if possible, to prevent their escape or their rejoining the main body. In a moment the two regiments were in motion. General Vandeleur was not present, being at head-quarters, and Colonel Ponsonby commanded. Having sat with the officers all day and partaken of all their anxieties, it never occurred to me to leave them then. We rounded the rising ground before us and came into the open country beyond, and went over everything as the crow flies, tracing the windings of the road, which was for some distance a raised causeway, and on which we saw the runaway troops crowding and hastening along. After tracing this for

some distance the road verged more to the right, and the little river Gadarra took its course more to the left. This we were obliged to follow till we came to a narrow wooden bridge, over which the whole brigade passed. This brought us to a wide open space of common-land, and after advancing some way, we saw at a distance a body of French Cuirassiers quietly standing to receive us.

Our brigade was immediately formed into line; the 16th Light Dragoons taking the front, and the 12th Light Dragoons formed in line as the support some little distance in the rear. The recollections of that moment are indelible in my memory, and have left impressions of the liveliest kind. Colonel Ponsonby rode up and down in front, repeating as he went, 'Prepare to charge;' this produced a tinkling of arms and appointments which gave me a thrill never to be forgotten. The swords clanked as they dropped, held to the wrist by the sword-lash, while the scales of the helmets were fastened under the chin. I felt the reality of the case to be totally different from the bustle of a review; and I feel now how wonderful it is that God should have permitted me such an experience before He called me into His higher service.

I had trotted along by the side of Thelusson, and I did not leave him now, but sat upon my horse between him and Captain Wrixon, who was the squadron officer. It was his duty to place himself two horses' length in front, for the men to dress upon and keep a line. He did so as we trotted gently on until we came near to the Cuirassiers, who then began to put themselves in advance. As they approached, the word 'Charge' was given, and the shout raised by our men rung in my ears long after, and I think I could recall it now.

I really could not tell the details of what took place. My attention was intensely occupied by a Cuirassier on a high Flemish horse, who, with his bright shako and high red plume above it, seemed a very Goliath. He was coming on in the direction in which Thelusson and I were, and when he came so near as to rise in his stirrups and brandish his sword, Thelusson's light mare shied and swerved directly across the Frenchman's path, who wheeled his sabre upon his head, and rapidly recovering it, pierced his side with the point. There was a tremendous

crash, and I could not possibly express how the men who had thus crossed sabres passed through each other's line, all damaged and broken as it was. The Cuirassiers were dealt with by our support, the 12th Light Dragoons, and we were rushing onward with maddened horses upon the French support, a squadron of similar Cuirassiers. They stood at some distance, which might have given space to check our horses, but the French cavalry divided in the centre and deployed outward right and left, leaving behind them in their rear a formidable body of French infantry formed into a square; the men kneeling in front in proper order, ready to receive us. Before, however, we reached them they fired a volley, and it would seem incredible that every musket did not bring down its man at so short a distance. Very few, however, were even wounded, and I believe that none were killed by that volley. The truth was, that they were stragglers from all regiments who had been flying in great confusion, and were rallied by their officers to make a stand. Every man fired at random, and then turning round resumed their confusion. I checked my horse as soon as I could, and while the regiment went after the fugitives, I returned to my friend Thelusson. I could not persuade myself that he had been killed. I was astonished to find the distance of ground which we had gone beyond the spot of the charge, but I marked the place where he had fallen, and went as quickly as I could to find the surgeon of the regiment. I was detained on this errand by observing a wretched camp-follower taking off the boots of a soldier who lay on the ground. He was evidently not dead, for he was moving his head about, of which the Spaniard took no notice. His eyes and face were clotted with blood. I rode up to the fellow and threatened to shoot him if he did not desist. It was with difficulty that I prevailed, and when I got him off, I nearly rode him down, forcing him along with my horse. I did not leave him for some distance. It was a long time before I could find the doctor, and when I did, I brought him on to the field. As we passed by the wounded soldier the poor man was dead and stripped naked; no doubt the wretch had finished as well as robbed him. My poor friend Thelusson was gone. The gash over the forehead would have been enough to kill him, and so would the piercing in the side. One of his brother officers

joined me, and we got some men to dig a grave for the dear fellow and buried him in it, and so saved him from those worse than vultures, the camp-followers of an army. Thelusson's death affected me a good deal, but not in that direction under which I look back now, at the sparing of my own life. Humanly speaking, it depended upon the shieing of a horse whether it should be I or Thelusson. Had I died on the 21st of June, 1813, I should have perished. The surpassing mercy of God kept me until He gave me a life that shall never end in everlasting happiness. Wonderful! praised be the name of God for His unspeakable mercy to me.

I slept that night in a little village outside the city of Vittoria, and went in the morning early to get some breakfast in an hotel in the midst of the greatest confusion. Lloyd, of the 11th, who had been with me in burying Thelusson, joined me here, and we rode out together, meaning to overtake the regiment which had marched forward. All the armies of the French had been drawn together round Joseph Buonaparte, whom his brother had made King of Spain. Every division of these armies had ransacked Spain as they went through it, and one of the reasons why they could not make a stand before, was the immense number of baggage waggons laden with the plunder which they had robbed from churches and forced from authorities. Almost every field-officer had a waggon of his own, and the general officers were specially encumbered. This vast camp of treasure had been spread over the country on the other side of Vittoria, and after the battle a great deal of it was seized and plundered by our soldiers, and sentries were placed over some of the waggons to protect them in the names of their officers.

As Lloyd and I rode out of Vittoria, we came to this camp in less than a mile. On the left-hand side of the road there was a heap of ransacked waggons which had been broken up and dismantled. There must have been between twenty and thirty of these altogether. While we paused to look at this strange sight, there arose a shout from a number of persons who were gathered in the midst of the waggons, and we presently found that the men had discovered in the crowd a waggon that had never been opened. We cantered round to the place where they were, and found some men using all possible force to break open



three strong iron clamps which were secured by large padlocks. On the side of this fulgon was painted, 'Le Lieutenant-Générale Villatte.' This same General Villatte had commanded the forces opposite the Isle de Leon in the siege of Cadiz. While I was thinking of the odd coincidence, the hasps gave way, and the covering of the fulgon was thrown back like the lid of a chest. A great shout followed the sight that presented itself. The whole waggon was covered at the surface with church plate, mixed with some bags of dollars. A man who put his hand in, said that the bottom was full of loose dollars and boxes. Lloyd and I were the only ones on horseback. We pushed through the people on our horses, and got close up to the waggon. Lloyd seized hold of a large chalice, and buckling it into his holster-strap he turned round and cantered off. On the top of all this treasure there lay a mahogany box, about eighteen inches by two feet, and perhaps ten inches in depth. It was secured in a very special manner by brass clamps. As the people were crowding to lay hold of the church plate, I picked out four men. I told them that that box was the real treasure, and that if they would bring it with me we would see what it held; they caught the thought, and when they began to move it they found that its weight was very great. Under this box there was a large book more than two feet square, like a book of maps. A fifth man took up this book and went with my party who carried the box.

At this season the wheat was six and seven feet high. I led them some way through the standing corn to a small shed that I perceived in the middle of it. Here they put down the box, and then came the great difficulty of getting it open. After several devices had been tried and failed, two of the men found a very large stone at some distance, and the four men lifting this stone as high as they could, they let it fall upon the box, the strength of which withstood several blows, but at length gave way, and the lid once broken it was soon torn open.

Gold doubloons and other smaller gold coins filled up the box, in which there were also some bags with trinkets. Several other people had come in, and amongst them an ordnance store-keeper whose name I knew. He said that it was no use to stand and count shares; the best way would be to give round a

handful of the coin to each. This he proceeded at once to do, and he came first to me with a double handful of gold which he poured into my vacant holster. By the time he had gone round once he came to me with a smaller handful. I felt then that I was the only officer present, and in rather an awkward position ; so I said to the man who was carrying the book, if you will give me that book you may have the rest of my share. There was first a look of surprise, and then a burst of laughter, but the man came up to me with the book, and I bid him rest it on my stirrup as I held the upper part, and without asking any more questions I trotted away. When I got upon the road, I found an orderly of the 16th going up to the regiment. I promised him a dollar if he would take charge of my book and deliver it to me at our quarters. It was cumbersome, but he managed to strap it on his side, and I started forward at a good pace to overtake the army.

Eight or ten miles brought me to their bivouack, and I found that the officers had possession of an ancient church, where, I am sorry to say, their best chargers were housed à la Cromwell. They themselves had their arrangements for the night in the upper part of the church—the chancel, the sacristy, &c. There was a very large loft, of which the Colonel had taken possession. He called me up to him and we had a satisfactory meal, and afterwards, when I had looked to my own duty, my servants, &c., I came back and rolled myself in a blanket, and passed the night with the rest of them in the church.

There is a point connected with these transactions which I feel that I ought not to withhold, because it illustrates strongly the effect of that principle of family affection which my father cultivated so earnestly in all our hearts ; and because it will be of importance to remember this illustration of it, when the course of my story must bring forth the evidence of the evils attending it. Except for these considerations, I should not record a circumstance which seems to place my character in a favourable light. I have not shrunk from displaying the more worldly features, which I now feel to be matters of deep sorrow and shame. My object in so doing has been to prepare the way for a better understanding of the free mercy of God in choosing me to be an instrument of His mercy to others, but I

should shrink from picturing praiseworthy actions except for the reasons I have given.

The unaffected proofs of my unchanged and deep feeling for my family at home, constantly appears in the brief diary which I kept for some time. It was stolen from my tent in a box of papers which was ransacked, and some weeks afterwards many of the leaves were picked up by a peasant and restored to me. In these I find that amidst the short items of amusement or of duty, the arrival of a letter from home is sure to bring out strong expressions of delight. While we were on the march, and a few days before we crossed the Ebro, I received a letter from my father, in which he informed me of the great pressure of pecuniary difficulties, which at that time distressed him in consequence of peculiar circumstances. I had at that time no funds I could dispose of. I had three horses, which were not too much but rather too little for the laborious duty which lay upon me, of gathering supplies from the country right and left of our road, in the course of a very rapid march. I however determined at once to sell one of my horses, which I did, and procured a bill on the agent in London for the amount, which I sent to my father. On the 23rd of June, before we left our quarters in the church, an officer of the 16th went up with me into the belfry, where we counted the golden pieces, and found that the larger coin amounted to nearly £400. I immediately took measures to remit £250 to my father; and soon after I purchased another horse, and as I found my work increase I shortly after devoted the whole of the balance to providing myself with a fourth horse. I could not write to my father that day, though indeed I began a letter that night and finished it on the next day, the 24th, which happened to be the wedding-day of my father and mother. In that letter, which is now in my hands, I find the following passages:—

Was ever Providence more visible in its work than in such an interposition as this, about a week after I had received your last letters, by the same conveyance, when my mind was agonised to turn every stone to be able to relieve and assist those so dear to my heart? You will join with me in the hearty thanksgiving to the Divine Being by whose hand this blessing was dispensed. Only two days before, I had sold my horse for the bill on England I sent you. The moment at which this has happened, so that I can write to-day the 24th of June,

is an additional source of happiness to my heart. Would to God that I could make such a wedding offering annually, as that which Heaven has put in my power this year! The moment I can obtain bills on England I will send it all, except enough to buy another horse.'

By a very remarkable coincidence, the large book which I got from General Villatte's waggon was a book of his private maps, and statements of the siege of Cadiz, in which I have already said he commanded the left wing of the French under Soult. Every battery, every defence, every point in our arrangements in Cadiz and the Isla, were as correctly marked out as our own engineers could have done it. The book contained records of the manner of dealing with each. It was indeed very remarkable that this important document should fall into the hands of an officer who had been amongst the besieged. It afforded me a singular opportunity of marking my gratitude to General Graham, who commanded the defence. I sent the book as a present to Sir Thomas, as a token of gratitude for his kindness to me in the circumstances already recorded. The offering was fully appreciated, and very kindly received.

I had met Sir Robert Kennedy in Vittoria, and he had told me the changes which he intended to make in our brigade, which involved my taking the superintendence and charge of the whole brigade, the two regiments, and the horse artillery, instead of being the officer in charge of the 16th Dragoons alone. This was a pleasant evidence of the Commissary-General's appreciation of my conduct in the discharge of my duties, but it involved greater responsibility and greater labour, and it was for this reason that I expended the balance of my prize money in the purchase of a fourth horse. The absolute necessity for personal energy in carrying out the plans by which supplies are to be drawn from a country call for constant exertion, and I have often tired out all four of my horses in one day's work, while I have occasionally wondered at the singular health I enjoyed which enabled me to go through all that labour with comfort.

It was found that on the day before the battle of Vittoria, King Joseph had sent off a convoy of treasure along the great military road that led by Irun to France. By this road they had to go round the base of the Pyrenees, which made a bevy, and if it could be possible to reach the point to which they were

going by any road that would be as the string of that bow, we might intercept this rich convoy. Such a road did exist, but it was a difficult pass, by which it was necessary to climb the mountain. No military force had ever crossed that pass. On the very height of it there was a natural tunnel nearly half a mile long, by which the highest rock was pierced. This tunnel in the pass of San Adrian divided the provinces of Alava and Guipuzcoa. It was at once determined that the cavalry should find their way over this pass, with a certain number of light infantry, all under the command of Sir Thomas Graham. It is hardly possible to conceive a more interesting march than this. We set forth in high spirits, and presently found the track very uneven, and therefore very uncomfortable, but we mounted onwards in good heart. In some of the way there were little precipitous descents, and when upon these occasions anybody dismounted, a laugh arose, and at last it became a feeling that nobody would ever dismount. This produced a great deal of fun, and a great deal of daring. I have seen horses slide down a few yards of a sharp angle on their haunches, and a tumble was the occasion of a great shout. After awhile we got up into the clouds, which wetted us through with the rain which was going to fall below; and when we got above them in the bright shining of the sun, we could trace the rain that was deluging the valleys. After leading our horses through the slippery tunnel of San Adrian, the height of which did not admit of a mounted horseman, we got very fair quarters for the night in a neat town called Segura, on the Guipuzcoa side; thence we started in the morning, anxiously expecting that we might be on the great road at Tolosa in time to turn the head of the treasure convoy. It was a very fine day, I remember, but it took us a longer time to get down some of the steep places than we had anticipated. A very beautiful town, called Villa Franca, stands at the base of the spurs of the Pyrenees round which the road is carried. When we came near this town, our feelings were greatly excited by seeing the rear of the convoy passing along the road as fast as they could, and the French troops which guarded it bringing up the rear, and stretching up the bank towards us.

As soon as we were seen winding down the mountain a desultory fire was set up, and it became at last a complete race;

but, alas! the road was so arranged, that although we were beside them for a considerable distance, and receiving and responding to their firing, we could not reach the road until the rear of the French had gained a distance. They turned and fired volleys from time to time, and we galloped up close to them just as they entered Tolosa and shut the gates against us. It was now getting dusk. A great stand was made at the gates, and a great effort was made to force them; this however only succeeded when the French column had got such an advance as that the rear guard was withdrawn, and the people opened the gates. As we went in, there were shouts of rejoicing. In a very few minutes candles were exhibited in every window in the main street. The people came out of their doors with jugs of wine, offering it to the men, and expressing the greatest joy that we had come to save them from the French. This battle of Tolosa, as it may be called, closed the campaign, as the remnant of the enemy made good their retreat into France over the Bidasoa and destroyed the bridge, leaving only the fortified city of San Sebastian in their possession on the Spanish side.

It is not necessary to record the various marches that we made after this, until it was determined to invest the fortification of San Sebastian. The cavalry were not wanted, and were placed in quarters in some of the towns and large villages of the Pyrenees. The 16th Light Dragoons had the town of Usurbil allotted to them, one of the most remarkable and beautiful of the romantic valleys of Guipuzcoa. The principal proprietor in the town of Usurbil was a rich merchant of San Sebastian, named Soroa. His mansion was the great house that occupied one side of the Plaza, where he and his wife, who were somewhat of an advanced age, lived with their family, a son and two daughters. When the French closed the gates of San Sebastian the principal people left the place, and retired to the surrounding towns. Usurbil was a favourite retreat, and a considerable number took refuge there. The consequence was, that when that place was assigned to us for quarters, we found ourselves in the midst of some of the choice society of San Sebastian. It soon became to us a sort of Cadiz in miniature. Tertulias every evening—most frequently at the Soroas. The season was one of holiday for the cavalry. Our supplies were easily obtained. The duty was as

well arranged as in a garrison, and the consequence was, that I enjoyed the pleasure of exploring all the lovely valleys of the Pyrenees during the day, and that of amusing and being amused at the tertulias every evening. I became very intimate with the Sorcos. Don Juan, the son, was the youngest, and but a lad; Donnas Manuela and Teresa were much older, Teresa alone maintaining the appearance of youthfulness. She was clever and musical, and undertook the difficult task of teaching me the Basque language. Her success however only amounted to enabling me to sing some Bascongada songs with a correct accent; but I gave up further instruction when I found that there were upwards of three hundred varieties of conjugations in the verbs.

I have said that Usurbil is situated in one of the most beautiful and romantic valleys of the Pyrenees. It might have been the model in Johnson's mind for the Rasselas valley. A handsome town with many good houses stands in the centre of a level land, perhaps not more than a mile and a half in circumference. This is entirely surrounded by high mountains, the ascent of which could only be by one or two dangerous and difficult tracks. One side however of this valley was left open by the current of the rapid mountain torrent of the river Deva. This rushed at some considerable depth below the level of the valley, the opposite side to which was a perpendicular mountain of great height. It would seem therefore that this was the most impracticable approach to Usurbil of any of its sides, and yet this was the way by which an approach was made from the outer world. The length of that part of the valley which was secured by this perpendicular wall, was something less than three quarters of a mile, and for that distance, a large notch was hewn out of the rock to form a road for carts and horses. The breadth of the base of this notch was about seven feet, or perhaps eight; and on this the constant passage of bullock-cars had made two ruts, probably a couple of inches deep. The rock was hewn out with a curve, but as no great height was required for the traffic, a tall man on a high horse would have to take care of his head in passing along this road. There was no fence raised on the river side of this artificial path, which made much care necessary in riding along it. This way led from the great road, a communi-

cation being made at both ends, so that travellers from the north and from the south could arrive at Usurbil from either point. A rather handsome and safely parapeted bridge crossed the Deva about the centre of this path, which took the traveller to the town.

I have been thus particular in describing the exact position of Usurbil and the way to it, that I may convey to my readers a just notion of one of the most striking of those providential interferences which have marked my life, and for which, when I look back, my heart swells with thankfulness to that gracious God who gave His angels charge over me, and preserved my life in so many dangers. The officers at Usurbil very naturally directed their rides frequently to see the progress of the works before San Sebastian. We oftentimes dined with friends, and had a blanket for a bed in their quarters or tent. I was dining with a friend, and intended in this way to remain the night, when the general orders came in, and I found there was to be a movement in our brigade of cavalry on the next morning early, which involved the necessity for my presence. It was a very tempestuous night in August, rain falling in torrents, and not a ray from either moon or star—dark as possible. Nothing but duty would have made me undertake a journey of five miles on such a night; but there was a duty to do, and therefore against the remonstrances of my friend, I mounted my horse and set forth on my way. I had to walk my horse all the way, as it was extremely difficult to discern the broad road as far as it went. A well-known house which stood at the corner of the turning to the right which went to Usurbil made me not miss that turning, but when, after some short distance, I came to the enclosure of the valley and the beginning of the notched road, I confess I paused for consideration. My first thought was to dismount and lead my horse, but we had acquired a general feeling never to dismount in danger, as I have already shown when we went over the pass of San Adrian. And besides, it was in fact safer to be in the saddle than to be leading a horse in such a path on such a night, so dark—so very dark—so I kept my seat, and my horse walked on the path. As I could not perceive the distinct line of the precipices on my right, at the bottom of which the swollen Deva was thundering as it



leaped over great masses of stone, I used my left hand to feel the course of the rock in order to keep straight; and as the natural feeling must have led me to keep my bridle rather tight on the near side, I found the horse several times slip into the rut. All this made me very cautious in my going, and very slow too, so that I fancied that I must have reached the well-known bridge before I actually came to it. I shut my eyes to enlarge the pupils, and gazed to the right, until at last I saw, or thought I saw, the bridge. Having at length convinced myself of this, I urged him forward, but he refused to go. I thought at first that I must have been mistaken, and gazed and gazed again, but when an image is strongly impressed upon the mind, the eye discerns the same image in the dark, and the more you gaze the more you seem to see it. I became fully convinced that the bridge was immediately before me, and I made efforts to urge my horse onward. The spur had no effect, and so I drew my sword and struck him with the flat of it on the flank. While I was in this position and beginning to get excited, suddenly the whole heavens were lighted up by a broad flash of brilliant lightning, brighter from the background of black cloud over which it rolled. This sheet of brightness was as a scroll on which the forked lightning dashed across. Oh! that I could then have understood the heavenly hieroglyphics. But then they only said to me, 'you have been striving to rush into eternity.' My horse was standing with his head quite over the precipice, his hoofs could have been but a few inches from its brink, and the same light which showed me the depth into which I was striving to leap, showed me also the bridge some twenty yards on, over which I passed in safety to my quarters.

In looking back upon this singular providence, my greatest wonder is, that it should have had so little effect upon me. Of course I was very glad, and spoke of it as a great escape, as an instance of remarkable instinct in my excellent Andaluz horse; but it did not occur to me, that if I had had my way, the loss of my life would have been the loss of my soul. I thanked God in the ordinary way, but I did not perceive that there was a special intervention of God's hand, which wrote upon that cloud fiery tokens, that ought to have lighted up my mind and burst into my heart. When hereafter we are permitted to know,

even as we are known, what wonders, to the glory of God, shall we see in all the way the Lord led us! But some are privileged to be drawn so far into the light in this life, that they can perceive in the retrospect of the darkness, such tokens of His leading and preserving Providence as are foretastes of that heavenly knowledge, that we may give glory to God even while we are left in this life. I desire earnestly to give glory to God for His preserving mercy to me on the 15th of August, 1813, in the passage of the bridge of Usurbil.

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### INCIDENTAL CHAPTER V.

The difficulties to be encountered in the march from Seville kept the mind upon the stretch, and called for all the energy that a man possessed. It was sometimes very hard to induce the Spaniards to bring forth the articles that were needed, even upon a demand of force, and at a price both moderate and proper. A circumstance that occurred as we were passing through the district of Burgos will illustrate this.

I went to a large village where the 16th Light Dragoons were to take their quarters on the following day. It was in June, and the whole country was giving abundant promise of the approaching harvest. As I came near the village I observed a very large field covered with a rich burden of oats, some four or five feet high, and with green heads ripening into black. The fertility of the country struck me; I went to the Alcalde and told him that a regiment of English cavalry would arrive there the following morning about eleven o'clock—that the quartermaster would be there that night to arrange about the billets for the men and horses,—and that I should want so much green forage to be ready for delivery at the time the regiment arrived. The Alcalde was haughty and impudent. He flatly refused to comply with my requisition, and told me I must find the forage where I could. I took great pains to be patient and to argue with him gently, but as he only grew the more impudent, and began to use bad language, I told him that I had seen a very beautiful field of oats close to the village, and if there was not provided in the Plaza five hundred bundles of

forage, weighing so much each, by eleven o'clock in the morning, I should turn the men into that field of oats to provide for themselves; they would probably consume or destroy a much larger quantity than he had to provide in the regular way, but that I should give him a warrant on head-quarters for the proper sum in payment for what he ought to have provided, and not a real more. The man was furious, and worked himself into a great passion, in which I left him.

Nothing was provided in the Plaza when the regiment marched in, about half-past eleven in the morning. I immediately went to the Colonel and told him what had occurred, and asked him, as soon as they were in quarters, to parade the men with nothing but their surcingles and sabres, and that I would give them instructions what to do. This was great fun for the Colonel and the men. They were paraded, and I walked with them to the large field of oats, and gave them directions to cut down every man enough for his own horse, adding prudently, that they must take care not to do more. They set to work, and in about half an hour the field was entirely levelled. There was a gathering of the Spaniards outside, who gave vent to great rage, but every man carried back his surcingle well filled with the forage. The Alcalde was outrageous, and stamped and swore, while I drew out the proper document for the exact sum that a proper supply would have cost. I would not give him this without a receipt, which he refused to sign. I left the receipt with him, and he had better thoughts on this matter before the night closed in; he sent me the receipt signed, and I handed to his messenger the warrant on head-quarters.

The good people of England have not the smallest conception of the march of even a friendly army through a country. The taking of quarters involves a vast amount of difficulty to the inhabitants; and the free and easy way in which everything is done is so astonishing to the people. On the other hand, the fatigues of a march and the necessity for rest, as comfortable as can be found, fully account for all the strange things that are done. The following instances will illustrate some of the inconveniences to the inhabitants from taking quarters.

Our march upward from Portugal to the north of Spain, of which I have already spoken, was not what may be called a

forced march, but it was very rapid. After rather a longer distance than usual, we halted upon an extensive plain, where there was little water, and no trees at all within sight. Here we were told to bivouack, and start the next morning by early dawn. Fatigue parties of men were sent in different directions to find fuel to cook the food. They were very unsuccessful, very little being brought in of green wood from a small copse which was entirely destroyed. I had ordered my tent to be pitched, but my clever Lorenzo presently came to me, and told me privately that he had found a comfortable farm-house about a mile distant, where he had left the horses and the baggage. To this I walked at once, and found it as he said. The house was an entirely wooden structure in the middle of a good sized farm-yard. An old man and woman with their three daughters were living in the house, two sons being absent. They were greatly alarmed, but I quieted their fears, and soothed them into something like confidence in me; then I returned to the camp and was occupied there for some hours.

When I set out to go back to my farm-house, I was somewhat alarmed to meet some soldiers carrying broken portions of wood, a door, &c., &c. A little farther on I saw running towards me one of the daughters of my host, with loose hair, and without a mantilla. On seeing me she ran and fell down and embraced my knees in the most piteous condition. I raised her, and went on as quickly as I could, and I found that the boards of the house had been torn asunder, so that there scarcely remained the appearance of a house; and the soldiers had thus procured fire-wood, every man a little for himself, leaving the weeping family in unspeakable distress. It was of no use to try to procure any remedy, the ruin was accomplished, and in a few hours the depredators would be upon the march, and far off. I consoled the poor creatures as well as I could, and consoled myself by pitching my tent instead of occupying the snug farm-house I had intended.

I did not arrive at Usurbil until the day after the regiment took their quarters. Those first assigned to me were chosen afterwards by a senior officer, and my name was chalked upon another door. When I arrived, my servants greatly grumbled that the family had given me a small and inconvenient room,

which would not do. They were sure that there were better rooms in the house, which seemed a good one. There was a large square in the centre, with rooms opening into it below, and a gallery all round with doors to rooms on that first story. A widow woman was the mistress, and she had four daughters, and a lad as her son. When I saw the room allotted to me I quite concurred with my servants, and I remonstrated with the mistress and her daughters, who all spoke angrily and decidedly, and with some excitement. When I saw kind words would not prevail, I said I should examine the house myself and choose my own room. This produced a great burst, but I quietly went upstairs to the gallery, followed by the females of the family, each talking louder than the other. I opened one of the doors, which showed me a room that was not tempting; but I saw one of the girls standing with her back against another door, and her hands behind her in a defiant posture. To this door I went, and asked her to move away, which she peremptorily refused to do, and after a little unsuccessful parleying I opened the door myself. It would be difficult to describe my surprise on entering into a nice sized room, in which was a bed without any curtains, and on which there lay what seemed to me to be a corpse, with a white sheet covering it, except the face. I was shocked, and was remonstrating with the girls who came in immediately after me, when to my great horror the corpse sat up. I withdrew from the room, and begged for an explanation. It turned out that this was the old great-grandmother of some extreme age, who appeared wizened and dried, but was most carefully tended by her great-grandchildren. As she lay upon her back with nothing but a white sheet over her, she had all the appearance of a corpse, but the noise of our entrance having aroused her, she showed that she was alive by sitting up.

I made many apologies to the family, and contented myself for a night or two with the inconvenient room that had been allotted me; but I soon made such friends with them as got me into great favour, and I had the run of the house, in which the best room was freely given to me.

## PERIOD VIII.

*San Sebastian—Winter Campaign—Close of the War—England.  
August 1813 to August 1814.*

The siege of San Sebastian is one of the most interesting incidents of the Peninsular War. It is a privilege to have been present and marked the progress of the works, and seen the successful assault. A breach had already been made, and one assault had been attempted, but it had failed. It was determined that it should not fail when the attempt was again made. The breach was widened to an immense extent on the banks of the broad and shallow river Urumea, which there flowed into the sea, and a day had been fixed for entering the town as soon as the breach was reported to be practicable. This day was the 31st of August. Our waiting officers, who partook of the thrilling anxiety of their brethren who were to execute the work, were constantly at the trenches to mark their progress. There were two breaching batteries,—one in the convent on the same side of the river with the town, and the other on the opposite side. Behind this latter battery there rose a high hill, and here those officers who were not engaged in the operations were accustomed to sit for hours, where they could see all that was going on. This acquired the name of the Amateurs' Hill.

The families at Usurbil had a very deep interest in the results of the intended assault. The Soroas were anxious to be as near as possible to know the result, if not to see what took place. A very particular friend of mine had quarters in a good-sized farm-house quite near to San Sebastian. His quarters consisted of two rooms, but they were large ones, and I contrived to arrange with my friend that he should receive a party of ladies, whom I would bring from Usurbil on the 31st of August. He agreed, and early in the morning of that day I took seven ladies and left them in his rooms, proceeding myself to Amateurs' Hill.

It would be hard to describe the feelings with which I saw a Portuguese Regiment ford the river, carrying their muskets over their heads, amidst showers of grape-shot; or those which thrilled me as our own regiments marched through the trenches, and rushed from the last zigzag on to the breach. The whole

of the extensive mass of rubbish which constituted the ascent of the breach was presently covered with our troops; and after a little while, instead of proceeding, we saw them all lie down upon the breach. Now the suspense and anxiety was intense; two officers were seen fording the river, and they came to the breaching battery in which was the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Thomas Graham. The fact was, that during the long delay in rendering the breach practicable, the enemy had made a deep and broad ditch on the other side, which was filled with chevaux-de-frieze and other impediments of that kind, which rendered it impossible to pass into the town. There was indeed at the extreme right of the breach a passage left, less than three feet broad, but this was defended by a small battery technically called a curtain, and every man that appeared at that spot was instantly shot down. It became of the utmost importance to silence this curtain, and to clear a passage that way, as the only way into the town. It so happened that to reach this curtain from our breaching battery, the direction of the shots would necessarily take them over the heads of many of our men, who were lying down on the breach. The question was whether it was safe to do this—whether there was height enough over the men—whether they could stand it. The artillery officer who commanded in the battery undertook, as it was point-blank shot, to batter this curtain under these critical circumstances. He pointed his guns and commenced throwing a rapid succession of balls against this curtain. These cannon shots of ours did not leave more space than from two to three feet above the bodies of many of our men who were stretched upon the breach. Think what stirring of heart we must have felt who were watching this from Amateurs' Hill! Think too how our hearts must have collapsed when we saw the effect of one of our shots. The passage had been mined, and there was an expense-magazine for present use standing on the curtain. It was evident from the movements in the crowd of shakos, which could be perceived through the embrasures, that the French soldiers were shaking. A brave officer jumped upon the wall to rally them sword in hand, and while he was in this position, a shot struck the expense-magazine; it exploded, and communicated with the mine below, which also exploded, and as the whole became a

wreck, the brave officer was seen to rise up in the air till he was encircled with the cloud of smoke which followed these explosions. Several of our men were crushed in the explosion, and the rest rose up and entered freely into the town. I made the best of my way over the long wooden bridge which crossed the broad river; and leaving my horse in the care of Andres, I entered the town. I will not harrow the feelings of my readers by describing the sacking of a town taken by assault. The French fought their way, in retreating to the citadel, through streets in which barricades had been raised. Our men were intensely excited by the long delay upon the breach; and when the last Frenchman was driven through the gates that led to the citadel which closed after them, every man fell to plundering. Every house was ransacked, and I saw some horrors committed, which have since made me feel more of the depth of the corruption of nature, and of the fruit of original sin, than I could conceive without such illustrations. I went into many houses, all being open, and the only plunder that I brought away was a very excellent guitar, which I possessed for several years afterwards. The corners of the streets were found to be on fire. The French had placed tar barrels and other inflammable things in the houses in various parts of the town; these they ignited as they left the city, and conflagration after conflagration took place. Our men took no trouble to arrest the flames, and for seven days and nights the fires flared in the midst of the walls of San Sebastian, and all the houses of the city were consumed except seventeen.

My party of ladies were too excited and alarmed to be able to return to Usurbil that night; all we could do was to give up one of the rooms to the ladies, and we, with some gentlemen who came with them, occupied the other. All the mattresses and blankets we could collect were given to the ladies, and thus we got through the night. The next day they returned to Usurbil, and our regiment was ordered to march forward.

By a remarkable coincidence, on that same day forty-three years afterwards, I paid a visit to San Sebastian, and the connection of the incidents which took place are too interesting to be passed over, and must be detailed in an incidental chapter.



Our onward march took us but a little way; and as the circumstances of the campaign did not require the presence of the cavalry, we were ordered to retrace our steps, and to take up our quarters in the two pleasant and historical towns of Azpeytia and Azcoytia. The former of these towns was the birthplace of Ignatius Loyola, and he is worshipped there with special idolatry, a very handsome shrine being raised to his honour. Here we were very pleasantly situated, and were received with great hospitality. As everything seemed to be quite settled in the front, we felt ourselves tolerably secure of passing here our winter quarters; we roamed over the whole district, pierced into the depths of the lovely valleys of the Pyrenees, and at length it was proposed that we should make a party, and go along the coast to pay a visit to the city of Bilboa. Three or four officers agreed to this, and I joined them. I took great care that all the supplies should be quite in order, so that nothing could be wanting during the ten days of our absence. The country had plenty of forage, and I took care to point out to the Adjutant the particular places where the men might go to seek the forage, and I told the clerk to do nothing without consulting him.

It was a very delightful journey, and we all enjoyed our trip immensely. I little thought what awaited me on my return. It had so happened that a regiment of Spanish cavalry was marching up to the head-quarters of the Spanish Commander-in-chief. They halted for a day at some little distance from Azpeytia. An officer came into the town and obtained from the Alcalde a written authority to procure forage in some of the very places that I had specially pointed out to the Adjutant. Unhappily, one of our foraging parties was out collecting straw at the time that these Spaniards came to seek their forage. Of course our men reported this to the Adjutant, who was a man of very hot temper and peremptory in his orders. He got into a great passion, and sent an orderly dragoon to desire the Alcalde to come up to his quarters and account for his conduct. The Alcalde very properly sent word back, that if the officer wished to see him he would find him at the municipality. The Adjutant's rage had by no means subsided, and this rather increased it; in his passion he sent a corporal and two dragoons to bring the Alcalde to his

quarters, a prisoner, if he resisted. Of course the Alcalde did resist, and the inhabitants of the city of Azpeytia were astonished to find their chief magistrate marched the whole length of the main street, between two English soldiers with drawn sabres, and a third behind him. It is not difficult to imagine the disturbance this caused—the anger of the Alcalde—the violence of some of the chief people—and the mockery of some of the lower. I was perfectly horrified on my return. I remonstrated with the Adjutant, and wanted him to apologise to the Alcalde, but he was too self-willed. I went to the magistrate myself, but he would not hear me. I found that he had sent off a full statement of the case, no doubt exaggerated, to the Commander-in-chief of the Spanish army, Don Carlos de Espana, and I did not know what steps to take. There was a rumour, which I caught in a letter from a brother officer, that I was to be severely punished, and they wanted to know for what. At this time there was to be a grand review by Sir Stapleton Cotton of all the cavalry within reach. I had prepared myself to attend this review, with dress and housings specially suitable for gala-days to man and horse, when as I came on the field I was met by an officer, not in the gala dress, but marked with the dust of a journey. He rode up to me, asking my name. He put into my hand an official letter from the Commissary-General, placing me under arrest, desiring me to give my charge up to the officer who brought that letter, and to proceed myself to Renteria, there to remain till further orders. No cause was assigned in this letter, but I had no difficulty in understanding why I was put under arrest. I found afterwards that Don Carlos de Espana, on receiving the Alcalde's complaint, had despatched an officer, on purpose, to Lord Wellington, to require reparation for the insult to the Spanish nation. Lord Wellington had sent an order that the officer who had charge of the cavalry at Azpeytia should be put under arrest, and made to account for his conduct.

I need not say that I did not proceed to the review. I returned to Azpeytia, and thence proceeded to Renteria, not doubting but that my explanation would satisfy the Commissary-General, and, as I hoped, the Commander-in-chief, that I was not the party to blame. I thought it best to write my expla-

nation after obeying my orders, and therefore I sent a messenger from Renteria on the next day. The answer was not so prompt as I expected. I heard nothing on the subject during one week and then a second. My friends rode over from Azpeytia to laugh at my distress, and I received various visits of condolence. After more than a fortnight, Sir Robert Kennedy himself passed by Renteria and stopped for an hour with me. He told me that Lord Wellington would not hear anything on the subject, and that if he pushed the matter he was afraid that he might order a court-martial. There was nothing for it but to wait an opportunity. A few days after this Sir Stapleton Cotton, who commanded the cavalry, passed through Renteria with his staff on his way to head-quarters. Sir Stapleton had often shown me kindness, and had once or twice invited me to dinner. I immediately went to meet him at the place where they halted, and told him my position. He was greatly amused at my story, and on leaving said he would do his best to intercede for me with Lord Wellington. I do not know what took place, but about a week afterwards, I received an official letter, releasing me from arrest, and ordering me to return to my charge of General Vandeleur's brigade of cavalry. I have always attributed this termination of my trouble to the kindness of Sir Stapleton Cotton, in overcoming Lord Wellington's persistency.

By a happy manœuvre Lord Wellington forded the river Bidassoa, which divides Spain from France. The enemy retreated from position to position, until they made their great stand at Bayonne. The winter of 1813-1814 was very severe, and we were sometimes bivouacked in very difficult places. Soult came down upon us in December 1813, so that we had a winter campaign, during the course of which I had several very striking preservations of my life. The head-quarters of the army were at that time at St. Jean de Luz, and our cavalry was in such quarters as we could get round the village of Urogne. I could get no house, and therefore pitched my tent. The battle of the 8th of December was anticipated by the whole army, when Soult made a rush to drive us out of France. As I was sitting at my tent door giving instructions to some Spaniards and muleteers, Captain Childers rode up, and said to me that he owed me twenty dollars and that he came to pay me, because, as

he said, 'the fate of Thelusson may be mine to-morrow.' I took the money and put it into the chest that contained my papers, which I carefully locked, and went on with my instructions to the Spaniards.

I galloped to the front and saw the interesting manœuvres of that day, the battle of the 8th of December. After dark I rode back to St. Jean de Luz, and slept there at the quarters of a friend. In the morning I went out to my tent and found my servants in the greatest consternation. They had slept in the tent, but so soundly, that they were not awakened by the raising of the lower curtain through which had been drawn two large boxes; one containing all my public papers and letters, amongst which I had placed my twenty dollars, and the other a fellow-box very like it, which contained all my linen. These had been slipped away, and were not missed until the servants woke up in the morning. The loss of the papers was very disastrous, as amongst them were all the vouchers of my cash accounts; the loss of the other was very inconvenient, but it was pleasantly made up to me in the next two or three days by every one of our officers sending me a contribution out of his own wardrobe. One sent a shirt, another stockings, or a handkerchief, &c., &c., and I really believe that I had a better kit after than before the robbery; but the loss of the papers was very serious. I reported the case immediately to Commissary-General Dalrymple, my immediate superior; and I sent off a special messenger to Sir Robert Kennedy. The Commander-in-Chief was consulted, and he desired that the servants should make affidavits of the facts, both before the magistrates of the country, and also before the Judge Advocate of the army. All this was done.

Some weeks afterwards, a soldier brought me a manuscript paper, which he said had wrapped up some article that he had bought of a suttler at Urogne. It was one of my vouchers. I immediately went to the man who had sold the article, and found that he had purchased a little lot of waste paper from a Spaniard, who said he had found it upon a hill-side some miles off. To this place I immediately repaired, guided by the information given by the suttler, and I found the spot where the thieves had ransacked my boxes; pieces of paper, leaves torn out of books, vouchers, and letters, were scattered about. I collected

every scrap very carefully, but I found most of them utterly defaced and damaged by three weeks' winter weather. A larger portion had been taken to the suttler's, and from him I purchased them. I possess at this moment some of these remnants, marked with the mud of Urogne, and I have already referred to the information I have gathered from them.

I will not enter upon the interesting scene of the passage of the Adour, which is one of the striking evidences of the genius of Wellington, and the details of which are matters of history. We passed the bridge of boats so magically made in a few short hours, and while the army invested Bayonne, we had our pleasant quarters at Biarritz. Thence we marched through the sandy country which lies north of Bayonne, called *Les Landes*; then we came into really quiet winter quarters in the ancient interesting city of Dax. This was the first French town that I had known where a superior society was to be found. I had learnt some French in my early days, and having lived so long speaking Spanish with fluency, I laid hold of the French accent with much more ease than the English generally do, and at Dax I took pains to make myself master of the French language. The society was very agreeable, the intercourse of the officers with the good people was very frequent. I was quartered in an excellent house, where everything was done for me in the kindest manner, and I became very intimate with the family of Monsieur R. M——, who had a charming little wife, and a pleasant cousin who lived with her, and at whose house the best society in Dax used to meet two or three evenings in the week. Music and dancing occupied two or three hours, and the party broke up early.

I enjoyed these pleasant quarters, in which we passed about three months, while the great arrangements and negotiations were taking place at Paris after Napoleon I. returned from Moscow. This agreeable rest and holiday was however interrupted on the 22nd of April, 1814, by instructions from head-quarters. I was promoted in General Orders of the army as Acting Assistant Commissary-General, and in due course this was confirmed by the regular commission, and I became Assistant Commissary-General. Together with this satisfactory information, I was directed to proceed with all possible dispatch with post horses

to meet an army of four thousand men under Lord William Bentinck. These troops had been sent from Malta, and had landed at Alicante, and were marching upwards to join the main army in France. I was desired to make all speed, in order if possible to reach Zaragoza by the time they arrived there; and I was to take charge of their supplies and bring them on. I found it would be next to impossible to get to Zaragoza by the day they arrived there. I started two hours after I had received my instructions, accompanied by my faithful Andres. We soon got to the frontier, but posting in Spain was a weary matter in those days. I had to get three horses at every stage, two for ourselves and one for the guide; but we passed through every difficulty, and I never drew bridle until the second night, when I took three hours' sleep at Tolosa. To be sure the horses had an easy amble, and as the saddles were mostly bull-fighting saddles, with high pummels and large shovelled stirrups, it was not difficult to take a nap. In this way I passed through some of those splendid passes that lie between Tolosa and Pampelona, and I grieved when I woke up to find by what I saw, the beauties that I might have seen if I could have kept awake.

We only took a meal at Pampelona, and proceeded at once, being warned however that we should have great difficulty in obtaining post horses in our onward route. The difficulty was indeed great, and the delay most aggravating. At a place called Olite there were positively no horses to be had, and we were obliged, with many threats, to press two mules, great, strong, hard-mouthed creatures, who never knew what it was to get into a trot, and as Andres said, as he was pulling with all his might, 'he's walking away with me.' The beasts were so deplorably slow that night overtook us in a dreary road, with no house to be seen for miles. In this condition we came to a solitary venta, a large shed, with a stable for mules below, a place at one end for the muleteers, and a kind of loft over that end, with a ladder from the inside and a ladder from the outside to reach it. I determined to get some rest here, for I was wearied and exhausted. We found an old man and his wife in the venta. Andres put up the mules, I went up the ladder into the loft, which was a kind of bed-place, where I laid down, and I told Andres to see if he could not get some fire and cook a

little chocolate which he had with him. Saying this I fell asleep. I was awakened, I do not know how long after, by Andres, who had come up by the outer ladder, and who in a low whisper told me that four men had come into the venta. They were very suspicious looking. The old man of the venta told them of the caballero who was above, and the conversation of these men presently led Andres to believe that they were brigands, who had it in mind to take my life that they might rob me. Having gathered this from the words which he caught in their talk, Andres had gone out of the venta and led out our mules, which were at the opposite end from the place where the men sat, and the mules and horses of these fellows made noise enough to prevent attention being drawn to the movement of our mules. Whether the fears of Andres were justified or not I cannot tell; but there was enough in what he told me to make me concur in his plan; and having silently glided down the outer ladder, Andres and I mounted our mules, which he had tied to the corner of the house, and were on our way to Tafalla as fast as the heavy animals could be urged to carry us. Whether this were a preservation of my life or not, there certainly might be cause to rejoice in having passed away from the hands of four such fellows as Andres described.

The troops I went to meet had made one day's march beyond Zaragoza, and I found them at Tudela. Three days' halt here gave me most acceptable rest, and then we went forward by easy marches on the road to France. I gave up my charge at St. Jean de Luz, where the regiments were distributed amongst the several divisions of the army, and I hastened to my friends and my baggage at Dax. Here I took leave of my kind and valued friends, with whom I had associated for two years through all their difficulties and dangers, and pleasures and amusements, and I went to the head-quarters at Bordeaux, and reported myself to the Commissary-General. Now, for the first time, did Sir Robert Kennedy explain the matter of the Cadiz accounts, and the manner in which he had dealt with the letter from the Treasury. My distress and surprise was very great, but he softened these feelings by pointing out to me, that it had in no way influenced him in the duties he had assigned to me; and that he had recommended and obtained my promotion.

He closed this kindness by telling me that he was about to appoint me to a very honourable distinction. It had been arranged that while the infantry would embark at Bordeaux, and proceed to England by sea, the whole of the cavalry of the army were to march through France, and reach England from Calais. This force was to be accompanied by an officer of the Quartermaster-General's Department to arrange about the quarters, and an officer of the Commissariat Department to arrange for the supplies. He told me that from my recent promotion I was the junior officer of my rank, but that he intended to postpone the claims of other Assistants, and assign to me this pleasant and honourable service. I was very grateful to him; and indeed when I look back I am deeply impressed with gratitude to God for the large amount of acceptance and favour which I experienced from all my superior officers and my military friends.

I was duly appointed in General Orders, and remained some time in Bordeaux to obtain the necessary instructions and make the preparations. At last we commenced our march. It was a most pleasant and interesting service. All the authorities had received their authorizations from the new government: I had nothing to do but to send forward an announcement of my approach to the *Prefets* and *Maires* on the route, and to call on them myself a few days before the intended arrival of the cavalry. It was enough to state the quantities and kinds of supplies required, with the places and days for their delivery. I was received everywhere with obsequious attention and respect, and my directions were obeyed to the letter. I had thus an opportunity of seeing, in the most agreeable way, the most beautiful districts of France, and of acquiring an intimate knowledge of both the language and the people.

The line of march was purposely directed a considerable distance west of Paris, as it was not desirable, in those excited times, that a large body of our troops should be brought in contact with the inhabitants of large places. I however made all my arrangements with the French authorities in such a manner, that I could spare ten days for a visit to Paris without neglect of duty, and I entered Paris for the first time on the 19th June, 1814. The Paris of that day was very different from the Paris of 1867, but with all the superiority of the Grand Exhibition, the new boulevards



and streets, there was then one superiority of Paris over to-day. The Louvre contained the accumulated treasures of art collected from all Europe ; and those masterpieces of painting and sculpture, &c., which the traveller must now visit many capitals to see, I had the happiness of gazing upon, day after day, in one grand collection.

We marched on towards the northern shores of France ; and as we came nearer and nearer by each day's advance, my heart throbbed with an inexpressible joy at the thought of meeting with those in England who were so dear to me. This feeling impelled me to go forward, so that I arrived at Boulogne full ten days before the head of the column would reach Calais. This impulse of intense impatience led me to do a most foolish thing. When I rode into Boulogne it was blowing a hurricane, but I went straight to the quay to hire a fishing-boat that would take me to Dover. Nobody would venture out, so I went to an hotel, and before I slept I wrote a letter to my father. This letter shows the strong impulse of feeling that hurried me on, and will account for my running the risk of such a voyage. I will insert it here :—

‘ Boulogne, 8th July, 1814, 11 o'clock at night.

‘ My Dearest Father,

‘ The moment is at last arrived, when, after an absence of more than four years, I shall press to my heart those dear objects which, during the course of them, have constituted my chief happiness. I cannot describe to you the agitation which I have been in for the last five days. I have not been able to give sufficient steadiness to my ideas to write home. I have employed the whole of my time in arranging my duty in such a manner that I might be enabled to get to Worton. I have cleared every obstacle, and have at length obtained, not a permission to go to England, but at least a promise not to take any notice of my absence for ten days. I have this moment received this promise, and I sail in a fishing-boat by the first tide, two o'clock in the morning. I write this to put into the post the instant I arrive at Dover, to prevent the ill effects that might result to my dearest mother's health by my too sudden appearance. The wind is fair—I shall be at Dover before 6 o'clock to-morrow morning, the 9th, and in London to-morrow night. On the 10th I shall be at Worton. I cannot believe it. Do not however be uneasy if my arrival is retarded, because I have given myself the least possible time. A thousand things may delay me, perhaps a whole day. I will not say with what anxiety I have been looking for you. We will talk all this over. God bless you again and again, God bless you !

‘ Your most affectionate Son.’

At two o'clock on the following morning the wind was thought to be as boisterous as ever, but I declared it had moderated, and would go, though it was blowing a whole gale; after many persuasions, at last the two men whom I had engaged agreed to take me for an exorbitant sum—I really forget how much. The wind with all its violence blew directly in our favour, which was an inducement to the men. The people on the quay remonstrated, but I persisted. We were certainly in very great danger, and seas washed over us again and again, but by the undeserved mercy of God we reached Dover in two hours and a quarter.

I stood on English ground. I could scarcely refrain from loud expressions of joy. As soon as I was dried, and had refreshment at an hotel, I started by the first conveyance to London. Thence I went to Isleworth, where my family were living. I need not attempt to describe the feelings drawn forth in this meeting of hearts educated in family affection as ours had been. I remained only three days with my family this time, anticipating the longer sojourn I should have when my duty was fulfilled at Calais. I returned to France in time not to have been missed; but the daily arrival and embarkation of the cavalry kept me at Calais for six weeks more, and when the last man was on board, I passed over too, and arrived in London on the 10th August, 1814, little more than four years from the time I left in June, 1810.

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## INCIDENTAL CHAPTER VI.

It has always been a matter of great wonder to me, that in so many instances God has permitted me, by singular ways, to come in contact with persons with whom I was intimate, or in whom I was interested in my worldly days. In several of these instances I have had the happiness of being made the instrument of good to those with whom I have mixed in the days of my darkness. Upon some occasions lively expectations have been excited in me, which as far as I could see have been disappointed.

In the summer of 1856 I was taking a holiday ramble through France, in company with a dear friend, his son, and

his son's wife. I proposed that we should take advantage of the railway, and run down to Bordeaux. When we were there I further proposed that we should extend our journey to Bayonne, and Biarritz, and then I offered to explain to them all the historical sites of the interesting campaign of our invasion of France. We determined to spend a few days in Spain, and take up our quarters at San Sebastian. We arrived there on the 20th of August, which was a Saturday. We found the people in considerable consternation, as the cholera had broken out in the city a few days before. We had time on that day to pass through the regular new-built streets, which had taken the place of those which I had seen consumed forty-three years before, and to enjoy the splendid panorama, which may be seen from the fortifications of the citadel at the top of the hill: and after dinner at the Fonda Nueva, we took a walk upon the Alameda. My friend and his daughter were before us, and his son and myself some way behind. I saw the Plaza de Toros at some little distance, and I took him there to show it. We entered the amphitheatre, and after pointing out its exact resemblance to the ancient Roman buildings for gladiatorial shows, I observed some men sitting on benches, and occupied as if they were remaining there. I asked them who they were, and they told me that they were convalescents who had recovered from the cholera, and were lodged there for the present. I said I believed that the cholera only existed in the town; but a man answered me that I might have said that two days before, but that yesterday thirty people had been seized, and twelve had died, in a place not far off called Usurbil. At this name I inquired if he knew the place? Yes! he was born there. Did he know the family of Soroa? Certainly! everybody knew that family in Usurbil, and he proceeded to describe the house in the Plaza, &c., &c. I inquired what members of the family were living. He said that Don Juan lived with his family in San Sebastian, and he had sisters alive, but he did not know where they were. He gave me the address of Don Juan in San Sebastian, and we left him. As soon as we returned to the hotel, my young friend and I went to the address given me by the man; an old woman came to the door, and said that Don Juan de Soroa had gone with all his family to Bordeaux the day

before, to avoid the danger of the cholera. She was only keeping the house, and knew nothing of the family, but she referred me to a lady who knew all about them. As it was now dark, I asked her to send some one to guide me, and her little grand-daughter undertook to show us the house of this lady.

It was on the second flat of a large house that we found the friend of the Soroas, and while standing on the stairs I had a very interesting conversation with her. She told me that Don Juan had two sisters living; and when I said Manuela and Teresa? she was equally surprised and amused. When I asked, did they remember the siege? she assured me it was the constant subject of their conversation, and she added several references to the cavalry that was at Usurbil at the time, and to myself individually. Where were they? I was told that Manuela had married, and that having lost her husband, she and her sister Teresa lived together, in a nice house, in one of the principal streets in Renteria, the place where I resided when I was under arrest, and which was about three miles from San Sebastian.

The next day was Sunday, and we passed it quietly in our hotel, taking a walk in the evening through the burial-ground of the officers who had been killed in the siege, the monuments to whose memories are placed on the road up to the citadel. When Monday came, I had arranged that we should have a regular characteristic Spanish coach, with mules properly attired, and tinkling bells, and the majoral, or coachman, running between them in his proper *majo* dress. In this way we set forth, paused at the beautiful Bay of Passages, where we took a boat rowed by the Basque women, to whom I sang some of the Basque songs taught me by Teresa Soroa, to the great surprise of the rowers and amusement of my friends. We then proceeded to Renteria, where we had no difficulty in finding the house of *Las Senoras de Soroa*.

From the time that I had heard that they were alive, my mind had been filled with wonder and thankfulness, that I should be permitted, after forty-four years, to come back in so different a character, and I anticipated having an opportunity of placing the Gospel before those with whom I had been engaged in so much worldliness, while I had myself been in

ignorance of spiritual truths. The thoughts possessed my mind—I lifted up my heart many times in prayer to God, and feeling all the difficulty of the position, I asked for wisdom, and for the right word, to which the Lord might please to give power. My elder friend and his daughter-in-law sat down upon the trunk of a tree that happened to be before the house, and my young friend and myself went up to the main flat and rang the bell.

The door was opened by a superior looking maid-servant, followed by an elderly man. I asked, Are the ladies Soroa here? The woman answered in an agitated way, Yes! No! Donna Teresa? She's gone. What do you mean? She burst forth 'Gone—gone. She was as well as I am last night at ten o'clock—then she was seized. We sent for the doctor to San Sebastian. He did not come till four in the morning, and then she was—oh! such a sight. He said she was dying—that he could not wait—too many people dying at San Sebastian—so he left her, and she died at seven o'clock. My darling mistress—they've taken her to the Campo Santo.'

I was stricken with the shock. I asked for Manuela. 'There she is, there she is—they say she's dying, I believe it's only fright, and woe; she's taken as her sister was, but surely she may live.' The old man shook his head and muttered, 'No, no, she will die too.' 'No, she won't die,' said the woman, wringing her hands and speaking in convulsive sobs, 'here were we yesterday, Sunday, boasting that the city would keep the cholera, and we had none of it; now it's begun at number one, the first house in the town, and the dearest ladies, and we shall all, all, be carried off.'

Having somewhat recovered from the extreme surprise of this unexpected shock, I said, 'How wonderful,—this is the 31st of August, the day on which I took these dear ladies to the assault of San Sebastian; and after forty-two years I return on the same day to find them dying and dead. Oh! that I had seen them yesterday.' My words caused a sudden surprise in the two people, who both said at once, 'Who are you?' I answered, 'I am the English Officer who was much with them at Usurbil when they were young, and who took them to the assault on this very day forty-two years ago.' The woman flung her

arms about in great agitation, calling out, '*Que casualidad ! Que casualidad !* what a wonderful coincidence. Come in.' I walked into the house and wrote on some paper I found there my name, and then I began to lay open to this affectionate servant the true gospel of salvation in Christ Jesus. She listened attentively. I spoke to her of the Holy Spirit, and of the way to ask for Him. I took out of my pocket a card on which was printed the little prayer in Spanish, 'O God, for Christ's sake, give me the Holy Spirit.' She read it, and kissed it, and put it into the bosom of her dress, grasping my hand when I left her.

My young friend had gone downstairs in the middle of this scene, and I felt that it would be of very little avail that I should attempt to speak to Manuela under such circumstances. She was in the agonies of cholera, and, if she had been able to recognise me, it would have been in the character of a young officer. The difficulty of explaining my change would have been great at any time, but at such a time it would have been impossible. I went down to my friends, who strongly urged that I should not attempt to see her ; and besides, the rapid increase of cholera made it a matter of common prudence that we should leave the district as soon as possible. We returned to San Sebastian, and in the morning we started in the diligence for France. When it came to Renteria, instead of stopping as was usual it galloped through the town, at either entrance to which an enormous pile of wood was burning, heaped up some ten feet high, under the notion that the fire purified the air, as in the night the greatest possible alarm had been excited by numbers of people having been seized there with cholera, a large proportion of whom were already dead.

I have very often pondered over these events. My experience of the guiding Providence of God has been so great, that I have learnt to interpret many things which at first seemed difficult to account for ; but I confess that I cannot solve the mystery of this remarkable concurrence, that I should have been permitted unexpectedly to find those two women alive after so long a time, and that I should have the earnest desire, and what I may call the reasonable hope, that I might deliver the message of salvation to them ;—that it should happen at the precise period of my former intimate worldly intercourse with them, and yet that

I should only arrive to find that I was a single day too late. All these are mysteries, for the interpretation of which I must wait until the time when the Lord shall enable us to 'know even as we are known.'

The remarkable combination of circumstances which have constantly occurred in my life, and seemed plainly to take the character of Providential ordering, have often made me shrink from giving the detail of these strange coincidences, lest, being so far out of the ordinary course, they should seem to be exaggerated.

A singular event occurred in that same journey with my friends, and which has set the seal of exactness in their minds to my remarkable Providences.

I induced my friends to make a pause of a few hours at the old town of Dax, to which I have referred in my story as being the place where we passed our winter quarters of 1812-13. In that town there is a thermal spring which rises at 240°. The spring is in the centre of the town, surrounded by a wall three feet high, from which rise arches all round. Between these arches there were iron rails. When we came to the spring, after explaining all about it to my friends, I told them that I saw an unhappy woman taken out of the water, in 1812, literally boiled, so that the ropes took the flesh off her bones. She was running away from the police and had jumped in. I was riding near the place where I saw this painful scene. Their interest was much excited, and I gave the detail of what I had seen. One of my friends asked rather pointedly, 'but how did she get in?' I referred to the fact that I had not seen her get in, but my friend continued his inquiry, 'how *could* she get in?' In connexion with this spring there was a large stone basin into which the hot water was allowed to run, cold water being added. It was the place where the washing of the town was carried on; and at that time some ten or a dozen women were flapping their clothes according to the custom of the south of France. My friend searched for the oldest-looking of the women; and entering into conversation with her, asked her how hot the water was, &c., &c., and what would happen if anybody fell into the spring. 'Oh! monsieur,' said the woman, 'I once saw a dreadful sight;' and she went on to repeat the

detail of the story I had given, in language so precisely the same, that it might have been imagined that she had heard my story in English, and had translated it verbatim. She added one or two incidents relating to the English cavalry being then in the town; and she closed her narrative with these words, '*Il n'y avez pas des grilles alors, on les a mis apres*'—'there was no iron railing then, they put it up afterwards.'

My friend withdrew his earnest inquiry, 'how did she get in?' and when I have any wonderful Providence to relate, it has become a household word to say, 'the old woman of Dax!'

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## PERIOD IX.

*London—Waterloo—from August 1814, to June 1815.*

I remember that it was very strange to me to find myself in London, a totally different kind of man from the youth I was when I left it. Very eventful scenes, great variety of place, tended to give a maturity of knowledge and feeling, not common in a young man in passing from the age of eighteen to twenty-three. I had been more accustomed to use the Spanish and the French languages than my own, and this left a kind of accent on my tongue, which my friends thought was affectation, though it really was not so.

My duty led me at once to report myself to the Treasury, and to ask for my accounts, which were found in the state I before described. In consequence however of the order then given, I had been made what they call a direct accountant with the Treasury; by which means, all that I spent in the service, and all that I had received or drawn for, was charged to me in a separate account, and not (as would have otherwise been the case) considered as forming part of the accounts of the superior officers under whom I had acted. The result of this was, that besides the Cadiz accounts, I had to render direct accounts for all my service to the end of the war.

The Treasury allowed me to take an office, for the settlement of these accounts, and granted a small salary for a clerk, to assist me in arranging them. I took a lodging in what was then



called Stafford Row, Pimlico, now Buckingham Palace Road, and I began to consider as to finding a proper person as clerk. With these thoughts in my mind, I was walking one day up St. James's Street, when an elderly man, of rather dingy appearance, ran across the street, and embracing me warmly kissed both my cheeks again and again; '*querido Don Alexandro—amigo de mi alma*,' 'beloved Don Alexander, friend of my soul,' followed by divers Spanish exaggerations. This man had been for many years a merchant in Cadiz—an Irishman by birth, Don Miguel O'Kearney. He had failed in business and lost all his means, and had been engaged as a clerk in my office in the Isla de Leon, where he had arranged the very accounts that had now to be completed. I found on inquiry that he was in great distress, and I engaged him as my clerk upon the salary granted by the Treasury.

This was a great relief to me, as Don Miguel was well acquainted with the routine of the matters which I should have had difficulty in explaining to a stranger. I passed my time very much between my family at Isleworth and London; where however, between anxieties of a domestic nature and my earnest desire to close my account with the Treasury, I did not enter much into society, nor seek out many of my friends. The only amusement that I can remember specially to have indulged in at this time was the arrangement of many Spanish songs to English words; and having been introduced by Power, the music publisher, to Thomas Moore, and Stevenson the composer, several of them were arranged by the latter and published, dedicated to my sisters.

In the year 1815, there was much disturbance in various towns in England from the high price of food; and early in the month of March there were serious bread riots in London. A large body of troops were centred in London, and placed on a campaigning footing. I was sent for to the Horse Guards; and the duty of supplying these men was placed in my charge. It was very easy work, and it did not last long.

At the beginning of March, Napoleon made his escape from Elba, and set all Europe in a flame. An English Army, under the Duke of Wellington, was organised and dispatched to Belgium. Commissary-General Dunmore was at the head of

the Commissariat Department, and he sent for me. On application to the Treasury, they gave leave for me to go, and on the 24th of March, 1815, I set sail for Ostend.

It took some little time to arrange the various duties, and settle the different staffs, during which there was a desultory occupation allotted to several officers. I had to arrange matters for the gathering troops in various cities in Belgium, by which means I became well acquainted with Ghent, Oudenarde, Grammont, &c., &c.; and when the divisions and brigades of the army were completely arranged and settled by the Commander-in-Chief, I was appointed the Assistant Commissary-General, in charge of the third division of the army, which was under the command of Lieut.-General Charles Victor Alten. The division was stationed at Soignies, where I joined them at the end of April.

Here we were very comfortably quartered for more than six weeks. General Alten was very kind to me, frequently asked me to dinner, and showed me many kind attentions. We had opportunities of much enjoyment at Brussels and elsewhere, and everything seemed to go on smoothly for a while. We were aware that the French army was in motion; but we had not the information that the Commander-in-Chief possessed; and the quiet condition of the troops gave rise to the notion, that when the French came down upon us, the Duke was taken by surprise, which however was very far from being the case.

On the morning of the 16th of June, the bugles sounded and the drums beat to arms. The division was put in motion. The troops had received an issue of three days' provisions, and very little remained to be done with respect to their actual march. I conferred with the General; and having learnt from him all he was able or willing to communicate, I proceeded to make my arrangements for the future. I had two commissioned Commissariat officers under my orders. To one of these I gave specific instructions where to get necessary supplies, and entrusted to him the waggons and other vehicles to receive them; giving him orders to make use of all possible diligence, and to make inquiries as to the course which the army might take; bringing up the supplies with all the speed of which the animals were capable, to join me with the

division. To the other officer I gave equally specific instructions, placing under his orders a number of baggage animals, and desiring him to go to a particular depot, and there obtain, upon my warrant, barrels of spirits enough to load these animals. Having thus satisfied my mind as to my duty, I rode on after the division.

I soon overtook them, and learned that the French had come down in force, and met a division of our troops on the elevated point where the roads cross from Genappe and Nivelles. This point of four cross roads was called Quatre Bras. The division which was then engaged with the French included the 32nd regiment. A very dear cousin of mine was an ensign in this regiment. His father having died early, he was left to the care of my father, and had been brought up with us. I was naturally very anxious to ascertain how he fared in the struggle, and I galloped on, arriving in the rear of our troops at Quatre Bras as the long day was closing, and the long struggle was being brought to a pause. I found that my cousin had been wounded and carried off the field; but I could not then search further, as I had to regain the division, which I found bivouacked for the night. I was fortunate enough to discover a shed in which I had some sound sleep.

In the morning the General told me that they were to retreat that day, to take up a position which had been marked out by the Duke, and which covered the three great roads branching from the village of Mont St. Jean. But the General further told me, that he thought there would be a necessity for an extra issue of supplies, especially of spirits, as the men had had an exhausting march in the heat of the day. I told him of the arrangements I had made, with which he seemed satisfied, but he begged me to hasten them.

I rode back with all despatch to make my arrangements secure, and went on to Brussels. Here I found that one of my officers had received the supplies I wanted; but the young man, whom I had commissioned to get the spirits, had not appeared, which made me very anxious. While I was thus engaged, the retreat took place, and the army took up the position on which the Battle of Waterloo was fought the next day.

I slept at Brussels that night, and very early in the morning I went forth to join the division, hoping to find my young commissioned officer by the way; but he did not appear. It was a brilliant sight that morning of the 18th of June. The first division was posted at Hougomont on the right; our own third division was formed next to them; and so on all along, the troops in brilliant order formed the long line on the position. The enemy were opposite; and on a high erection which happened accidentally to have been raised by the Engineer officers engaged in the survey of Belgium, there stood a group of officers, which could be discovered with tolerable plainness by the help of a good glass. On this elevation stood Napoleon and his staff, and from thence gave his orders during the battle. With so anxious a duty on my mind I hastened to Mont St. Jean, and thence to Waterloo, where I found the Deputy Commissary-General, who was in charge of the right corps of the army, and therefore my superior officer. I told him of the non-arrival of the animals I had sent for spirits, and the anxious wish of the General on the subject, and asked him for instructions. He told me it was more or less the case with all the divisions; and he bid me go with all speed to Brussels, and tell the Commissary-General that by any and every means a supply of spirits must be sent at once, to be issued to the troops, even in the midst of the battle which was then going forward.

I lost no time in obeying this command, and went with all speed to Brussels. Here I found that a great panic had seized the people; and the Commissary-General was at great loss for the means of conveyance. Having delivered my message, I set forth on my return to the division.

My ride back was a most distressing contrast to the ride I had taken in the morning. I very soon began to meet stragglers, and panic-stricken camp followers, with not a few runaway soldiers. Presently there came hospital waggons with wounded officers; others supported on horseback; and from not one of these could I obtain a word of information as to the news in the front. Everybody was too anxious, too busy, too alarmed, even to give an answer. Some miles further on, I found waggons left in the road, with the traces cut, the driver

and the horses having evidently run away. It was not easy to make my way along the road, and I was often forced to proceed among the fir-trees which at that time bordered the highway. Amongst the wounded I found an officer being carried on a stretcher; my old friend Dr. Robertson, the surgeon of the 16th Light Dragoons, was riding by his side. I found that the wounded man was my friend Col. Hay, with whom I had passed through the dangers as well as the pleasures of our campaigns in Spain. The doctor said, 'Shot through the lungs, he cannot live, bid him good-bye.' Hay opened his eyes and looked a farewell, while mine filled with tears.

The next wounded man I met was Lord Uxbridge, who, surrounded by three or four officers, was being carried to the rear, after the amputation of his leg. Not long after I met our Deputy Commissary-General, who had sent me to Brussels, who was slowly walking his horse to meet me. I told him the fruitlessness of my errand; but that I had done all I could, and asked him what all this crowd of stragglers meant. He said he had not been to the front; but that there were strange rumours of disasters, which he was not willing to believe. We had paused, and were sitting on our horses conversing, when we saw a regiment of Hanoverian Hussars, in threes, trotting along in the centre of the road towards Brussels. I rode up to the officer, and asked him what was the matter. All the reply I could get was, '*c'est mauvais, monsieur!*' This regiment had been directed to charge some French Artillery, and silence a field battery that was annoying our squares. Some strange words of parley are said to have taken place between the commanding officer and the aide-de-camp who brought the message, who said impatiently, 'If you don't mean to obey the Commander-in-Chief's orders, sir, you had better threes about.' The officer at once gave the command, 'threes about,' and the regiment moved off at a trot on the road to Brussels.

This regiment was soon afterwards disgraced in the General Orders of the army, in language perhaps as severe as could possibly have been used.

I could get no further information. I can only here state

those facts which relate to myself and my own duty, on this ever-memorable day.

As I was approaching the village of Waterloo, I perceived, to my great sorrow, my own kind General Alten, supported on each side by an officer, on a horse led by a sergeant. As I drew my horse's rein, the General perceived me, and beckoned to me to come near, while he halted to receive me ; he had been wounded in two places, and was suffering much at the time. I never shall forget his words. ' Mr. Dallas, my brave fellows are famishing for thirst and support, where are the spirits you promised to send them ? ' I could have wept as I answered, telling him of the miscarriage of my arrangements. ' Well, well,' he said, ' make haste to give them help ; I know you will do what you can.' I promised earnestly to do this, and set spurs to my horse.

What could I do ? I greatly feared that my young officer had run away in panic, which indeed turned out to be the case. As I rode through Waterloo, I saw a storekeeper sitting by the side of the road, with a loaded cart, on which there was what I recognised to be a Commissariat barrel of rum. I rode up to him and asked to what officer he belonged, and where he was, and what he was waiting there for. He answered my questions, and told me that a Commissariat clerk had left him there, and desired him to remain till he came again. ' How long had he waited ? ' ' Full five hours.' I had no doubt that his employer had partaken of the panic, and ran away ; and though I had nothing to do with the division to which he belonged, I thought it my duty to take possession of this barrel ; and so I desired the storekeeper to come with me, and I would bear him harmless. As the progress of this horse and cart was slow, I happened to see a Corporal of one of the regiments of our division, who was going to the front, into whose charge I gave the storekeeper and the load, and desired him to bring it safely to the division, while I cantered on.

The road to Nivelles diverges to the right at Mont St. Jean, and at that time, all along the right of that road was occupied by a thick wood of fir-trees. In this a part of our reserve had been stationed, which the French, having discovered, they made it the mark for a field battery, and were constantly firing

cannon shot into it. Our reserve had been removed, which the enemy did not know; and at the time I came to Mont St. Jean, cannon shot were constantly passing over the road, and some falling short, tore up the road itself. On the left of this road was a rising ground (since levelled to raise the great Belgian Lion), and on the declivity, on the other side, the third division was formed into a square. At Mont St. Jean I had to gallop under the arc of the cannon shot, which having safely passed, I mounted the rising ground and saw one of the most splendid sights of the world's history. It is impossible to give any conception of the feeling which rushes from the heart, on seeing a large body of men standing compactly shoulder to shoulder, and forming a living barrier which would seem to resist the outburst of the waves. And then to observe a line of heavy cavalry, first trotting, then cantering, and at last galloping against this living barrier; and when you expect to see havoc and confusion in the ranks, to find the confusion confined to the assailants, the horses not venturing to force that formidable phalanx. And still more, when in open file a number of lancers at distance from each other come on to make a similar attempt, and the bristling bayonets turn away the horses, not one of which will venture to come within reach of the death on which they are urged to rush. Our men stood like statues under these several shocks. The battle of Waterloo was gained by the patient bravery of the British soldiers, who kept their squares in spite of difficulties such as few can estimate.

One of these difficulties was that painful thirst and need of support of which the General spoke; and while I was looking on at the charges on the squares, I saw my cart of spirits coming down the rising ground. It had hardly turned the crest of the hill, when a stray shot struck the poor storekeeper, and wounded him, though not seriously. The Corporal brought the cart down to the rear of the square, and I told an officer that I had brought him this by a special order from the General. The barrel was rolled into the centre amidst a shout from the men, who opened rank to admit it, and I left it in charge of the officer, requesting him to get at the contents and distribute the spirits. A Sergeant took the cart back to the poor storekeeper, and laid him on it, and took him to the rear.

It was not long after this that the final charge took place and the Prussians appeared on the left. In galloping upon the hard road, under the cannon shot, my horse had cast a hind shoe, which was a very serious loss to me at that time; but this became more serious when, by the cranking of one of his fore shoes, I felt that he was likely to lose a second, and presently as I was returning to Mont St. Jean, I lost that shoe also; so that I was mounted on a wearied horse, after a hard day's work, with two tender feet, to carry me over hard ground. The rain now began to set in with very determined downfall, which was a merciful blessing to the wounded on the field.

I had the happiness of seeing the Duke of Wellington and his staff quietly riding into Waterloo; and it has always been a feeling of rejoicing to me, that I was able to salute him on the evening of his great victory. My present trouble was how to get my horse shod. There were several regimental forges set up by the farriers of the cavalry regiments; but they were all too busy to think of doing anything, excepting for their own men, and I believe that in this they only did their duty. I tried, I think, three; and after weary waiting and searching, at length I found a forge, where for a five-franc piece I got the work done. It was now grown dark, in spite of an early moon, which the clouds covered and gave us heavy rain. I was very weary, and I thought I would try to find a place to sleep in Waterloo; but the confusion had been great, the houses I applied to were crammed, or such as I could not venture to sleep in. I had gone through the whole village and come to the church which stands on the Brussels entrance of it. I turned my horse down a lane by the side of the church, and having gone a little way behind the houses, I came to a decent-looking small farm-house, and knocked at the door. A young man and two young women came at once. I told them my case, and asked them, for charity's sake, to give my horse a feed and myself either a cup of coffee or a jug of beer and some bread, and allow me to sleep there for the night. They received me with hearty hospitality. The young man took my horse, the young women prepared a bed in one of the farm bed-places, like berths in a ship; and having left me to disburthen myself of my clothes, which were entirely wet, I wrapped myself up in



the blankets, while they made a fire to dry my clothes; and having brought me a warm basin of coffee, and some bread and butter, I was soon sound asleep. In the morning I was called, by my desire, at six o'clock, and putting on my dried clothes, I set forward to join the division, much refreshed by this 'good entertainment for man and horse.'

A half century passed away. Vast and important changes occurred to myself, and in my retrospect, I have thanked God for His merciful dealings with me on the 18th June, 1815, and I have not forgotten the hospitality which so refreshed me on that night. It was in the autumn of 1864 that I took a party of young people for a holiday trip on the Continent. We went to Brussels, and of course I had to show them the field of the Battle of Waterloo. As we were six in party, we hired a separate carriage, and when we found ourselves at the entrance of the village, we alighted, that I might show them the church. As we came out, an old woman urged us to go and see the place where Lord Anglesea's leg was cut off; to which I demurred, and at last to stop her urging, I said, 'My good woman, I saw the Marquis of Anglesea after his leg was cut off; I was at the Battle of Waterloo!' 'So was I, sir.' 'You! at the Battle of Waterloo!' 'Well, sir, not at the battle itself; but I was at Waterloo when the battle was doing.' This led to a great deal of conversation, from which I found that she had been born at Waterloo, and lived there till she was married; she then went with her husband for seven years, at the end of which time he died, and having lost their only child, she had returned to live with her sister in the house where she was born, and which belonged to them. In recalling the circumstances of the day, I mentioned the heavy rain, and how wet and weary I was; and added, that I found some kind hospitality in a nice farmhouse a little way from the church, near where we were standing. She said in a lively manner, 'which way by the church?' I pointed to a lane and said, 'I think it was down that lane.' 'Come here,' she said, 'come here.' We followed her, and after passing by some houses, I saw the farmhouse a little beyond, which was instantly recalled to my mind, and I said at once, 'that's the house.' She clapped her hands with joy, and said, 'it's my house, it's my house; I was there, at the battle; I took

care of you that night.' This was indeed one of those marvellous providential arrangements which have marked so many passages of my life. The poor woman's heart was full of joy. The sudden and extraordinary rush of feeling which came to her at this thought, melted down all her affections ; and I felt that this was the opportunity for pouring into her heart the truth of the salvation of Christ Jesus.

I said to her, ' Who do you think kept you so long, and brought me so far to come and thank you again for your kindness at the end of half a century ? '

' Oh ! sir, the good God, *le bon Dieu*.'

' Yes,' I said ; ' but what do you know about God ? and about His Son, Christ Jesus ? Do you pray to Him ? '

' Oh ! yes, sir, and to the *bonne Vierge*, the good Virgin.'

I said, ' My good woman, the Blessed Virgin never heard a word that you ever said to her.'

This opened the conversation, which enabled me to put the whole truth before her, and her heart was evidently so warmed up, that she seemed to receive it with the most earnest feeling. I specially pointed out the necessity for prayer for the Holy Spirit, and wrote upon a piece of paper that precious prayer, ' O God, for Jesus Christ's sake, give me Thy Holy Spirit,' which I charged her to use continually, and urged her to give up the use of the ' Hail Mary.'

We parted from my old friend Madame Frambourgh, and drove on with a changed pair of horses to the field of battle. On our return after some hours, we stopped at the place where the horses were to be changed again, and there we found awaiting us Madame Frambourgh, carrying six bouquets ; one for each of my party, a specially splendid one being for myself. We did not get out of the open carriage ; but she came to where I was, and taking my hand, she told me she thanked God I had come to talk to her ; that she hoped to think of what I had said ; that she never would pray to the Virgin Mary any more ; and that she would constantly use the little prayer I had given her. She said that she hoped to see me again ; but I told her I was not likely to come to Waterloo any more ; to which she answered, ' No, no, I mean *là haut*, up on high, with the Lord Jesus.' She kept my hand in hers as long as the pace of the horses would

permit, and then I parted from Madame Framboursgh, giving her a hearty blessing.

I told this story to a friend of mine; and about eighteen months afterwards, as he intended to take his family to Brussels, he asked me to give him particulars how he might find the residence of Madame Framboursgh. This I did, and sent an earnest message by my friend. When he returned, I learned, that having made all inquiries, he found that Madame Framboursgh had died within a twelvemonth after my conversation with her. He could not obtain any information as to the state of her mind, and it was not likely that he should; but I have a reasonable hope, that she had laid hold of the truth as it is in Jesus. Here again is one of those wonders, with which God has condescended to enliven my life; bringing me into contact with many whom I had known well in old times, that I might have the comfort of imparting to them the knowledge of the truth.

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### PERIOD X.

The two days' halt which followed the Battle of Waterloo was a period of the greatest anxiety to me. I managed that all the brigades of my division should be supplied with their rations for the 20th; but this was with great difficulty, and especially as two of my officers were absent. My whole dependence for the subsequent supply was upon their arrival, with the stores with which they were charged. Unless these came up in due time, the division would have to march, on the 21st, without any rations. My anxiety therefore may be well imagined, when I continued without any information concerning these important convoys. I sent in every direction to ascertain the whereabouts of both, but especially of Mr. S——, who had charge of almost all my transport, which I knew had been laden from two depots.

The command of the third division had devolved upon General Kielmanssegge, of our German Legion. I had met him occasionally at General Alten's, and he had been very civil to me. On the evening of the 20th the General sent for me. He told me that he had received a pressing letter from

the Duke of Wellington, which he believed to be a circular to all the Generals of division. This letter required that there should be sent in, on that day, a particular account of the state in which the troops had been with respect to their supplies during the battle, and subsequently. General Kielmansegge also told me that the Duke was extremely angry from the reports he had received of the sufferings and privations of the troops during those laborious days.

My distress may be easily imagined when I had to tell the General of my disappointments and difficulties, and of the still greater difficulties which lay before me from the non-appearance of Mr. S—— and Mr. B——, especially as the troops were to march on the following day, and it was now late in the evening, and no rations were ready for delivery. The reader can hardly imagine the state of my mind under such a difficulty, with such a responsibility. The General felt for me, and spoke kindly. He said he must send off a reply to the Commander-in-Chief dated that day; but that he would delay the Orderly who was to take the letter till midnight, to afford me the most time possible.

I left the presence of General Kielmansegge with a despairing feeling that I shall never forget. I did not then know the blessing of prayer, and had no thought of appealing to that Power with whom nothing is impossible; but in the most wretched state of mind I mounted my horse, and determined not to return to the division until I had discovered the whereabouts of Mr. S——. My mind was occupied with the imagining of all possible alternatives as I rode to the rear, with the slow pace produced by uncertainty. The night had closed in, and left a dim clouded moonlight. I had not proceeded more than a couple of miles, when I observed in a field on the left of the road what appeared to be a park of artillery. This surprised me, as I had already passed through our own artillery on leaving the division; and I turned into the field through a gap, to ascertain what this was. My surprise can be imagined, when I found that the man who was left to watch was one of our own storekeepers, and that instead of a park of artillery, it was all my transport waggons, parked in order in a field; and that too within two miles of our division. I asked earnestly, where was Mr. S——? and was told that he was sleeping in the farm-house close by. They had

already taken their position for the night three hours before, after a march of a distance not worth mentioning. I instantly ordered the horses to be harnessed, and the waggons to be put in motion, and giving my horse to be held by one of the store-keepers, I went, I must confess in great anger, to the farmhouse. My knocking aroused the people, who let me into the passage. I asked where was the English officer; and the room where he slept was pointed out to me. The door was locked; but I called his name loudly. After some time I was answered; but only with an inquiry of what was the matter. I kicked at the door, and, drawing my sword, cut at the panel, as I felt in very excited anger. At length the door was opened, and Mr. S—— appeared, in his night attire only. As I had a drawn sword in my hand, I sincerely thank God, that in my anger I did not cut him down. My language however was strong, and he afterwards reported it, in all its strength, to the authorities. I left him, and having got the whole convoy of supplies into motion, I galloped forward with a joyful heart, and went straight to the General's quarters. It was past eleven o'clock; but the General had not retired, and I sent in word by his Aide-de-camp, that I was happy to inform him, that at any time he chose to appoint in the morning, the division would obtain its full supply of rations before marching. I have often thought since, of the mercy of God in so arranging the circumstances, that I was carried through so difficult a position. If I had known how to pray, this would indeed have been an answer to prayer. But, alas! I did not then know how to ask God for the mercy, or to thank Him for the deliverance.

My necessary preparations gave me no rest that night, and early in the morning the Orderly brought letters from head-quarters. One was from the Deputy Commissary-General to me—briefly mentioning the Duke's requirement of reports from the Commissariat Officers of Division. I changed my wearied horse that I had been riding most part of the night, and set out for head-quarters. I had scarcely gone a mile in a quick trot, when at a turn in the road, I suddenly came upon Mr. B——, quietly walking his horse. I was in no state of mind to receive him gently. He was a young man, and perhaps I ought to have had some consideration for his inexperience, but I was

thinking of the report I should have to make to the Commander-in-Chief, and I spoke in anger, which I feel now unbecoming. He could give no account of himself, except that he had been to Antwerp, for which he stammered out some excuse; and it was plain that he had run away in a panic on the earliest outbreak of the battle; and I left him with words of which I am now ashamed, and which were reported against me afterwards.

I found the Deputy Commissary-General in considerable anxiety, as to the reports which he expected to receive from the several officers of division, as unhappily it was but too true, that there had been much suffering amongst the troops, on this trying occasion; indeed, the pluck and courage of the men who fought and won the Battle of Waterloo can never be estimated at its right value, without taking this element of personal privation into the account. I recounted to my superior officer in detail all that I had gone through myself from the conduct of Mr. S—— and Mr. B——, and he told me to sit down and write my report at once. I did so while feeling all the excitement arising from the circumstances; and leaving it with the Deputy Commissary-General, I returned to the division. When the reports of my brother officers, holding the same position as myself, were sent in, every one of them softened the state of things as far as they could, and stated extenuating circumstances; and not one mentioned any particular officer as deficient in the performance of his duty. All the reports were laid before the Commander-in-Chief, who unhappily selected mine, and in the exercise of that promptness of decision which characterized the great Duke, he inserted in the General Orders of the next day, that Deputy-Assistant Commissaries-General S—— and B——, having disgraced themselves by their conduct in the recent actions, were dismissed His Majesty's Service. This was an unheard-of exercise of power. The officers thus treated held His Majesty's commission with the same sign-manual as that of the Commander-in-Chief, and could not be thus dismissed except by the sentence of a Court Martial, approved by the highest authority. The General Order surprised the army, and it excited a strong feeling in the Commissariat department; the persons in question took care to make the most of their case; and for my severity I have reason to fear that I fell into bad

odour with many of my brother officers. Mr. S—— and Mr. B—— of course went to England and made their remonstrance at the Treasury and at the Horse Guards,—a remonstrance which must have been availing under ordinary circumstances; but the Duke was the conqueror of Waterloo, the saviour of Europe, the pride of the people of England, who were intoxicated with the glories of their arms, and it was in vain to attempt an appeal against him in high places, and still more so an appeal to himself. It was not till seven years had passed that the Duke consented to the restoration of the commissions of these two officers, that they might be placed on half-pay. During those seven years both of them sent in the strongest complaints against me personally, especially Mr. S——, who left no stone unturned to make his cause good against me at the Treasury; but my friends in office there, took care that my interest should remain connected with the complaint against the Duke, so that I heard no more about it officially.

Our march to Paris was easy and interesting. The British army took the right hand or Western road, and the Prussians pursued the parallel and somewhat longer road on the left or Eastern course, converging to Paris. It was very difficult to restrain the Prussian officers and soldiery from manifesting their strong revengeful feelings for all the injuries that Napoleon's troops had inflicted upon Prussia. I remember that riding across the country one day, I came upon their course of march, and found a very beautiful château grievously damaged, as I was informed, by a party of Prussians who had occupied it one night. The large and splendid mirrors had all received shots, and were split in various directions; a fine grand piano was torn in pieces, and the remnants thrown about the saloon; the library had been well furnished with books, which were now all heaped in the middle of the floor, many of them with their contents torn from the binding. This was a remarkable contrast to the conduct of our troops on our line of march. Great watchfulness was exercised against plundering; and what was taken from the inhabitants was paid for. It should however be remembered that the Prussians had the recollections of the ravages and insults committed by the French army in Napoleon's campaign, and that every Prussian writhed under the remembrance.

During this march I had the comfort of the society of a highly valued friend, whom I had invited to come over from England, and join in our interesting campaign. My friend Thomas Parker was some ten years older than myself. He had a highly cultivated and intelligent mind, and very attractive manners. As a friend of my father's he had early taken an affectionate interest in me, and I can trace much of my own tone of feeling to my frequent intercourse with him, from my earlier years. Alas! he was very worldly, and his talents only made worldliness the more attractive. He joined me, and we went to Paris together.

When the British army came before Paris, we all expected to march in triumphantly. There was however a halt outside the city, where the troops continued to bivouack for several days. The scattered remnant of Napoleon's army had been gathered together on the banks of the Loire; but a considerable number of its officers were lurking about in Paris, and it was judged proper that these should be as far as possible cleared out of the city before our troops entered it, to avoid the hostile collisions which were too likely to take place. This delay caused considerable impatience among our officers, and after waiting for some time, Parker and I determined to venture in. When the evening was closing I put on plain clothes, and we rode into Paris. Parker had never been there before, and after amusing ourselves with what sights we could see, we slept at an hotel.

On taking our breakfast the next morning, we were told that all Paris was astir, as the British Army was to enter in that day. We mounted our horses, to get as fast as we could to the camp. We were however evidently too late. We had the satisfaction of seeing the Tricolor flag hauled down from the Tuileries, and the White Standard displayed; but when we came to the Porte St. Denis, we perceived on the road the advanced guard of our army. It would not do to return along that road; and therefore turning our horses' heads, we crossed the Seine, and made our way through the Faubourg St. Germain, to make a détour in reaching the camp. Our course led us through a long and narrow street, the Rue Cassette, in which were several houses inhabited by the ancient noblesse. As we cantered along the pavé, a carriage stood in the way, and just as we reached it, we



were obliged to pause, that a party from the house might take their places in it. This apparently trifling circumstance led to a course of events that influenced my future life, and as the result tended to promote the glory of God, I will give the details in a fuller statement. It will be enough here to say, that Parker and myself became very intimate with the family of Madame de St. L——; and that during my stay in Paris, few days passed without my visit to the Rue Cassette.

I joined the division in time to see it settle in its bivouack, in the Bois de Boulogne. It was a strange sight to see our soldiers in that position. The staff and many of the officers had billets in the neighbouring houses, and the head-quarters of our division were at Passy, to which place I rode on to find the billet which was assigned to me. I met the officer of the Quartermaster-General's department, who told me he was very sorry that he could put me in no other quarters than one which was, at the same time, the best and worst quarter in the place. It was a large and handsome château on the borders of the Seine, and it would have been the house for the General, but that there was not a single article of furniture in it, so he told me I must go and bivouack in any one of the large rooms I liked.

When I arrived at the house and made inquiries, I found that by a strange coincidence it belonged to the same Lieut.-General Villatte, whose name was so familiar to me as commanding the siege of the Isla de Leon, and of whose abundant booty I had had a valuable specimen at the Battle of Vittoria. The house was under the charge of the servant who lived in the porter's lodge, to whom I presented my billet, and bid him show me the house. He brought out his keys and led me through the various rooms, which I found in the state which had been reported to me. I pursued my search to the higher story, and at the end of the long gallery there were steps leading to the attics immediately under the roof. The man told me I need not trouble myself to go any higher; but I disregarded his advice, and going up the steps I came to a door, which I desired him to open. He said he had not the key. I told him that I had the key with me, for that my boot was strong enough to break down the panels; upon which he fumbled amongst his

bunch of keys, and finding the right one admitted me into the *atelier*. The little square windows of the roof were closed with wooden shutters; the opening of one however was enough to expose to view all the furniture of the house, that had been safely lodged in this hiding-place.

I ordered the servant to follow me into the rooms that I chose to occupy, and to bring down all the furniture that was necessary to make that suite of apartments comfortable. I then charged him with a message to his master, who was in Paris, giving myself a sounding title likely to suit the French ear. He was to say, that the *Ordonateur en chef de la troisième Division de l'armée Anglaise* was billeted upon his house; that I had been present during his siege of Cadiz, and also at his defeat in the Battle of Vittoria; that I was well acquainted with his manner of taking quarters in his march through Spain; and that, without following his example, I only required that he should have a suite of apartments properly furnished for me, for which I gave him three days; during which he would find me at the Hôtel des Étrangers in the Rue Vivienne.

On the following day a card was left at the hotel bearing the name of the Lieut.-General Villatte. On the day after an officer called on me bringing me a most polite message from General Villatte, assuring me that everything should be done for my comfort, and that the porter had orders to serve and obey me in all things. I accordingly took possession of my capital quarters at Passy.

In these quarters I had an opportunity of seeing an instance of the revengeful feelings of the Prussians. The garden of my house stood over the Seine, near the Pont de Jena. Blücher had determined to destroy this bridge, in order to avenge the defeat which its name perpetuated. Early one morning Parker and I observed a party of engineers excavating a chamber in the bridge, and it was soon perceptible that they had orders to blow it up. A crowd of French people were looking on, and their exclamations and grimaces testified to the rage with which they regarded these proceedings. The engineer officers and their men were evidently working with earnestness and haste, and in a short time they would have completed their work by the use of the ammunition which was conveyed in an artillery waggon in

waiting. There had already been a parley with an English officer, who afterwards had gone away at speed. After awhile, during which the excitement of the French crowd greatly increased, two officers appeared, an English and a Prussian, who delivered a despatch to the engineers at work at the bridge, which put a stop to their operations. It had been generally known that Blucher had determined to blow up the bridge of Jena; but I do not think that the fact of the operations which I witnessed, and of the nearness to the completion of his purpose, has been recorded. We learned afterwards that the Duke of Wellington had expostulated earnestly with Blucher, but in vain; and that he had only prevented the destruction of the bridge by sending an aide-de-camp to meet the King of Prussia as he was approaching Paris, and obtaining from him a positive order to prevent the act.

Our division had been removed from the Bois de Boulogne and billeted, making way for a large number of Cossacks who occupied that ground. I found my quarters at Passy, however convenient in themselves, very inconvenient in their distance from Paris. The army was under strict regulations while occupying Paris, and it was only by special favour that I obtained an order for a second billet in the city itself. On stating my rank, the municipal authorities gave me a billet on a very large house in the Rue Chabanaïs. It belonged to a widow lady, who was an extreme devotee. She lived in good style with her two sons, but she did not relish the intrusion of a heretic and a foreigner, and she assigned me by no means a comfortable room on the third story. She herself refused to see me at first, and her lady's-maid took pains to snub me as often as she could. I had no remedy for this, as I was on sufferance in a second billet, and we were not in the same position that we used to be in marching through Spain. But my position with the good lady was altogether altered by a singular circumstance. When I was quite a boy, my father had shown kindness to several of the emigrant clergy who had escaped from France during the revolution. He had been especially intimate with the Bishop of Meaux (Mons. de Barelle). He had received him into his house, and helped him in various ways. The Bishop had been fond of me as a boy of nine or ten years old. In the short peace

of 1801, this Bishop was one of three who took advantage of Napoleon's offers, and returned to France. He was the most eminent of the three, and Napoleon appointed him to be Archbishop of Tours, and he was the person who performed mass on the celebrated occasion of the inauguration on the Champ de Mars. He had maintained an occasional intercourse, by letter, with my father, and as I heard that he was in Paris, I left my card at his palace. On the day following I happened to be looking out of my high window into the court below, when the porte-cochère was thrown open, and a carriage, with servants, in purple, drove into the court. I immediately guessed that this might be the Archbishop of Tours, and I hastened downstairs. I was in time to meet him at the bottom of the stairs, as he had some trouble in getting out of his carriage, being a large portly man, and aged, but still in a certain degree active. A pleasant cheerful countenance was set off by a black velvet cap, and on his breast he wore a large gold double cross. As soon as I introduced myself, the kind old man threw his arms round my neck, kissed my cheeks again and again, put his hands on my head and blessed me, while the tears came to his eyes with exclamations of 'My dear Alexander, how I used to love you; I rejoice to see you again, not my playmate-boy now, but a full-grown man.' Then he attempted some words in English as he was walking upstairs. I told him my room was very high, and I entreated him to let me receive his visit in his carriage; but no, he would come up, and he sat with me for more than an hour, talked over old times, inquired for each member of the family, and entered into very interesting conversation, in which he related several anecdotes of his intercourse with Napoleon. When his visit was over I walked downstairs with him, and found all the servants of the family ranged, humbling themselves to Monsignore, the Archbishop, as he descended. Before getting into his carriage he embraced me again, and giving me his blessing, he drove away.

I had only passed the entresol in returning to my room, when I was met by my snubbing lady's-maid. Matters were altogether changed. She brought a message from her mistress, who requested to see me in the saloon. She received me with all courtesy; apologised for my inconvenient lodging; assured

me that a better room should be prepared for me; and ended by inviting me to her receptions, which she always had on two evenings each week. From that time I was installed in my new apartment, and everything went on smoothly and pleasantly.

Paris was in a very sad state at this time. There were a number of the officers of the army of the Loire, the remnant of the Waterloo fugitives, who hid themselves in Paris, and took opportunities of insulting our officers occasionally. Some duels took place, and, upon the whole, it was not either safe or pleasant to attend the cafés which these officers frequented. In the evening the Boulevards by Tortoni were always crowded, and the chairs which filled up half the space were in great requisition. People went to this lounge to eat ices, &c., and upon one occasion I was accompanying Madame St. L——, her two daughters, and her young son, a boy of fourteen. A Prussian officer who was acquainted with the family was of the party. Being tired, we took chairs; but they were so occupied that we could not be all quite close together, and I was sitting with Cecilia and young Auguste de St. L——. Two Frenchmen were immediately behind us, sitting nearly back to back, but conversing with each other in voices sufficiently audible, though not loud. I began to be uneasy when I found that they were using strong terms about French women associating with the hated English. Their expressions became personal, and I was just considering how to make a move, when I was surprised by loud exclamations from young Auguste, who had started from his seat, and seizing hold of the throat of one of these men cried out, 'You lie—she's as pure as an angel.' The Frenchman tried to put the boy off, and of course a sensation occurred amongst the people around. Both Cecilia and Madame de St. L—— were in hysterical tears, and Auguste was raving against the man. In this difficulty I said to the Frenchman, 'If you are a gentleman, help me to get these ladies to a carriage, and we will settle this matter between ourselves.' He did as I proposed, and as I got the last into the carriage he put his card into my hand, and asked for mine, and it was settled that I should meet him early the next morning at his lodgings.

The Prussian officer had been very active in procuring the carriage and getting the ladies into it. It was one of the old

coaches, and contained us all. It was very hard work to calm the ladies during the drive to the Rue Cassette. Madame de St. L—— had heard my arrangements with the Frenchman, and was greatly excited. When we got them safe home, the Prussian officer and myself were about to leave them; but Madame de St. L—— determined that we should not go, as she expected, to fight a duel, and actually locked the outer door to prevent our leaving. She kept me there till about five o'clock in the morning, and we all passed the night in the saloon together; but the Prussian officer at an early period left the saloon, and by some means or other effected his escape. I did not get away until five o'clock.

I immediately went to the quarters of a brother officer, and telling him the whole circumstances, I engaged him to come with me to the appointment I had made. To arouse him—to discuss the question—and to make the necessary arrangements occupied some time, and we did not get to the place of appointment till about eight o'clock. Here we found that my antagonist was, as we expected, an officer of the army of the Loire; that he had left his lodgings a little before midnight on the previous night, and was not heard of since; but we found also that, two hours before we arrived, there had been a visit of the police in search of him; and it turned out that my Prussian friend, on leaving the Rue Cassette, had given notice to the police, and had sent the party upon this domiciliary visit. Thus ended my duel adventure, the only one that ever occurred to me at a time when the extreme folly of deciding quarrels by a duel had not been exploded by the light of reason and the effect of more civilized manners. In looking back, however, on this adventure, I feel that I had not been raised above the power of worldly and unchristian custom, and that I was prepared to carry on this event to its end, if circumstances rendered it necessary, according to the notions which then unhappily prevailed.

Week passed after week in the easy exercise of my duties, and in the lively interest which resulted from my frequent intercourse with the family in the Rue Cassette. This current of pleasurable events was, however, suddenly interrupted by a letter from the Treasury, requiring my presence in London;

and by an order from the Commissary-in-Chief, desiring me to transfer the charge of the third division of the army to a brother officer, who was sent to relieve me. The cause of this sudden interruption was, that my poor old Spanish clerk, Don Miguel O'Kearney, whom it will be remembered I had left to make up and settle my accounts, had made some great blunders, which when detected had been forwarded to the Treasury. The officer in the Audit-office had immediately represented the matter, and as I was a separate accountant, the Treasury at once sent all the papers to the Commissioners for auditing the public accounts; and at the same time sent the order for my immediate recall. This was a severe blow to me for many reasons. It was a great distress to me to leave Paris, and a still greater to find myself again entangled in difficulties about accounts, which I could not then at all understand. However, I had only to obey, and on the 30th of August I set out for England. I had a small Flemish gig; and having sold all my horses but one (my favourite Eleno, which had more than once saved my life), I drove myself in this little gig along the road by the banks of the Seine, making three days' journey of it to Hâvre-de-Grace. I loitered here waiting for a packet to sail for Southampton, and was charmed with the situation. The thought struck me it would be very pleasant to bring my family over to France, and place them in some pretty pavilion upon the beautiful hill that looked over the fortress. I therefore left my horse and gig in proper care in Havre, and proceeded to England.

Here my first duty and desire was to understand and meet whatever difficulties had arisen about my accounts. It occupied me some time to find out all the numerous blunders of poor old Don Miguel. After a considerable time, I was sent for to have a personal interview with the three Commissioners at their office in Somerset House. This seemed a very serious affair, but in the strength of openness, and of a conscious sense of honesty, I went into their presence. I stated all my difficulties, in the course of which, it was evident that a lively interest had been excited in them. I explained all the consequences of the robbery of my papers on our entering France. I gave them a full account of my booty at the Battle of Vittoria. This led

them on to inquiries, which brought from me graphic accounts, both of the Battle of Vittoria, and also of the detail of the difficulties attending the duty of a Commissariat officer on a march. The interview lasted two hours and a half, and closed so differently from the way in which it had began, that we shook hands with smiles at parting. Not very long after this, I received the official parchment document, without which no public accountant can consider his private property safe, as Government claims might always come upon it. This document declares the accounts with the public accountant 'even and quit,' and bears the signature of the three Commissioners, with the seal of their office. Thus ended all my anxieties on account of my public duties.

At this time I persuaded my family to adopt the plan that I proposed for their residence in France. I went over to Havre, and took a very nice cottage in a little village called Sanvic, and on the 12th of October, 1815, I carried my invalid mother with my sisters, and placed them comfortably in it. My father afterwards joined them. Though there were very few English residents there at that time, it was not long before acquaintances were formed with the best people, and I took an early opportunity of taking one of my sisters to Paris, which led to a warm and intimate intercourse with the family of Madame de St. L——.

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## INCIDENTAL CHAPTER VII.

It will be remembered that my friend Parker and myself, having gone into Paris contrary to regulations, were obliged to make a *détour* in returning to the camp, in order to avoid meeting the troops who were unexpectedly marching into the city. We passed through a long and narrow street in the Faubourg St. Germain, called the Rue Cassette. A carriage which stood at a door left but little room for horsemen to pass; and at the very moment that we came up to the carriage, the party for whom the carriage was waiting came forth. A gentleman handed a lady into the carriage, who was followed by



two younger ones, evidently mother and daughters. Of course I reined-in my horse and lifted my hat as the ladies passed. The one who entered the carriage last was the younger, and appeared about sixteen or seventeen years old. It was impossible to see her without being struck with her remarkable beauty. There was a brightness about her lip as she half bowed in acknowledgment of my courtesy. This lovely creature took her seat in the carriage with her back to the horses, and therefore with her face towards me. The ladies were dressed in white, and each had a white rosette fastened on the bosom. I could not resist a continued gaze upon the young lady; and as the carriage drove off I kept my horse caracoling by its side as I ventured to ask whether they were going to welcome our British army on its entering into Paris. A lively response led to a few more words, and at last I said, that the white flag was floating on the Tuileries, but that I had no white favour to show my loyalty to the French King, unless she would give me hers. The young lady was about immediately to detach her white favour from her dress, when the maternal arm was stretched forth to arrest her purpose; and as I felt that I had been dazzled into a delay, I said some words of badinage expressing my disappointment, and cantered on to overtake Parker, who had gone on before.

The Rue Cassette terminates in the Carrefour, and in those cross streets there was a complete block of waggons, which obliged us to stop, and on looking back I saw that the carriage stopped likewise. The gentleman got out and made a sign to me, on which I returned to meet him. He brought me a polite message, and told me that the lady in the carriage was the Marquise de St. L——, and though she did not allow her young daughter to send the white favour, yet that she could not offer a discourtesy to one of their English liberators, and she begged me to accept it from herself. Of course I received it with gratitude; and inquiring whether the Marquise resided where we had seen her come forth, I promised to make an early call to offer my thanks.

As soon as my duties allowed me after our arrival in Paris, Parker and I paid a visit to the Marquise. She received us alone in the saloon, and after a little conversation we asked for

the young ladies, upon which she addressed us with frankness. She was herself a handsome woman, and could not have been above forty, for she lived to the year 1866, and was then said to be between eighty and ninety. She told us that she was a widow with two daughters and a young son, in a very different position from that she had occupied; that belonging to the old Royalist noblesse she had experienced difficulties which taught her the necessity of caution; and before receiving our visits, she wished to know a little more about us. We were able to give a good account of ourselves, and I believe in so frank and proper a manner, as to satisfy her caution, and presently the young ladies joined us in the saloon. Laura, the eldest daughter, was a very nice-looking girl, but there was nothing remarkable about her; while Cecilia, the younger daughter, was the most remarkable woman I ever saw. Besides the regularity of her beauty there was a grace and manner about her which was truly charming, and the play of her lips bespoke a temper and sweetness which drew attention at once.

It will be enough to say that my heart became given to Cecilia, in a manner that I had never before felt. The freeness of French manners permitted a large amount of intercourse, and I had full opportunity of estimating the character of this dear girl. There was a simplicity which was almost childish, and a kind of confiding feeling which laid open the recesses of her heart, so as to develop her character. I was permitted to be often alone with her, and I do not doubt that Madame de St. L—— imagined, that as an Englishman in my position, I must also be a rich man, and that she was not unwilling that matters should proceed in the course in which they evidently flowed. I took an opportunity of telling her distinctly all my family circumstances, in such a way, as to make her clearly understand that I was not in a position to marry, without, however, stating this in words. But matters had gone too far for interruption, without a decided check on the mother's part; and as this was not given, my intimacy went on, and my affection deepened. I remember now our walks together. She was full of intelligence, and had made the most of her opportunities for instruction, so that her mind was well furnished. There were evident tokens of affection with the most marked adherence to respect,

and propriety in manners. I used to tell her of my campaigns, the incidents of which made her eyes sparkle; and she used to tell me all her romantic anticipations of her future life. Everybody around us seemed to recognise our mutual affection; but nobody seemed to take such further notice as might require open declaration.

This will account for my distress at being suddenly called upon to leave Paris. However, occupation with reference to my accounts, and also in the removal of my family to France, made the time pass quickly; and when I had taken some of my family to Paris, and had opened intercourse between them and Madame de St. L——, I got accustomed to absence, and that too with more ease, because we did not write to each other. This state of things was entirely altered, by a terrible blow which my heart received towards the end of the year 1816. At that time the King of Prussia visited Paris, where of course every kind of fête attended him. A concert was given in honour of the King, at which the members of noble families were present, and amongst the rest Madame de St. L—— and her two daughters. The room was crowded—the heat was great—and in the middle of the concert poor Cecilia fainted away. This made great confusion about her, and the King of Prussia sent his aide-de-camp to ascertain the cause. A tall Prussian officer made his way to the scene of distress, and taking Cecilia up in his arms, he carried her through the intervening benches of ladies to the apartment reserved for the King, behind his box. I do not wonder that a powerful effect was produced upon the aide-de-camp, and also upon the King himself. Madame de St. L—— and her daughters were taken home in the King's carriage. The aide-de-camp called next day to make inquiries, and the King himself a day or two after. This led to more intercourse with the Royal party, and more feeling on the part of the aide-de-camp. I knew nothing of these events, until one day in London I received the usual printed announcement, with which it is customary in France to give information of family events, and read to my amazement, the announcement of the marriage of Mdle. Cecilia de Sainte L—— with the Baron de L——, General-Major in the service of H. M. the King of Prussia.

I need not describe my feelings. The marriage had been

made up within a month of the concert where Cecilia had fainted. The mother had been unable to resist the splendid prospects before her, and the daughter had been unable to resist the directions of her mother, under the habits of French society.

I scarcely need say that this inflicted a severe wound on my heart; but it wounded my pride also, and I endeavoured to apply the latter wound to heal the former. I had, in fact, no cause to justify any complaint externally. Our relative position was not one of settled engagement, or even of declared intentions; and yet it was one which drew forth the compassion of my friends. I would not appear to be wounded, though I writhed under the public statements that were made of the beautiful Baroness de L——, whose receptions at Berlin, when the ambassadors of Europe were gathered for the great settlement of the Peace, caused a stir in the world of Fashion. Time passed, and my wound was healed—so healed, that I really forgot the correct name of Cecilia's husband. When the retrospect of days gone by passed occasionally before me under the light of Divine truth, which gave a new character to each object, I often thanked God that I had been saved from becoming the husband of a Roman Catholic; and many times, when the recollection of Cecilia rose to my mind, it was accompanied by earnest heartfelt prayer, that it might please God to bring her to the knowledge of the truth.

Years rolled on. Twenty—thirty—forty—and the old wound was thoroughly healed. In the year 1857, my health had greatly failed, through much exertion in the ministry of the Missions to the Roman Catholics in Ireland. A cessation of work for three months was appointed me. A dear medical friend agreed to accompany me, at least part of the way, in a wandering over Europe; and I had a fixed sum of money at my disposal for the journey. My friend left me at Rome in improved health. I wandered upwards through the north of Italy; and after visiting Venice, I found myself at Milan, on my journey homeward. I had great desire to visit some of the German cities consecrated by the Reformation; and upon a minute examination, I found that my means and my remaining time would allow me this gratification. I heard, too, that the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance was about to be held in Berlin; and by the help of a railway guide, I made out a route,

with military exactness, by which I could visit Augsburg and Dresden, and pass one day at Leipzig, to look over the field of the battle, and then proceed to Berlin ; remain three days with the Conference, and arrive at home in England, within the limit of my time and my money. All, however, depended upon the precision with which I carried out my route. I mention these particulars, that attention may be drawn to the singular coincidence of providential working towards the end which I so little contemplated.

I carried out my plan with exactness until I came to Leipzig. I found that in the train I passed over the battle-field, which is an absolutely level surface, affording no object for observation or interest. On arriving in the city it rained in torrents. I passed two hours in looking at the booksellers' shops, and then, instead of remaining as I intended, I got to Berlin that night, by which I saved a day.

In the morning I saw the public buildings and walks of the town, and then went at 12 o'clock to the garrison Kirche, where the Conference was to assemble. It was pleasant to find myself amongst nearly a thousand Christian men, from various parts of the world ; but the addresses were in German, which I did not sufficiently understand, and so I presently left them ; and as I was walking in the Unter den Linden, the thought struck me for the first time, 'I wonder if Cecilia is alive.' As soon as it occurred, it took possession of my mind. I could not remember the exact name of her husband ; but I had it near enough in my mind to induce me to go into a bookseller's shop, and search in a Berlin Directory, where I found seven names of the kind I imagined, which seemed to be of high standing. I took them down, and went to three of the addresses, without finding anything which guided me. On leaving the third I felt how foolish had been my search, and gave it up. I was standing at the corner of the Leipzig Strass, when two English clergymen passed, and recognised me. After a few words they said, 'Are you not coming with us to the King?' 'To the King!' said I, 'what can you mean?' They explained that the King had invited all the persons attending the Conference, that he might receive them at the new palace, at Potsdam. A special train was appointed to take the members, which was to

start at two o'clock that day. My friends added, 'You have only to show your Conference ticket.' I had none. They told me that they were given by the Secretary to the committee. My friends told me I should be too late, and hastened to secure their own seats.

I took the first drouski I found, and drove to the Secretary's house. He lived in the first flat over a shop. I went upstairs, and as I was about to put my hand upon the bell to ring it, the door opened, and a gentleman inside was receiving his hat and cane from a servant. Taking him to be the Secretary, who my friends had told me could speak English, I stated my business, and asked for a Conference ticket. He said it was too late, that he was going at that moment to the train for Potsdam, and asked me who I was. Upon mentioning my name, he asked 'was I the Mr. Dallas of the Irish Missions?' and upon my saying 'Yes,' he hastily took me to his study and gave me a Conference ticket, though, he said, it was at the risk of being too late for the train. I took him in my drouski to the station, and as we came upon the platform the whistle for departure was actually sounding. The officer, however, kindly opened the door of a carriage, into which we both jumped while the train was just in motion, and we found that, as there were seven other occupants, one of us had to sit upon the arm of the seat.

We arrived at Potsdam, a party, as I was informed, of about 1200 persons—Christians who had assembled from all parts of the world. Refreshments were prepared in the large rooms of the Palace, and the visitors walked up and down the broad walk and terrace. A message from the King arranged that, as the number was so great, he would meet us on the terrace. He directed that the whole should be divided into groups of nationalities, and arranged in the broad walk alphabetically as to the names of the nations. One individual was to be appointed in each group who would introduce a few of the principal persons to the King.

The Committee of the Conference stood first; then a group of Americans. Separated by a little distance stood the English group; beyond them the French, and so on. When all this was arranged, the King appeared with a considerable suite. When he came to our party, Sir Cullen Eardley, who was our

master of the ceremonies, introduced by name about a dozen, of whom I had the honour to be one. After some pleasant conversation, the King went forward. I saw that it would be a long time before the whole ceremony was over; and not wishing to wait so long, I stepped out of our group and joined the King's suite as they passed by.

After a few words with the Prussian officer who was next to me, I asked him if he knew a General L——. The Prussian perceived my mistake in a well-known name, and asked me whether I meant General L—— who had formerly been the military tutor of the King. Upon my acquiescing, he said he was still alive, but a very old man; and he added that he had married a French lady, who was in great favour at the Court. It may be imagined with what feeling I asked if she was still alive. 'Oh, yes!' was the answer. 'Where do they reside?' 'At Vicsberg.' 'Where's that?' 'It is a group of houses on a pleasant hill, just outside the park,' pointing at the same time in the direction.

I did not prolong my conversation with my Prussian friend, but bidding him good-bye I started on my way to Vicsberg. I passed through the gardens of the palace, and by the celebrated fountains (said to be the finest in Europe), and which were playing in honour of the Conference visit. The surprise, the wonder, that after two and forty years, I should find Cecilia alive, and within reach! Outside the park there were drouskis standing for hire, into one of which I got, and desired the driver to take me to the house of the General Von L——. It seemed to be well known, for without an answer he brought me in a short distance to an iron gate, which opened upon a lawn in front of a large house.

I asked the servant who opened the door, if the mistress was at home; and finding that she was, I bid him say that a gentleman wished to see her, without adding any guiding word as to who he might be. The man showed me into the drawing-room, where he occupied a little time in lighting the lamps, as the evening was closing in. I remember the strange emotion with which I remained, standing and pressing the back of a chair with a nervous grasp. The door at the end of the room opened, and a lady came in, somewhat bent, and

with the appearance of an invalid. When she began to address me courteously, asking whom she had the honour of receiving, I said these words, 'Do you remember the day of the entry of the British army into Paris?' She looked up at me, clapped her hands, and said, 'Most certainly I do, and you—you are Alexander Dallas!'

There was a rapid pouring forth of early remembrances, incidents, and details, which rose up to the mind of each, and found their way in bursts of utterance that would not be repressed. Then came my inquiries, and these reminiscences and inquiries occupied some time, in that sort of excitement which left no room for other thoughts. She told me she had seven children; five sons and two daughters, stating their different positions with a sort of domestic confidence. The eldest daughter had married, and was a widow; the younger was unmarried; and when she closed her account of the family with the words, 'She is in the house, and you shall see her,' she rose, and crossed the room to ring the bell. This was the very first pause in our rapid current of conversation, and it gave me an opportunity for reflection, by which many thoughts were condensed into that little moment. I had passed through the park and along my way, praying and planning how I could bring the knowledge of Christ's salvation to her. I had thought of approaching the difficult subject by gentle degrees; and now I felt that in this crowd of feelings and remembrances, there would be no room for such a gradual approach, and by the time that Cecilia had taken her seat again, I had determined to go straight to the point at once. Our conversation at that moment has rested minutely on my memory. 'Cecilia,' I said, 'I used to love you very dearly, in those old days.' 'Ah!' she said, 'to be sure you were caught.' 'And you, Cecilia?' 'Oh, I was a foolish child,' and as she was proceeding, I interposed; 'but, Cecilia, I love you a great deal more now,' and when she looked up at me, I said, 'My affection then was of the natural heart, now I love you for your soul's sake, and especially because you are in danger.' 'What do you mean?' said she. I said, 'You are a Roman Catholic;' to which she replied, '*pas trop*, not too much so, if the priest knew *how* little, ah!—'

Those two little words, '*pas trop*,' gave me an earnest impulse



to lay before her the whole truth as it is in Christ Jesus. I told her of the great change that had taken place in myself; of the power of the Holy Spirit, who had effected it; how He had made me a minister of the Gospel; and how, for more than thirty years, I had been occupied in that glorious work. She listened with the liveliest attention, and the words which she threw in, in the current of my earnestness, served to encourage me in pressing upon her the truth of the Scripture, which gives no warranty to the doctrines of Rome.

While we were thus engaged, the door gently opened, and Cecilia said, 'Come in, Loulou, and see an old and a dear friend. Who do you think it is?' A nice lady-like girl came forward, saying, 'How can I tell, mamma!' Her mother answered, 'Think, my child, a very dear friend.' 'I don't know, mamma,' said Loulou, 'can it be Mr. Dallas?' 'Ah! you have it,' said the mother, and Loulou came forward and kissed my proffered hand, with a kind word of gladness to see me.

This guess of Loulou's cast a sunbeam into the family history of the past which lighted up the story of Cecilia's affection. There followed references to past incidents, made by Loulou, which occupied some little time; but I had been so deep in the current of my spiritual teaching, that I could not be diverted from it, and I speedily recurred to the subject with Cecilia. But I found a complete change in the manner of the mother. The young daughter was present, and the door of her heart which had been thrown wide open, was now closed; and the difference of manner on the subject was so perceptible, that I felt that I must seek another opportunity. Time had passed—it was growing late—and there was left only a little space before the train to Berlin. I was pressed to remain, or to come again the next day. Unfortunately, I had engaged to share a carriage with some English gentlemen whom I found at the hotel, to take us to the great review on the following day, and I was therefore obliged to postpone a second visit until the day after. I would not accept the invitation to dinner, but promised to be with them at five o'clock. Before leaving, Loulou spoke to me a few words in very good English, in learning which, she told me, her friend the English Ambassador's lady, who lived close by, had been giving her important assistance.

I armed myself with a New Testament in French, another in English, and I happened to have a copy of 'Stanford's Handbook of the Roman Controversy,' which I put in my pocket. I was true to my appointment; and when my drouski stopped at the outer iron gates, a servant came out, and told me to go round the lawn to the other side of the house, and wait in the drawing-room. I had not to wait long. Cecilia came in, telling me that the dinner was not over; but that she had done, and therefore came to meet me. I lost no time in resuming my important teaching, to which she responded in a more grave and quiet manner than had been possible on a former occasion. I took out my French Testament, and writing her name in it, I entreated her to promise me that she would read it with attention; and I urged upon her the constant use of prayer for the Holy Spirit, that she might be led to understand it aright. She made me the promise without difficulty, and took the book. I began to talk to her about Loulou, and asked, 'was she a Roman Catholic?' Her reply was, 'Of course she is; all my children are.' I said, 'I hoped to be able to teach her better,' and poor Cecilia replied, 'We must not have any conversions by the sword.' Before I had time to answer, Loulou came in from the dining-room, and I said, 'My dear child, I have been making a present to your mother, and I have got one for you;' and writing her name in the English New Testament, I put it into her hand, saying, 'This is the book of God, and in His name I call upon you to read it attentively;' then taking out the Handbook of the Roman Controversy, I said to her, 'I cannot say the same of this book; but I say it is according to the Word of God, and I entreat you for my sake to read it attentively.' She took them, and said in English, 'I trust I shall know how to make use of both.'

The dinner had broken up; and two young men came into the room, and it became a question how long I was to stop. I said I had a carriage at the gate, to wait for me as long as I liked. 'Oh! send it away. My carriage shall take you when and where you please,' was the reply. I accordingly went to dismiss the drouski; and when I was talking to the man in bad German about his fare, Loulou came to me and said, 'My mother has sent me to manage these matters for you, as you don't understand German.'

No sooner had the man been dismissed, than Loulou addressed me in these words, which I shall never forget:—"Mr. Dallas, God has sent you here, and that, too, at the precise moment that you are most required. I have long been a Protestant in my heart, and I cannot bear this hypocrisy. The difficulties in which I am, are very great; it would kill my mother that I should leave the Church of Rome. My sister feels very strongly on her religion. I cannot bear to go to mass, and the day before yesterday, my dear friend, Lady B——, who alone knows my secret, advised me to speak to my mother, and we knelt together in prayer that God would open a way for me. I made up my mind to tell my mother all, dreadful as the trial would be; but I could not bear it, and at dinner I was really ill, and retired to my room. Presently a servant came to say that my mother wanted me to see a friend. I said I would not go; but somehow, I know not how, in spite of myself, yes, Mr. Dallas, *malgré moi! malgré moi!* I arose and went to the saloon. I opened the door gently, that I might see who the friend was, and I heard my mother say these words, "*Je respecte beaucoup ceux qui suivront leurs propres convictions religieuses,*" "I very much respect those who follow their own religious convictions." Conceive what that was for me to hear from my mother's mouth. I was pleased when I found *you* to be the friend, for my mother has always talked to us of you with much affection; but I thought of you as an officer in the army. Presently, when I heard you talk to my mother as you did, and found you to be a minister of the Gospel;—Oh! Mr. Dallas, what I felt at that moment!

We prolonged our walk on the lawn, and Loulou gave me a rapid sketch of her circumstances, and of the state of her mind. I did all I could to build her up in the truth, and to strengthen her in her resolves. Feeling that it might seem strange that we were so long away, we joined the company in the drawing-room; but as there were several persons present, the conversation could only be general. I managed, however, to get some further conversation with Loulou, and also with Cecilia, and when the time for the evening train was come, they went with me in the carriage to the station. Here I parted from them, with a vague hope, but somewhat less vague promise, of coming

to see them again; and returned to Berlin in earnest prayer, and no less earnest thankfulness for the mercy which God had shown to me in this affecting manner.

It was necessary that I should leave Berlin the next day; but I had made Loulou promise to write to me fully, especially as to the result of the course I advised her to take, and to the state of her mother's mind. Her letters were charming in tone and spirit, and most satisfactory as to the events which occurred. Her mother's manner entirely softened towards the dear child. She not only received the communication without distress, but gave her consent that Loulou should follow the course she chose to adopt, requiring only that she should inform the priest of her intentions. This Loulou did by letter; and, strange to say, the priest returned no answer. She then applied to the minister of the Evangelical Church at Potsdam, who, after conversing with her fully, at once consented to admit her to the Lord's Supper. Before this, however, she went to Berlin, where her eldest brother occupied a high position in the law. When she told him her purpose, he said that for ten years he had been earnestly desiring to leave the Church of Rome; but that he could not make up his mind so greatly to afflict their mother, as he felt would be the result of his taking that step. He knew also that another brother was in the same state of mind. Both of them took the proper steps, by application to their ministers; and about three weeks after my visit to Potsdam, Loulou had the happiness of making an open public profession of her Protestant faith, by receiving the Lord's Supper, accompanied by her two brothers.

But the greatest wonder to my mind in this chain of mercies, was that the dear mother of these three converts manifested an entire change in her manner on the subject. She offered no opposition, made no remarks of distress, manifested a softness and gentleness of manner which surprised her children. She daily read the New Testament I had given her, and was thus gradually ripening for that change which was impending over her. Her health had been declining for some time, and she died about two months after my visit to Potsdam. She made no open renunciation of Roman doctrine. I have been made aware of such circumstances standing in the way of this, as would require

a stronger impulse than that of her infant faith, to bring her to such a martyrdom ; and though the priest was brought to her in her dying moments, and she submitted almost unconsciously to his rites, yet I am deeply convinced in my own mind, that her dependence was upon the Lord Jesus Christ alone, and I rejoice in the many evidences of spiritual life, and of the change during the short period before her death. Loulou has given me the Testament, taken from the table by her bedside, with her own marker in it, showing where she had been reading ; and I look upon it now, as the instrument that God was pleased to take to clear away the mist from her mind, and to bring her into the light of Christ's truth.

The dear child, from whom I occasionally hear, is settled in her Protestant profession, and growing in her Christian life. She is married to a Protestant officer in the army, and is the mother of three little girls, bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

It is impossible to take a retrospect of this remarkable history, without being struck at the singular minuteness of the links in the chain of God's providences. The hairs that were numbered for carrying out the purposes of God, as seen in the end, were so intertwined, that His finger was seen in the arranging of them, with an exactness more than usually striking. My plan at Milan would have carried me to Berlin a day too late for the Conference visit to the King ; but a day was dropped out at Leipzig, which brought it to the right time. The thoughts thrown upon my mind in the Unter den Linden ; the meeting\*at the turning of a street, which depended on a moment of time ; the Secretary of the Conference, where the providence was equally momentary ; and still more so, in not missing the train to Potsdam ;—on each of these, and other of the slenderest hairs, hung that result, which has been for the glory of God in the enlightenment and comfort of these precious souls in this life, and I humbly trust for all eternity in the life to come.

## PERIOD XI.

*From the end of 1815 to the Spring of 1819.*

*London and Harve—My Marriage.*

In entering upon the retrospect of that period of my life in which a new phase began to dawn upon me, I have a solemn feeling of the wonderful way in which the Lord led me. The materials of natural character which God had been training in a particular direction by His providential dealings, had now to be tested and moulded, that they might be brought into form and fitness for the higher objects for which they were to be prepared. I have been looking over the short memoranda which can scarcely be called a diary, and which I kept, with frequent intervals of neglect, during the years of 1816, 1817, 1818. They have the magic power of raising up before my mind scenes, objects, thoughts, and plans, which occupied that period of my life. Though many of these are traced upon the tablets of memory with indistinct outlines, yet enough stand forward in sufficiently bold relief to enable me to examine the principles of my actions, and as I gaze upon the past darkness from a point in the present brightness of light, I am overwhelmed with a sense of God's mercy, in that He bore with me, restrained me, and His interposing Providence, by a mental rather than a spiritual influence, kept me from the utter destruction of which I was continually in danger.

I believe that at no time in my life have I ever been in more spiritual danger than in the years which followed my military career. I was immersed in the world, and under circumstances which insidiously ignited the soft incense of vanity to the point of intoxication. It is not possible for the readers of the present generation to take a just view of the state of society in England immediately after the close of the war. The extensive intercourse with France and all European nations has greatly altered the state of feeling. Travelling in Europe had been rendered almost impossible for a long time before, and therefore foreign manners, foreign languages, foreign music and amusements, had a charm of novelty, the effect of which cannot now be appreciated. My French and Spanish, my guitar, my new songs, the knowledge of foreign dances, which I introduced in many

places instead of the old English country dances,—all these qualified me to be one of the few (for there were comparatively few then) who were received as *arbiter elegantiarum* in many houses of refinement in the pleasures of this world. All this drew forth unchecked applause and praise, by which vanity kept its powerful empire over me. It seems as though God was pleased to take off the ordinary restraining power by which the arch-enemy is kept in bounds, and that, although the Almighty said, as in the case of Job, ‘hitherto and no further,’ yet there was an influence permitted such as had not been before.

Having placed my family in the pleasant cottage at Sanvic, in the environs of Havre, in October, 1815, I returned to London for the purpose of arranging my accounts. From this point my time was divided between London, Southampton (where I had several friends), Havre, and occasionally Paris. London and Havre, however, were my principal head-quarters; and here I find records in my journal of a continual round of pleasure—balls, music, the theatres, and the mornings mainly devoted to calls. I soon obtained the entrée into a large number of families, who were in the habit of giving dances and receptions, some in high fashion, some in a more quiet and better tone of society; but in none of these can I remember the admixture of anything that drew my mind into a religious seriousness, though some of my friends possessed a sobriety and refinement to which I can trace the maintenance of a more healthy self-control than my natural impetuosity, and the pursuit of pleasure, might have produced. Amongst this class I place the society I was accustomed to meet at the house of Mrs. Ottley, the sister of my old friend Brereton, the lady whose acquaintance I made in the Isle of Wight, in the adventure of the cherry-tree, which I recorded in the account of my launch into life. She and her sister had a nice residence in Portman Street. They were both very fond of music, and had frequent select musical parties. While this was the general course of my life while staying in London, my life at Havre was too much of the same character. I was well acquainted with the Consul and his lady; and as English people very soon began to settle in and near Havre, the extension of my circle was rapid. Some of the French merchants were added to the list of acquaint-

ances, and soon the popularity I enjoyed in London extended to Havre; balls, masquerades, the theatres, were frequent amusements; parties of pleasure up the Seine, to the Château d'Orcher and other such resorts, occupied much time, and I became one of the leaders in this course of pleasure. Thus my cup of vanity became full to the brim.

Yet while I look back, with regret and shame, at the general character which marked the wasting of time during these years, I am greatly surprised to find that I managed, somehow or other, to occupy myself both in reading and writing. I took the pains to adapt the whole of the French opera called 'Joconde' for the English stage, supplying versified translations for all the songs. My mind was greatly occupied with the composing of a poem of some length called 'Ramirez,' founded upon an interesting and romantic incident which occurred in the Guerilla warfare in Spain against the French. It was published, and a considerable number of copies were sold. But the principal fruit of the spare hours which the world allowed me (many of which were taken from the night), was a kind of novel called 'Felix Alvarez, or Manners in Spain,' containing descriptive accounts of some of the prominent events of the late Peninsular War, and authentic anecdotes illustrative of the Spanish character, interspersed with poetry, original and from the Spanish. In order to write this book I took the opportunity, when I was with my family in Havre, of escaping from the attractions of society in that town, and I went over to Honfleur, where, in a little retired lodging, I used to pass three or four days, which were principally occupied in completing this novel. Amongst my friends it was my happiness to number Dr. Gouch, the eminent physician of those days; he had known me as a boy when he visited in my father's house; and now we found many congenial points together, which produced an intimacy—one of those to which I have already referred, as giving a higher tone of character to my general worldly career. With him I met several literary and scientific persons, and through him I became acquainted with Robert Southey; I submitted the manuscript of 'Felix Alvarez' to this eminent poet, and he was kind enough to take the pains to read it; his judgment was favourable, and under this sanction I disposed



of the copyright to Mr. Baldwin, the bookseller of Paternoster Row. He afterwards committed some French works to my hands for translation; how I found time to comply with this arrangement I cannot conceive, but I remember translating part of a work by Madame de Staël. In publishing 'Felix Alvarez' I requested General Graham (then Lord Lynedoch) to allow me to dedicate the work to him; he very kindly consented.

Encouraged by my friend the bookseller, I occupied myself in writing another work, a story mainly founded on one of the Spanish chronicles, which detailed the history of Cornelia Bororquia. This was called 'Vargas, a tale of Spain.' It was a long time before this was finished, but I had engaged to write it for Mr. Baldwin, by whom it was published. This attracted more attention than its predecessor, and was reviewed in some of the periodicals with favour; the manner in which the features of Spanish character were portrayed, led to the idea that its author was Spanish, and it was attributed to Blanco White.

This was not all, for my theatrical tastes led to my arranging a drama in three acts, founded upon a clever French piece. I placed this in Elliston's hands, by whom it was highly approved and accepted; but as it was late in the theatrical year when he received it, its reception was postponed until the next season. In this delay I trace the finger of that Providence which was so often interposed to save me from irremediable steps, which would have marred that ministry in which it was the good purpose of God afterwards to employ me. The early rays of the dawn of light had just begun to create emotion in my heart, when a note from Elliston recalled my drama to my mind; he told me it was accepted, and should be put in course of preparation for performance at once. A day was fixed on which the several performers were to meet in the Green Room, at Drury Lane Theatre, that I might read the drama to them, and hear any suggestion that might be given. I went to the appointment, and there met some half-dozen actors—Elliston, Russell, Braham, Mundy, &c. I went through the reading of the drama, which was called 'In First, or a Race for a Wife.' I felt nervous, but was encouraged into self-possession by occasional applause from these judges. The reception was ratified; but there were two or three points in which important curtailment and correction

were advised. I took the manuscript away with me for that purpose, but the event tended to lead me to thought, and I laid it by for some time; the more I considered it, the more I felt a shrinking from committing myself publicly as the writer of a play. Time passed, and I had two, or I think three, notes from Elliston asking for the corrected manuscript; the last I remember was in an offended tone. I took no notice of them, and once when I saw him in the street I crossed the way to avoid him.

In retracing my history at this period, I can remember some surprising interpositions, which caught me as it were at the edge of a precipice, over which I should naturally have fallen. It will not be necessary to enter upon the detail of these; a prominent instance may serve as a specimen of many others, much more critical and providential.

Lord Byron, the poet, was connected with my father, who had been instrumental in inducing him to publish 'Childe Harold.' Lord Byron had risen to the height of fame; and to be associated with him, would have been at that time a matter of much pride to a young man in my circumstances. When he was about to set forth upon his farewell journey from England, he sent for me, and proposed that I should accompany him as a companion, and that he would bear all the expense. It is difficult to imagine the feeling of pleasure which would naturally be produced from such an offer from such a person, and I fully entered into this feeling; but I was at that time very much preoccupied with attentions in a family, where the talents and amiable manners of the daughter were the great attraction; and under the influence of this feeling, I did not meet Lord Byron's proposal with the readiness and in the tone that he expected, and as I asked for time for consideration, the matter was courteously closed. If the influence to which I allude had not existed, I should have manifested an eager desire for the journey, which would have been congenial to many of my natural impulses. How sad would have been the effect upon me of the companionship of such a man, under all his circumstances, and in his tone of mind!

I have already said that I believe this period of my life to have been the most dangerous for my eternal interests, for which I had at this time no serious concern whatever. The

pursuit of pleasure and the intoxication of vanity kept me in this dangerous vortex; and although my natural disposition requiring occupation led me to those writings which I have mentioned, yet each of these had the character of vanity and worldliness impressed upon it. It was while I was in this state of mind that I was dining one day with my friend Parker, the same of whom I have spoken as being with me in Paris in 1815. He had a cousin who was a solicitor, and had succeeded to the practice of an old man who had acquired a large fortune in this profession, and had died two years before. This old man in his advanced age had married a girl of eighteen, and had left a daughter, to whom his fortune would come when she became of age; and in the meanwhile she was to be made a ward in Chancery. A considerable dowry was bequeathed to the widow. My friend Parker told me all this as we sat after dinner, and he added that she was a lovely woman and very clever, and had many suitors. 'This lady,' he said, 'has just arrived at my cousin's house from Cheltenham—I am invited to meet her there at dinner the day after to-morrow, and I will get you an invitation, Dallas.'

I received the invitation, and on the 17th of March, 1818, I first met this lady at the house of my friend's cousin, and I found the report of her personal attractions to be quite true. Of course I took pains to make myself agreeable; my guitar was sent for, and we had such music as at that time had the attraction of novelty. I played and sang, and produced the effect of drawing the lady's attention. I called the next day, and was there continually. I became thoroughly fascinated, and on the six-and-twentieth day after I first saw her, I made my proposal of marriage, and was accepted. This was on the 12th of April. I begged for an early day for the wedding, and it was fixed for the 4th of May.

A friend who possessed a beautiful villa at Morden, in Surrey, received the intended bride as her guest; the marriage was arranged to take place from her house. A goodly number of friends were assembled at Morden on the appointed day, on which the marriage took place. This was an era in my life, leading to an entire change on many points and in many ways.

My object in drawing up these notes of 'My Life' is to

show the wonders of God's power, in preparing and employing an instrument for His own great work, in whom many natural unfitnesses concurred, so that the power of God in every good result should be more plainly manifested, by the contrast with the weakness of the instrument employed. This object confines my narrative to what relates to myself, and it does not require any reference to the faults, infirmities, or conduct of others. My marriage was the period at which the great schooling of my own character, to prepare it for its future purposes, may be said to have commenced; and I desire to mention only my own share of whatever has to be regretted in the course of it.

After a wedding trip to Brighton, we returned to the house of the kind friend where we were married, at Morden. On our arrival there were a number of letters awaiting us, at the opening of which began the awakening from that intoxication in which we had lived, and prepared us for those pecuniary embarrassments which we afterwards too fully realised as involving much distress and anxiety.

Another trial awaited me. I had written to my father, announcing my proposal and acceptance. The tone of my letter suggested the feeling that I was about to add another link to the family of love, the affection of which I have shown to be the ruling idea of my father. There had been some delay in the answer, but it had come in time for the wedding-day, and was expressive of all the feeling I could desire upon the reception of a new daughter, and conveying suitable expressions in messages from my mother. I confess, however, to a sense of trembling when I opened the letter I found at Morden, on our return from Brighton, and to a very great sense of relief when I found it conclude in the same terms as before, with a pressing invitation to bring my wife to them at Havre without delay. I wrote promising to do so as soon as circumstances would permit.

We went to London, and had lodgings in Holles Street, where we received the visits of a number of friends, and lived in a round of the festal pleasures that were offered to us by many; but business occupied me as well as pleasure at that time.

After awhile we arranged to take a journey to Paris, and to pass a fortnight with my family at Havre on the way. There was something in the new arrangement which so evidently

broke off from the family unity, and realized the fact that I had been planted out, as it were, and separated from the old stock, that with a sensitive conviction of my father's feelings, prepared me for trouble. We went, and were received with all kindness by the family at Havre. My father, mother, and sisters did all their best to show kindness in the reception of my wife, and arrangements were made for every kind of pleasurable entertainment during the visit ; but it did not need many days to show me the painful state of things that was preparing. There was no real congeniality, and before the visit ended my father's feelings could not be hid, and he burst forth in strong expressions to the son who, he said, had deserted the family compact, and broken the family chain. Alas ! I found privately that in my father's heart my marriage produced a deep feeling of annoyance.

On arriving in England I took a small house at Southampton, where we remained some time. Thence we removed to London, where the anticipated confinement of my wife led me to take lodgings in Berners Street, in order to be near my valued friend Dr. Gouch, who was to give her the benefit of his attendance. This was about four months before the expected event, and it was a period of some of the deepest experience of my life. When we left Havre on our return, the constraining influence which produced the kindness of propriety was removed, and my poor father became the victim of his own idol, the principle of family affection. Alas ! it became too evident that that principle had been founded in selfishness, and that it would not stand the test of such a trial as my marriage produced. The bond of family love, which he had imagined to be so powerful as to constitute a new nature, seemed to him to be utterly destroyed. He had never contemplated the possibility of my marrying, and looked upon me as the husband of the family, so that my marriage, and that without his special approval, appeared in his eyes to be a criminal desertion of a chivalrous standing in society.

My father's letters came like the cold blast of an east wind upon the warm tropically-heated heart that he had nurtured to a tone of tenderness most unusual. It would need to have experienced some degree of the same tropical warmth of heart to be able to appreciate the keenness of the suffering from such

a chilling storm as I was receiving at no unfrequent intervals. Besides this, there were other sources of distress and discomfort, so that my first joy was quickly clouded.

I will not attempt to describe the state into which the combination of deep anxieties threw me. It is hardly enough to say that it was agony; and the peculiar nature of each scene of trouble, rendering it impossible to communicate with any person on each special subject, condensed, as it were, the suffering within my own heart, so that it seemed as though it would burst. As an evidence of the state of feeling thus produced in me, I will state with a deep sense of repentance, what I feel to be a matter for the greatest shame. It must be remembered that I had then no spiritual light—no gleam yet given me from heaven—no life-spring that would lead me to unravel the mystery of God's dealings with me; and in that state, upon two several occasions, I walked for more than an hour by the side of the canal in the Regent's Park, with the determined purpose of self-destruction in its waters. This will sufficiently manifest the state of my mind under these intense trials of heart.

In the midst of all this, it is a matter of extreme surprise to me, that the impulse to occupation enabled me to write and to read much that seem hardly consistent with the condition of my feelings. It was at this period that I finished 'Vargas'—the novel to which I have alluded. I also wrote a great deal on Spanish subjects. I have by me at this moment a manuscript which would fill a good-sized volume, giving an account of a remarkable passage in the history of Spain—'The Chronicle of Charles, Prince of Viana.' I have another similar manuscript—'The Chronicle of Antonio Perez, Secretary to Philip II.' I cannot by any means recollect how I managed to do this, while I cannot forget the agonized condition in which I lived at that time.

My friends in London had been often saying to me, that at the age of twenty-six I could not possibly think of passing my life as a half-pay officer and in idleness, and that I ought to enter upon some profession. I was intimate with Mr. William Tooke, the eminent Solicitor of Bedford Row, with whom I had become acquainted through some early friends of my father. Mr. Tooke strongly urged me to study the law, and be called

to the Bar ; I took his advice and entered at the Middle Temple, and was also admitted a member of the Forensic Society. I began to read Blackstone, and other law books. I have in my possession a manuscript book, containing a large number of diagrams, by which I summarized the contents of the books I read, according to a system which I had thought out and called Syntomology, to express the science of obtaining a short road to knowledge. I suppose that these occupations were resorted to as a relief from the intensity of those feelings which I have described, and as such I am thankful that they enabled me to pass through the fire in which my heart was burning.

When I look back upon this period, the twelvemonth after I married, I perceive the hand of God in clearing away much of the vanity and self-conceit which prevented the admission of spiritual thoughts to my mind. It was a time of great humbling ; not, indeed, such humbling as I have subsequently felt under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, but such humbling as reduced the power of self within me, and made a preparation for the serious thoughts which it was God's good purpose presently to infuse. It had also an effect which was necessary for the formation of a character which was to be suited for the work that was preparing for me. My heart had been softened into a tone of affection which would have been unfit for the struggles and difficulties that arise in dealing with human character, and this softness needed to be cauterized, that it might have sufficient strength to apply the true remedy to the weakness and infirmity of human nature, in ministering the Gospel ; therefore my tenderest affections were exposed to the severest fire—my warmest feelings to the most distressing disappointments ; and now in looking back I would not spare one of those disappointments, nor lower by one degree the temperature of that fire, which I perceive to have been the necessary means of fitting the creature that I was for the honour of that work that, in undeserved mercy, the Lord has given me to do.

It was on the 17th of March that my wife was taken ill with the expectation of being a mother. Her sufferings had greatly distressed me, and I was pacing up and down in the drawing-room, after some hours of agitation, when her maid entered the room and said, ' Sir, you have got a little boy.'

On hearing these words there seemed to come to my mind, not as by a voice, but with a strong impression equal to the hearing of a voice uttering the words, 'A soul that can never end,' and I burst into tears. My previous agitation might account for the tears; but the thought connected with these words was one entirely new, and could not be traced to my special state of mind. The thought remained with me, it possessed me for more than a week. 'A soul that can never end is given into my charge,' was constantly recurring to me. It led me to prayer, not merely the formal repetition of 'my prayers,' but a feeling such as I did not remember to have experienced,—a crying to God for power to fulfil the duties of the charge for the soul He had given me, and for my own soul. Very much confusion of mind followed this. I cannot trace any distinct ideas of essential truth in the midst of that confusion; but it was as the mist that rises on the dew of heaven, and which began to fertilize the soil upon which it rested. It was the helpless cry of the new-born infant, telling of life in its very undefinedness. It was a long time before it could articulate distinctly the knowledge of its life, but yet it was life, which did not cease to breathe even when in its infancy it slumbered.

As soon as my wife was able to move, I took a small house in Hans Place, near Sloane Street, where we settled down, and I set to work diligently to read my law books, in spite of all the combined anxieties which beset me.

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## PERIOD XII.

It will be remembered that in telling of my launching into life, when I started with my first commission on board the brig 'Mary,' to go to Cadiz, I related the adventure of the cherry-tree in the Isle of Wight, and the benefit which I derived from the acquaintance then formed with the kind and sensible lady, who gave me letters of introduction to her brother; and I explained the advantage I derived from my acquaintance with Lieutenant Brereton. But though that was the first fruit of the cherry-tree, it was only in the period of my life to which I have now arrived that I was to gather the full harvest of that



cherry-tree adventure. In it the providence of God, even at the very outset of my worldly career, made provision for the position to which it was His good pleasure to bring me in His service. I have already mentioned the value which I placed upon the society of that same kind lady, Mrs. Ottley, and the superiority of the tone that pervaded her circle. It was through her that I became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Clare, the Rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and through him with the Rev. Edward Berens, so well known in the Church, and afterwards Archdeacon of Berks. These were the only clergymen with whom I was on terms of intimacy. At Mr. Clare's house in London I was a frequent guest. His charming wife and four dear little girls made my visits there very pleasant. It will presently be seen how much I owe to these kind friends; and although it might have pleased God to choose any other means of bringing about the same results, yet He did choose these means, which were linked with my acquaintance with Mrs. Ottley, which again, nine years before, had been the fruit of the cherry-tree in the Isle of Wight.

After another year my wife gave me another boy, for whom Mr. and Mrs. Clare became sponsors. They were very kind to my wife, and our acquaintance ripened into a true friendship. As time developed the early feeling in my heart, I began to escape from the confusion into which my first spiritual thoughts had been thrown. I read my Bible; though there was the Nicodemus feeling in the time I selected for the purpose. My study of the law was still continued. As however the spark of life grew stronger in me, it made me dissatisfied with the course I was pursuing. I sought advice from my friend Mr. Clare, to whom I opened the state of my mind. He was very judicious in the way in which he treated me, and I have since felt very grateful that I fell into the hands of a sensible man. After several conversations, he told me that I had better give up the notion of going to the Bar, and enter the ministry of the Church. The thought had never occurred to me till then, but it produced a very lively impression upon me. I was at that time entirely ignorant of the mode of proceeding to obtain Holy Orders, the previous course of my life not having brought me in contact with clergymen. My kind adviser not only instructed me as to

the steps to be taken, but while he advised me to go to Oxford, he added, that his sister was married to the President of St. John's College there, and that he would take care that the way should be made smooth for me in every respect.

It was not long after this that Mr. Clare went to visit his sister at Oxford, and while there, he spoke of me with the warmth of true and kind affection. On the morning on which he was leaving St. John's, while the carriage was at the door, in taking leave of his host and hostess, he said, that his young friend would be soon coming to Oxford, and strongly commended me to the care and kindness of the President and his wife. As he left the hall to get into the carriage, he was seized with a stroke of apoplexy and was never afterwards conscious, or able to speak. His last commendation was thus consecrated by his melancholy death, and, as his sister Mrs. Marlow said to me, he seemed to have left me as a legacy to their care.

The blow turned out to be a fatal one for his poor widow; but though it broke her heart, she lived for many months to arrange for her children. I felt it a privilege to minister to her comfort, and I gave her up the house in Hans Place when I removed with my family to Oxford.

I received the greatest kindness from Dr. and Mrs. Marlow of St. John's; but there were College difficulties which hindered my becoming a member there, and arrangements were made with Dr. Landon, the Provost of Worcester College, by which I was admitted a gentleman-commoner of Worcester, with a dispensation for residing out of College. I took a pleasant house in St. Giles's, where I settled with my wife and family of two sons, to which a daughter was added in the course of another year.

My position at Oxford was entirely new to me, and I presently found that I must work very hard to be able to overcome the difficulties which I found in my way, arising from the defects of my early education. Some alterations which I made in the house brought me in communication with a kind man who was a builder, who lived immediately opposite to me. As he rose very early for his business, I got him to come to the window of my bed-room every morning at half-past four, and to tap there with a long stick, until I came and responded. I was by this means enabled to have some hours of study before our day

commenced. Our day being usually broken up by visits and other things, effectually preventing any continued attention to my books, I found it to be a great labour to make any progress in overtaking that amount of rudimental knowledge, which I ought to have gained before I went to the office in the Treasury.

But my spiritual progress perceptibly advanced. The Rev. John Natt, of St. John's, was then the Vicar of St. Giles's. He was a man who knew and felt the truth of God's Word, and though I lacked the preparatory scriptural information which would have made me better understand his sermons, it was a real benefit to me to attend the ministry of the Gospel faithfully set forth. I soon made acquaintance with this good man, and much enjoyed his conversation, although he was reserved, and not much practised in dealing with the conscience. The great means by which my spiritual life was advanced came from another quarter. I became acquainted with Dr. Wall, an eminent physician of Oxford in his day, and with his son the Rev. Martin Sandys Wall, a Student of Christ Church. They showed great kindness to myself and my wife, and Mrs. Wall was sponsor to my newly-born daughter. Mr. Wall most kindly undertook to help me in reading the Greek Testament; he gave me many hours in the week for this purpose. The reading of the Word of God in the original language had the most powerful effect upon my mind. It made the Scriptures a new book to me altogether. I had hitherto known but little of the letter, and none of the spirit, of that precious Word; and whilst learning to construe the Greek, the sense came to me with a power of which I had previously no idea. My friendly tutor was greatly pleased and interested by my manifestation of surprise and feeling, and his kindness in this service laid the foundation of a friendship, which has bound me to him ever since. I have felt the benefit of that teaching in all my subsequent ministry.

There was another cause for my spiritual progress at this time. My backwardness in knowledge, combining with a strong desire to overcome the difficulties this produced, made me feel the necessity for help beyond the power of my own strength. As both these were much in action while mastering the construction of the New Testament, it pleased God to permit my mind to

discern the promised help of the Holy Spirit, and earnestly to seek that help. Hence there arose an habitual reference to the Spirit of God, to which I feel I have been indebted for all the honour that has subsequently been put upon me in the success of the ministry. Out of this habitual feeling afterwards arose the construction of that little prayer, in which there is a condensation into the fewest possible words of all that is needed in practical Christianity—‘O God, for Christ’s sake give me the Holy Spirit.’ This prayer combines an appeal to the right source, by the right means, for the one thing needful in every emergency, and especially in the work of the ministry. It is too short to admit of that distraction of mind which so commonly mars our supplications. In the course of a long ministry, I have found the use of this prayer to have been made the means of blessing to numberless persons, and to myself especially.

An incident which greatly affected me, gave a strong impulse to the work of the Spirit within me. My friend Parker, through whom I had been introduced to my wife, had been some time seriously ill in a decline. I had heard that a great change had come upon him, and that he was become a religious man; but I knew no particulars. Parker had had much influence over me in my youth. Some twelve or fourteen years older than myself, his agreeable manners and refined taste drew me very closely to him, and veiled all the evil of the worldliness and self-indulgence of his character. He had received religious impressions, which developed rapidly. He had married, and gone to a small town in Devonshire. In the early stage of a consumption, a twelvemonth after his marriage he died. As he was approaching his death, he wrote a letter to me. It was an affecting appeal to me, and in the state of mind in which I then was, tended to soften, and even melt my heart, that the power of the Gospel and its blessed words might the more readily sink into that heart and enlighten the mind.

My reply to this letter must have been a sad exposure of my ignorance of the great Salvation of Christ; for while on his death-bed, Parker directed his brother, who was with him, to write a tender and gentle explanation of those truths, which my letter must have shown that I had greatly mistaken. Nothing astonishes me more than the strange confusion

of doctrine as stated in this letter to have been expressed in mine, compared with the spiritual feeling which I remember I was experiencing when I wrote the letter. The fact that I was acting under a sincere sense of a newly-found religious principle, while I was so unacquainted with the freeness and the fulness of the Gospel, and was clouded with such erroneous views, affords a powerful lesson of charity towards those who may be in the dark on doctrine, while they may in reality be under the gentle guidance of the Spirit of Truth, who is leading them into that marvellous light, in which they may be able to look back and discern their former visible darkness. In this point of view, my dear friend Parker's second letter, written by his brother almost from his dictation, seems to me to be a perfect model of that charity which this letter teaches, so as to win the soul to truth. I trace to this correspondence such an effect upon myself. I had listened to the preaching of Mr. Natt with pleasure, and had read good books; but I had not yet discerned the real Gospel. Perhaps this arose from the secret nature of the spiritual work within me, which had not yet been strong enough to make me turn from the world's ways externally; and this was perhaps the reason why my inner sight was so clouded, that I did not perceive the force of what I heard and read; but my dear friend Parker's appeal touched my heart, and tended to open my eyes. His progress in Divine knowledge, more rapid than my own, surprised and humbled me. That Parker himself should have become so different from what he was, and under the impulse of his old affection for me should pour forth such proof of his advance in Divine things, as led him to correct my ignorance so lovingly, had a powerful effect upon me; it brought me more earnestly to my knees, and more humbly to search my Bible. When I received the letter from the clergyman announcing his death, written as his last request, it confirmed my love for him, and has embalmed his memory to me ever since, as one of the instruments employed by God to advance my progress in Divine things.

I have carefully preserved the letters to which I allude, and will subjoin them here, as marking a striking period in my spiritual life. The first is from my friend Thomas Parker himself; the second is from the Rev. Henry Parker, his brother,

written at his request; and the third is from the Rev. John Marriott, the clergyman of Broadlist, in Devonshire.

I. *Letter from THOMAS PARKER.*

*Clifton Hill.*

‘ Dear Dallas,

‘ It pleased Almighty God that I should rupture a blood-vessel in my lungs, a few days previously to my brother Joseph's leaving you at Oxford. I escaped the peril of death at the time, but I believe that I have now fallen into what is called consumption, and that the awful time is fast approaching when I must appear at the bar of God. May He in His mercy forgive all my sins in virtue of the atonement of His Son; but oh! my friend, how difficult it is for those who have long lived in habits of vice and infidelity, to attain sufficient faith to lay hold of and appropriate that atonement. I now feel, deeply feel, that there is nothing but the merits of Christ to depend upon for our justification; but having once been an infidel, infidel objections are constantly rising in my mind, and I cannot attain to a state of peace. The object of my writing this letter is that my example may be a warning to you. You have been brought up in the walks of religion; but the ardour of your natural spirits, and the contaminating intercourse of the world, have frequently occasioned you to digress from them. Be on your strict guard against these temptations for the future. As a Christian minister, most fearful will be your responsibility; your doctrine and conduct may affect the fate of many thousands. You will agree with me therefore, that the vineyard of God is not to be lightly entered, and that every one should be quite sure that he has a real call of the Spirit thereto. Should this be your happy case, you have many qualities which may render you an instrument of the most extended usefulness; and if he is blessed who turneth one sinner from his way, you may “shine as the stars for ever and ever.” “The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them;” but this Holy Spirit is promised by our Heavenly Father to them that ask Him, and hence the necessity of Prayer, which, accompanied by a diligent use of the Scriptures, appears to be the groundwork of all who make any progress in the Divine life. In the letter of a clergyman now before me, he says, “I hope the Lord has contracted my desires and aims, almost to the one point of study, the knowledge of His truth. All other acquisitions are transient and comparatively vain. My desire is sincerely towards Christ. I choose no other portion. I allowedly serve no other Master.” Dear Dallas! I am in doubt whether to send you this letter during my life, or to direct it to be sent to you after my death. This will prove to you the solemnity with which I write. May you, with equal solemnity, receive my departing words! May grace be given to you of God, both to will and to do all things according to His good pleasure. If twenty years could be added to my life, how differently should I hope to use them from

the manner in which I have dissipated the last twenty that are past ; but lost time and lost opportunities cannot be recalled, whilst they must be answered for before a God of justice. Oh ! who shall abide the day of His coming, or be able to stand before Him ? No one in his own righteousness, most assuredly, for the least depraved of our race is full of sin, and "the soul that sinneth it shall die." May we be enabled then by faith to put on Christ, who is made unto us righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption ! Farewell ! may God bless you for ever, and whilst you work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, may you be an instrument of salvation to your wife and family.

'Your sincere Friend,

'T. PARKER.'

'Dawlish,

'Devonshire.

'Dear Dallas,

'I am still alive ; but much nearer the tomb than when I wrote this letter at Clifton. I judge it best to send it to you now, as if anything that it contains may be of use to you, why defer it ? Besides, I wish to hear from you your sentiments on religious subjects. Through the infinite grace of Almighty God, my mind has attained the most blissful state of peace since I wrote, by the belief that Christ hath taken upon Him all my sins. May God touch your heart !

'Your true Friend,

'T. P.'

## II . Letter from the Rev. HENRY PARKER.

'Dawlish, Exeter, Devon,

Dec. 5th, 1820.

'As the long and unshaken friend of my dear brother, permit me to consider you as my friend, whilst, in compliance with his request, I enter on a reply to your truly affectionate letter to him. I can assure you that the sensibility and fervour which mark your attachment to him have afforded him no little pleasure, but he has received a much greater pleasure in observing the state of your mind on the all important subject of religion. In his own experience he has been taught the certain and happy results of a humble and diligent search after Divine truth ; and perceiving his friend to be already in possession of this spirit of inquiry, he confidently anticipates the same effect : for not only has God made us a promise, that if we seek we shall find, but He has given us the assurance, that every one that seeketh *findeth* ; that He is good to the soul that seeketh Him ; that every one who asketh in humility and faith receiveth the promise of the Holy Spirit, who infallibly guides all who submit to His teaching into all truth essential to salvation. Yet, both he and I are convinced from the heart that, in commencing and prosecuting this inquiry, we need every help, so

blind are we by nature to the things of God, and so slow of heart to admit and believe all the humbling doctrines involved in the mediation of a crucified Saviour. There are points therefore in your letter to which he wishes me to revert, and which I trust you will allow me to do without deeming me intrusive, dictatorial, or presumptuous. I may have gotten the start of you a little, in having been six years in that ministry to which you are devoting yourself; but I am willing to sit down with you to a calm and dispassionate investigation of the sacred Scriptures, and indeed to receive from all who may afford it me, instruction and elucidation on "the Truth as it is in Jesus." For some months past I have been prevented exercising my ministry, having been laid aside through indisposition; but this dispensation, besides giving me the opportunity of being with a most valued and tenderly beloved brother in so solemn a season as the present, calls me to examine the foundation on which I have built; to preach to myself the truths I have preached to others; and to seek for yet higher attainments in the knowledge and faith of the Son of God. The consideration therefore of some sentiments in your letter will, I trust, be of service to us both. Much rather, indeed, would I that they should have been replied to by my dear brother. To him I may truly apply the words of St. John, "that he has an unction from the Holy One and knoweth all things," and the anointing which he has received of Him, abideth in him to his own comfort and the edification of others; but whilst I have to regret that extreme debility which prevents him from writing or even speaking much under that holy influence, this is my consolation, that "as the same anointing teacheth him of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught him, he shall abide in Him,"—and in due time "be presented faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." But oh, my dear sir, how would this confidence be shaken, this hope blasted, were there any truth in the sentiment, that there is a certain point in repentance to which alone our Saviour will extend the benefits of His merciful atonement," or that it is by "sincere penitence that we are to purchase for ourselves the mercy of our God and the benefits of our Saviour's atonement." On such grounds who could attain the humble assurance of salvation? For who is to define the precise point, or prescribe the exact quantum of penitence, to which that blessing is annexed? Till this is done, all is and must be uncertainty and suspense; and it would be difficult to say in what respects Christianity excels every other system of religion. On turning to the sacred page, we find that it proposes to give to all the true followers of Christ a certainty and stability of hope. (Hebrews vi. 11, 17, 18, 19. Romans v. 1—5; viii. 29—39. Ephesians i. 13, 14. Philippians i. 6. Colossians i. 27. 2 Timothy i. 12; iv. 8. 1 Corinthians i. 6—9.) But in vain should we look for this, if it were dependent on a certain degree of penitence in ourselves; and least of all would the true penitent attain it on that plan, for he is always most tenderly sensible of his deficiencies; like the good Bishop Beveridge, he thinks "his repentance



needs to be repented of, and his very tears washed out again in the blood of Christ." The scriptural meaning of repentance is a change of mind; and it is either, in its very first actings, a "*repentance unto life*," unto salvation not to be repented of; or it is no repentance, the mere remorse of a guilty conscience, "the sorrow of the world, which worketh death." True repentance is in all cases *the gift of the Saviour*, by His Holy Spirit (Acts v. 31); and so far from there being a point in it, at which we are at length to attain the benefits of His atonement, it is itself the very point at which men enter into a new state and upon a new life. It is inseparably connected with remission of sins; but not as the purchase of that blessing, but as the preparation for its reception and enjoyment. Repentance again is inseparable from faith, the first genuine act of which gives us an interest in the Saviour, and insures to us pardon, peace, and glory. It is but the disposition which leads us to receive Christ Jesus the Lord in all His offices for all the purposes of salvation. It is that change of mind by which the natural enmity of our hearts against God gives way to a humble submission to His authority and law, and a ready compliance with His appointed mode of saving sinners. It brings us to the footstool of a sin-forgiving God, not as purchasers of His bounty, or probationers for His favour, but as humble supplicants acknowledging our desert of punishment, yet confidently expecting every blessing through the merits and intercession of Christ; and willingly receiving, without money and without price, His mercy unto eternal life. If such be a correct view of repentance, it will unavoidably influence our judgments in the view we take of two other points to which I wish to refer in your letter, viz., the pardon of sin, and a preparation for death. The first of these you seem to think is reserved for another world, and the latter to consist in a long course of unshaken perseverance and unwearied application for spiritual assistance against vicious habits; whereas the Scriptures assures us that he who truly believes is pardoned, and of course actually prepared for death—this preparation not being dependent on "the time we devote to it," but on our being at peace with God, and possessing His sanctifying Spirit. Every grace and holy disposition which can make us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light must be produced by the Spirit's influence; and they are actually produced when He "renews the soul in righteousness and true holiness," and makes it a partaker of that new and Divine nature which it is the purpose of God to give to His people. That men postpone repentance till they come to a bed of sickness or death is a lamentable fact, strongly corroborative of their natural alienation from God; but I think it will be found at variance with the whole tenor of Scripture to suppose that the mercy of God waits till we have gone through a certain course of penitence and prayer. No! the Saviour himself has promised not to cast out any who come to Him—they are accepted on their first approach. The believing aspirations of a burdened heart are regarded with delight; and though for wise purposes a sense

of Divine favour may be for a while delayed, yet this is not because they have not attained that point of penitence to which the Saviour will extend His forgiveness, but in order to make them more sensible of the evil of sin, and of their entire dependence on the sovereign grace of God. I could have interspersed these remarks with various references to Scripture, but this I have done in the printed sheet which will enclose my letter. That paper was drawn up at the request of my dear brother for the benefit of one of his friends, and other copies of the MS. being wanted, we thought it advisable to have a few struck off for private distribution. Allow me to beg your acceptance of a copy; I need not ask for your attentive consideration of it, because to this you will be impelled by higher motives than those which arise out of the channel through which it is presented to you. Your great object now, is a search after that truth which you are soon to preach, and on the preaching of which faithfully may depend your own salvation, and that of those who hear you; and perhaps under these momentous circumstances, you will not despise the assurance that my feeble prayers shall be united to your own on your behalf. The Scriptures are doubtless the great treasury of truth, and to them we must constantly have recourse; and my dear brother bids me say, that he feels confident you will by a constant perusal of the Epistles, accompanied by prayer, soon attain a clear insight into the great mystery of godliness. He only requests you patiently and perseveringly to pursue your object in a steady rejection of every artifice or argument which would turn you aside, which have not on their side the fullest warrant of the Word of God. Next to the Scriptures are the writings of good and holy and orthodox men; and here I will venture to recommend to your perusal the following books. The Homilies of our Church, deserve the most diligent study, Scott's Essays, Milner's Sermons, Cecil's Remains, and Newton's Cardiphonia, are all works of easy purchase, and that cannot be read without great benefit—they may be read too without interfering with your other preparatory studies. May the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us and bless us; and in committing to us the ministry of reconciliation, make us faithful stewards of it to His glory, and the salvation of ourselves and fellow-creatures. My dear brother desires me to present to you his most affectionate regards; he lives in the enjoyment of much peace through a humble reliance on the finished work of the Saviour—in Him he looks upon himself as complete (1 Cor. i. 30; Col. ii. 2); and making Him his all and in all, he can rejoice in hope of the glory of God. He wishes me to add to my list of books Leighton's Works, which are admirable for their piety and unction.—And now, my dear Sir, allow me to subscribe myself with truth,

‘Yours faithfully,

‘HENRY PARKER’

III. *Letter from the Rev. JOHN MARRIOTT.*

'Broad Clist,

'Exeter, Jan. 20th.

'Sir,

'I take the liberty of addressing you at the request of our late common friend, Mr. Parker, who begged me, on his death-bed, to inform you when I had paid the last sad office to him that friendship could claim. I have followed him to his grave; and while I mourn the loss of such a friend, I cannot but rejoice in the thought how entirely that grave was robbed of its victory. I wish it were in my power to convey to you any adequate idea of the state of his mind during the too short period of our renewed acquaintance. We were schoolfellows, but had scarcely met since, till within these four months. He laid open his heart to me very fully, and kept back none of his past errors; indeed I was particularly struck with his humility, because, from what I remember of him at school, this was by no means natural to him. It was a real privilege to be with him, for never did I see a more striking example of the sustaining and consoling power of Christian principle: with everything to endear life to him, he yielded it up with most entire resignation; nor did I ever see death more calmly contemplated, and met with truer courage; it was not the hardihood of stoicism, but the rational well-grounded peace of a penitent believer that supported him in that trying hour. I quite regret that all the friends who had known him in other days could not see him in what were certainly the brightest moments of his life, in spite of the cloud of sorrow which, to a mere worldly eye, might seem to hang over them. He seems, sir, to have had a very warm affection for you, and with that longing desire to promote in others that solid peace and happiness which he had himself attained, which marked so strongly the closing period of his life, he begged me earnestly to convey to you his dying remembrance and affection; and to assure you that he was more and more deeply convinced that religion is indeed "the pearl of great price," and cheaply bought at the price of every other possession. I feel convinced that you will not wonder at my regarding it as a sacred duty to fulfil his request; and that you will pardon the freedom with which I have addressed you on the strength of it.

'I have the honour to be,

'Sir, with every good wish,

'Your obedient Servant,

'JOHN MARRIOTT.'

It was contrary to the intention of my beloved husband here to close the recollections of his past life, but it has thus been ordered by the gracious Providence he loved to trace. Returning health urged him into active present duty, and the accumulation of work quite precluded the quiet time and leisure necessary for collecting the materials for a past history. His mind was thenceforth filled with subjects connected with the future; and the nearness of the coming kingdom of his Lord engrossed every energy of his mind as he approached the end of his course. Much as this may be regretted by his friends, the portion of autobiography thus left is sufficient to demonstrate the power of the Holy Spirit in the first dawn of light.

In a no less degree do the incidents which follow, manifest that same Spirit to us in His office as the 'Teacher' (John xiv. 26), leading the mind, by an increasing conviction of guilt and insufficiency, to a fuller appreciation of the glorious atonement and salvation of the Lord Jesus, as the 'Righteousness' as well as the 'Strength' of His believing people. We do not see in them the annihilation of the natural qualities of the man, but their gradual transformation into those of higher and nobler stamp.

There was much to be transformed; and the Lord and Giver of life having chosen him for great work in His Church, saw that a furnace of no common heat was needed for the process. He laid this conviction on the heart of his servant. 'When God intends to make an instrument for his own use, He often digs deep into the mire to drag out the metal,' was his expression, when contrasting the abundant spiritual fruit of his ministry with the worldliness of his early career; and standing amazed, he would often exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!'

As the idol of his family, and possessing peculiar attractions of person and manners, with a refinement of address which was cultivated in the highest tone of society, the natural vanity and self-sufficiency of youth received at home no check. Though trained in the highest moral sentiments, they were those of the world, which have their basis in the principle of refined self-love. In the army, youthful energy found its full scope. He entered it in a time of intense excitement, calling for qualities of quixotic nature—contrivance, hardihood, and unflinching courage. A campaign of seven years under the discipline of Wellington cultivated and refined the noblest natural qualities of the young

soldier. It made him the accomplished member of society, and gave him experience and prowess, which would have secured for him a good position in his profession.

In the Commissariat Department he acquired that proficiency in arrangement and organization which he maintained through life, and which gave him so much power in his ministerial work. Thus, in the result of his early training, there was not only dross to be removed, but gold to be refined. This was to be God's work.

The failings of the natural character became channels of deep suffering, and through that suffering were brought more and more under the power of Divine grace for their subjugation; while, at the same time, the many noble traits which that career had so strikingly developed were consecrated and used by the Great Master for important service.

The tender sensibilities so early implanted, so tenderly nursed by home influence; the family lesson, 'What you do, do gracefully,' were henceforth expanded by a new principle, and combined to form habits and manners which instinctively acted out the apostolical injunction, 'Be courteous.'

If the training of a soldier led Mr. Dallas to strict requirements of obedience, and sometimes to administer reproof with severity, that reproof was always guided by principle, and accompanied by prayer. The influence of a peculiarly gentle loving spirit was generally felt, and acknowledged as the controlling power.

In the public work of later years, the commanding mind was almost lost sight of in the medium of love through which it acted. And though when Mr. Dallas had entered upon any great undertaking, private claims, and sometimes even domestic ties, were called upon to make great sacrifices for the furtherance of the object he had in view, yet there was always consideration for the feelings of others, and no personal inconvenience was spared to compensate those claims and lessen the sacrifice.

The ambition which led the soldier to grasp large enterprise and disdain the path of mediocrity was consecrated to attempt great things in a more exalted sphere of action. He had ever before his mind's eye a high degree of reward as a soldier of the Cross, and the frequent prayer of his heart was, 'Make me a great instrument for Thy glory.' A very sanguine temperament

gave continual impetus to action ; the project once imagined and planned, was in his mind accomplished, and with an eye constantly fixed on the goal, the difficulties of the intervening course were overlooked. Energy never appeared to flag, and the beautiful personification of this quality by Martin Tupper seemed realised in Mr. Dallas's character :—

‘ I feel, I feel within me,  
That courage self-possessed,  
The force that yet shall win me,  
The brightest and the best ;  
The stalworth English bearing,  
That steadily steps on—  
Unswerving and unsparing,  
Until the world is won !

‘ Hot energy to spur me,  
Keen enterprise to guide,  
And conscience to reprove me,  
And duty by my side,  
And hope before me singing  
Assurance of success,  
And rapid action springing  
At once to nothing less.

‘ No hindering dull material  
Shall conquer or control  
My energies ethereal,  
My gladiator soul ;  
Let lower spirits linger  
For hint and beck and nod,  
I always see the finger  
Of an onward-urging God !’

That such characteristics as these should be ever prominent without in some measure the concomitant failings of self-will, impetuosity, and occasional deficiency in calm reflecting judgment, would be contrary to the analogy of human nature ; yet these were through many trials modified and subdued ; and the image of the Great Refiner was rendered more and more apparent as the earthly discipline drew nearer to an end.

The great object of the succeeding incidents is to depict, not the man, but the minister of God ; and the work that is described must be reviewed as the operation of His Spirit carrying on, through the human instrument, His own purposes of grace and glory.

## CHAPTER II.

## FIRST YEARS OF MINISTRY: RADLEY AND HIGHCLERE.

1821-1824.

SETTLED at Oxford with this great object before him, the young student set himself in good earnest to the work of preparing for the profession which, he was convinced, called for a man's whole heart. He knew little of the great work of Christ in the salvation of a sinner, and had a long process to go through to learn the evil of his own heart.

It is one of the most interesting studies of a minister to scrutinize and watch the early workings of grace, little by little influencing and subduing the natural mind. The subject of these remarks was peculiarly fitted for this special ministry to individual cases. He had a deep experience himself of the power of Divine grace in the struggle with, and subjugation of, natural corruption. The Sun of Righteousness was at this time rising upon his soul, but the light was very feeble. He has narrated how the first beam darted into his mind, on the birth of his infant son, while he was residing in London.

With his natural energy and determination of purpose, he set himself to work to break off old habits and to form new ones; and finding his good resolves continually fail, and experiencing his own weakness in maintaining them in the round of society in which he lived, he wrote in a private book twelve very strict rules for himself, relating chiefly to 'employment of time,' 'regulation of temper,' and general adherence to external duties. He determined to examine himself by them every night, and with more especial examination according to the 'Week's Preparation' previous to his receiving the Lord's Supper.

The growth of the spiritual seed—first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear—is depicted in the first entry in this private book :—

‘I look upon the last two years of my life as the twilight of a new day, the gradual emancipation from darkness, and the approach of light. Before that period I was enslaved by passion and habits, and my reason stood by a disapproving spectator, but without the power of interference. The progress has been slow, and, like the hour-hand of a watch, imperceptible at the time, but evident from the space it has covered. I am now not what I ought to be—far, far from it, but capable of exerting myself to become so; my reason, no longer the inactive spectator of my conduct, labours to govern the rebellious passions over which it has assumed the reins. I consider that I have begun a new state of mental existence.’

Then, after tracing it to its beginning, he adds :—

‘I am thoroughly awake to the importance of time, the much I have to do to redeem the past, and the little space I may have to do it in, the new duties I have to perform, and the old ones I have to perform better, and the total insufficiency of my past life to procure me admission into the presence of my Maker. This period has been the drowsy shaking off of a long and deep slumber. The result of this blessed change has been, many determinations and a strong desire to adhere to them; but I feel my own weakness, and am anxious to confirm my resolutions by every possible means. For this purpose I have resolved to write down in this book such resolutions and rules of conduct as I have formed, and to add to them from time to time, as circumstances and my infirmity may bring forward, new rules of action. I will sincerely and conscientiously record how and when I have failed in them, and when I have erred, I shall fix a sort of caution, by which the errors may be avoided in future.’

Then follows the intended examinations upon these rules.

A few months later, an entry shows that these rules were attended to :—

‘The establishment of this book has been one of the greatest means of calling me to serious thought—with the blessing of God, it has succeeded so far as to give me high hopes of greater improvement in future; it is one of the helps to my infirm nature, and is a blessing for which I sincerely return thanks to God.’

After enumerating many of His mercies, he adds :—

‘For all the blessings which I enjoy with the rest of mankind and those which are individually vouchsafed to me, I am most grateful for that humble and increasing trust in the mercy and providence of God which I feel growing in my heart.’



His academic career was a very short one, and even in that day, when so much less of severe study was required than at the present, it was somewhat singular. As a gentleman-commoner of Worcester College, he resided with his family in a good house in St. Giles's. There was special exemption from lectures and college discipline, and, notwithstanding the determination he mentions, to give the early morning to study, there was but little time devoted to classics, and the assistance of a private tutor, two hours a day, seems to have been all the help he received. The first thing he did on entering the University was to gain free access to the Bodleian Library, and there he continually spent several hours of the day, not in studying the classics, but Spanish and French literature, in writing treatises, and stories for publication. The novels he had brought out while living in town had been well received, and he was encouraged by the public to go on, with articles for Reviews, and with some Historical pieces. 'Chronicles of Spain,' 'Charles, Prince of Viana,' &c., and a poem entitled 'Ramirez,' are among the manuscripts left as the result of studies in the Bodleian, which show originality of mind and habits of study, though pursued in a very different way to the generality of men. He was in the habit of making a neatly arranged compendium of every book he took up, a sort of chart of the subject, which engraved it on his own mind.

The power of memory was very great, and this rendered the acquirement of language more easy to him. We find him commencing the Latin and Greek Grammars in October, 1820. In December he is reading Cicero, and the Greek Testament; and in the spring of 1821 he is translating the 'Spectator' into Latin with ease, and these classical studies were generally deferred to the evening.

In April, the birth of another son awakens with fresh earnestness the father's spiritual feelings. He thus writes:—

'It has pleased Almighty God to bless me with the birth of another boy on Easter Sunday, 2nd, and it has produced a strong impression on my heart, and a most happy effect on my mind, which is shown in an earnest endeavour to prove my gratitude to the great Giver by a sincere and effectual amendment of life. I sat down with a determination to form and abide by a better regulated plan of life than I have hitherto attempted. I prayed fervently for grace and assistance, and wrote some rules such as I thought fitting to strengthen my weak

points. Yesterday, while I was still digesting my plan, it pleased Providence to throw into my hands a volume of Dr. Johnson's *Prayers and Meditations*. The extraordinary coincidence of the state of mind there displayed, with that which I feel ; of the feelings to be guarded against, and the means to be adopted, appears to me so striking that I humbly hope it is not presumption to imagine it may have been sent to me by a Providential interference. May God listen to the prayers which I put up to His throne for assistance !'

It is affecting to contrast for a moment this precious blade of grace first bursting out of the ground, with the full corn bending with ripe grain of later days, when the trembling hope gave place to the full assurance of faith, and the earnest efforts for holiness were attained in the loving actings of the life of faith upon the Son of God. The very gradual growth gave a largeness of charity through life, in all Mr. Dallas's judgment of others, and dealings with them.

The external helps afforded to the young Christian were not such as would in the present day be much thought of. A sermon from Mr. Natt every Sunday morning was highly prized. 'Paley's Sermons,' 'Bishop Tomlin's Theology,' and 'Pearson on the Creed,' formed the Sunday evening study. When at the close of the year he attained the power of reading the Greek Testament with Mr. Wall, the light poured into his mind more rapidly, and the new thoughts brought out by his own literal translation, unaided by any previous knowledge of the English version, came to him with a surprise and freshness of interest which both charmed and amused his tutors. For Mr. Wall he ever afterwards retained the most grateful affection, looking upon him as an instrument in God's hands of much spiritual blessing.

Mention has already been made of peculiar difficulties which attended his residence in Oxford ; and, regarding it as a preparation for the ministry, every day increased these difficulties. He did not fear the examinations—his natural talent, added to a determinate perseverance, would have won the day and gained a point of honour in any pursuit. How is it, then, that we find the young student quitting the University so soon ? It must be remembered that honour was not the point to which his energies were directed. His great object in coming to Oxford was the ministry. For this he set himself to work with all the

energy he had manifested in the Peninsular campaign. But strong family ties continually pulled in another direction. It will be remembered that he was introduced into Oxford society by Dr. and Mrs. Marlow, at whose house he met all the Heads of the Colleges, and thus became soon in the midst of a vortex of society. There is a tone in University society peculiar to itself. It was at that time usually confined very much to the higher members of the University, and though more intellectual than that of country families generally, there was a peculiar sensitiveness to etiquette, and exclusiveness, which prevented enlargement of thought. In the Oxford parties of those days, there was perhaps less of a religious element and more entire worldliness than the profession of a clergyman, now, generally allows. Mr. and Mrs. Dallas were both very handsome and attractive, and were considered great acquisitions in every assembly. The musical talents of Mr. Dallas, who not only sang with great power and sweetness, but was also an instrumental performer, and understood music scientifically, was a continual incentive to join musical parties, and to give these in return at his own house. He felt that he was getting more and more immersed in the world. The light was gradually breaking in upon his mind, and every ray made him pant for more. He longed to get free from those trammels which the fascinations of society cast around him, and as a married man the difficulty of securing time to himself, and concentrating thought, daily increased. His house was open to friends of no common cast of mind, and among them many became friends for life. The names of Coleridge, Shuttleworth, Bérans, Wall, as special friends, are continually mentioned as in frequent intercourse.

All this society led to another great difficulty. The young people were induced to entertain in a way which their means did not admit of. They had neither of them the least knowledge of the true principles of economy; they had been accustomed to live in good style, which the residence in Oxford tended to maintain and increase, and though the Treasury had taught Mr. Dallas to keep accounts with the minutest accuracy, it had not taught him to contract the expenditure to the means. An increasing family, added to increasing society, necessitated an expensive establishment, and he felt that on this ground, as well



as on that more essentially spiritual, a change was peremptorily called for.

Mr. Dallas had made many valuable friends, and in the anxious state of his mind at this time, he opened to them his whole position. Dr. Shuttleworth's advice he always felt confidence in, and Archdeacon Berens was a friend whose affection never failed him, and whose counsel was ready in every emergency.

It was finally settled that the right step to take was to seek ordination at once. On the 23rd of March, 1821, Mr. Radcliffe called and offered him the curacy of Radley. Testimonials were easily obtained, and the Bishop of Salisbury engaged to ordain him in June. From this time he set to work more diligently, reading Grotius, and 'McNight on the Gospels,' also the Greek Testament. The Bishop of Salisbury gave him letters dimissory to the Bishop of London. The examination for orders, which took place in London at Lambeth Palace, was not very formidable, and he was ordained at Fulham on the 17th of June.

A circumstance occurred on the eve of this day, which he has often looked back upon as one of the many events manifesting the tender care and special Providence which kept him when he would not have kept himself, letting him see the depth in which he might have plunged had not an unseen Hand been around him. On the Saturday, after he had subscribed the Articles in St. James's Square, before the Bishop of London, he felt free till the Sunday morning, and determined to hire a horse and ride out to Hampstead, where his intimate friend Mr. Langton resided. He went to a livery stable at the top of Hill Street, and found some difficulty in getting a horse. The master was called; every horse was engaged but one, and that was of immense value. There was considerable hesitation, 'the horse was in physic, could not be ridden, except very gently, and a short distance.' The gentleman was urgent. A golden key opened the stable door, and the horse was mounted, with a strict injunction that it should be returned in good time. Arrived at Hampstead, Mr. Dallas found his friend in great distress; his wife was very ill; the doctor was required immediately. The horse and the rider mounted, were on the spot at

the exact moment to go in search of him. The heart of Alexander Dallas became at once absorbed in the anxiety of his friend; the injunctions of the stable-keeper were forgotten, and hour after hour passed, Mr. Langton not suffering the horse to be ordered till the anticipated crisis was over. This was not till one o'clock in the morning, when, having congratulated his friend on the birth of his first-born child, he started to return to town. It was past two in the morning, when the enraged horse-keeper heard the clack of the horse's trot coming up Hill Street. In a state of dishabille he came out to take his horse, but his fury and passion vented upon the thoughtless rider knew no bounds. In vain did Mr. Dallas assure him that the animal had been in a stable and well cared for, some hours. The gentleman was seized, and so tightly that there was no escape. A lock-up house was to be his locality that night! Fortunately for him there were no police in those days, and the stable-men were asleep. The horse darted forward, and the man let go his hold. Mr. Dallas seized the moment, and took to his heels, running so fast that he was quickly out of sight, and safe in the house of the friend with whom he was staying in Eaton Terrace. The narrow escape from being in a lock-up house and under arrest, instead of being in the chapel at Fulham on Sunday morning for his ordination, he has often mentioned as a special mercy; and he would with adoring gratitude exclaim, 'The hairs of my head were all numbered.'

On the Wednesday after his ordination he read prayers at St. Giles's, and on Friday also, and on the following Sunday he entered upon the curacy of Radley, preaching a sermon of Bishop Shuttleworth's, which he adapted for the occasion. His first original sermon was not preached till the 8th of July, and it was written with much care.

From this time there was a tone of greater seriousness, many new resolves, and greater perseverance in external duties; but while striving to work out his own salvation with fear and trembling, he knew not yet the power of the latter part of that verse—he knew not that we can only work out what God first works in us by His Spirit.

Mr. Dallas began at Radley his first intercourse with the poor. The frankness of his manners, and the peculiar power

of sympathy which he possessed, won the hearts of his poor people wherever he was. He became deeply interested in pastoral work ; but though more engaged in higher occupations than before, he was still in the world, and could not, while in Oxford, break away from society. The hand of God again interposed, and through the interest of his friend Mr. Coleridge, he was recommended to the very eligible curacy of Highclere. He received Priest's orders at Salisbury on the 12th of August, and preached his first sermon at his new curacy on the 9th of September. This was his first introduction to Mr. Sumner, who had preceded him as curate of Highclere ; and was thus an important era in his life—the commencement of a faithful and devoted friendship, which lasted to the close with unabated affection. From this time Bishop Sumner was the adviser, the friend to fly to in every emergency. His was the tender heart to sympathise, the ready hand to help, in all the perplexities and sorrows of Mr. Dallas's future course. He was also the faithful reprover, when his more enthusiastic friend outstepped the bounds of prudence. To him Mr. Dallas owed all that was afterwards advantageous in his ecclesiastical position. On every promotion of his own Bishop Sumner remembered his friend, and, as Mr. J. Sumner has lately expressed, 'it would be difficult to find two individuals who were more bound up with one another than were my father and our dear friend who is gone.'

Mr. Sumner invited him to pay him a visit, and offered to introduce him to his future charge. Various arrangements as to the house led him into much intercourse with his predecessor, and on his first visit he thus writes to his wife :—

'Highclere Parsonage, Sept. 7, 1821.

'I passed yesterday the most affecting day I ever remember, and one at the same time that by showing me in a most pointed manner the delightful reward that attends the execution of a clergyman's duty, has given me, if possible, a stronger excitement than ever to the discharge of my own duties. We arrived about ten o'clock, and found that Sumner had just sent off the last of his furniture. We then mounted two ponies, for Sumner had borrowed one for me, and we went round the whole parish, in spite of the rain, which set in as if it meant to last all day. The affecting farewell of these poor people, the blessings which they poured upon the head of their pastor, the tears and sobs which followed his shake of the hand, went to my very

heart. I thought of you, my dear wife, and looked forward to the time when your own natural kindness and desire to do good, added to my exertions in the great cause in which it has pleased God to call me, shall purchase for us a similar harvest of happiness, whenever it is the will of Providence that we should leave these grateful people. We did not return to the Parsonage till near seven ; poor Sumner was much overcome. He told me how much my presence helped to support him in this trying farewell. Many of the cottagers told me what a comfort they felt that they were going to have a pastor who would come and see them, as Mr. Sumner had told them he was sure I would. I am to begin my duties to-day by giving the Sacrament to a poor old woman who is dying.'

To the same :—

'I was extremely interested yesterday in the poor woman to whom I administered the Sacrament. She is very near her end, and was much comforted by it. When I was going away she thanked me with tears in her eyes, and blessed me, adding, "You prayed so earnestly that it did my heart good." Here you see, dearest M——, is a commencement of the blessings which I talked of in my last. My fervent blessings to my own dear wife and our sweet babes.

The great and all-absorbing aim of his heart to be a clergyman was now attained ; but leaving Oxford without a degree was, on the other hand, sorely against his inclination. He knew that it would be a loss that through life he would deplore ; but when he put academic honours in one scale, and duty, consistency, prudence, spiritual progress in the other, these so weighed down the former, that he did not shrink from the self-denial it cost him.

At the recommendation of his friends his name was placed on the boards of St. John's College, Cambridge, as a ten years' man ; and through the kind interest of his friend, Mr. Sumner, he afterwards obtained a Master of Arts degree from the Archbishop of Canterbury, which superseded the University course.

Mr. Barter, the Rector of Highclere, was anxious to secure him as his curate as soon as he could be spared from Radley, and on the 20th of September he entered upon that curacy.

The pastoral ministry opened a new and deep interest to him, and immediately gave scope to his peculiar turn for statistics. The first thing done for the parish was to make a book containing in order the name of every family, with columns headed for each individual in the house—'occupation,' 'circumstances,'

'sick or well,' 'what relief,' and 'when visited.' This book he filled up daily, and he found it a great check upon himself, preventing any one in the parish being omitted, or the indulgence of partiality in visiting.

A Book of Prayers was written out at this time for his private use, containing one for every circumstance of life. Prayers of intercession are very detailed, and every special friend is mentioned by name, with their special needs. For 'the Parish' there is a large list of petitions; and there is a page with full requirements for himself as a 'minister,' a 'husband,' a 'father,' a 'son,' a 'brother,' a 'friend,' a 'master.' Under the head 'General' are included 'all ministers,' 'religious societies,' 'country,' king, 'those who think or wish me ill,' 'all who are in darkness in Christendom,' 'all who never had light.' Among these prayers is one to be used before writing his sermons, 'for the Presence and Power of the Holy Spirit in the utterance of the Word of God.' Added to these private memoranda are detailed questions for self-examination. There was also a very exact division of the day for work, every hour being appropriated.

It is interesting in connection with Mr. Dallas's last labours, to notice that the first effort for Ireland (a country he had never visited, and of which at that time he knew nothing,) was made in the year 1822, when he preached a sermon upon 'the present distress in Ireland,' to his Highclere congregation. He so pleaded the cause of that poor country, that though the family at the Castle were away, and not included, and the whole population of the parish amounted to only 457 people, their interest was so awakened that over 23*l.* were sent up to the fund in London.

The following entries in the parish diary show that Mr. Dallas's heart was in his work:—

'Jan. 31.—Established the Village Clothing Society in Highclere. The ostensible object, that of clothing the naked, is in fact only secondary to that of getting my flock into the habit of coming to church, that they may be fed with the spiritual food which they want inducements to desire. May God bless both its objects.'

'23rd.—I received this day an anonymous letter written in a very good spirit, and reproving me for negligence in some points. I do not deserve exactly what is there stated, but I deserve much more for



general negligence in my calling. I have allowed myself to go back. This letter has done me good. May God further it by the pouring out of the Holy Spirit upon me, strengthening me to His work with all diligence !'

'Sumner has sent me a present of the "Life of the Rev. T. Scott," author of the Commentary, which I have begun to read to my wife and my father.'

'Feb. 5th.—I have been strongly affected to-day. I have for some time fallen back in visiting the poor. Scott's Life has made me feel my deficiency acutely. I went to-day to poor Dame Fuller, who is very ill. I found her with the Bible open before her. She referred the passage she was reading to me for explanation ; it was the 34th chapter of Ezekiel, the reproof of the bad shepherds of Israel. I saw God's hand in this. May He push me forward in the path which I am treading so slothfully !'

'Feb. 16th.—I this day profited by Scott's advice to his son, as to the prayer before and after the sermon. I wrote one to use before it, asking for a blessing upon it ; and another after it, applying the prayer to the subject of the sermon. I found myself at least, and I hope my hearers, much affected and impressed, and I intend with God's help to continue the practice.'

'Feb. 18th.—I consider it was God's providence which put Scott's Life in my hands. My views of the awful responsibility of the ministerial office are much enlarged. My convictions of my own insufficiency are confirmed, and a reference to what I have hitherto done, comparing it with what Scott did, has convinced me thoroughly, and I hope practically, of the slothfulness of my best exertions.'

For Mr. Dallas's pecuniary advantage, he was too readily induced to print. His former publications written for the world having been so well received, he was anxious now to dedicate his pen to higher objects, and commenced by publishing a volume of 'Plain Sermons on the Lord's Prayer,' which he had preached to his Highclere congregation. He earnestly solicited the faithful criticism of his friend Mr. Sumner, and it appears from his animadversions on this first and too early effort of his friend, that clearer perceptions of spiritual truth had illumined Mr. Sumner's mind, and that he was thus permitted to be the instructor as well as the adviser of the younger clergyman. The following are extracts from his letter :—

'My dear Dallas,

'It was with great pleasure I finished the perusal of your sermons. I have little to remark in the way of criticism. What, however, has occurred to me you shall have freely and unreservedly. *Simple acquiescence in the will of God* can scarcely be conceived to be a feature in the character of the saints in heaven, whose delight it

must be to anticipate His commands, and whose greatest joy to see the conversion of a sinner (Luke xv. 7), and the execution of God's purpose respecting mankind. I do not like your "*conditions*." God's mercy is in every scriptural sense of the word unconditional. Altogether there is in this part, according to my views, too much of working, working, working, to accord with what seems to me to be delivered respecting the *gift* of salvation. You will not mistake my meaning, and suppose that I am Antinomian enough to leave out of my copy of the Bible, that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." God forbid! But it appears to me that there is a slight confusion and want of clearness in the expression of your ideas on this very awful and important subject. I should say that you put the cart before the horse, or, in other words, place sanctification in the room of justification. We are justified freely through the blood of Christ, without condition or stipulation; and sanctification is the new life, the happy result of that unconditional and unpaid-for forgiveness.

"*Our utmost endeavours to please God.*" It should be more clearly explained that our power to please God is altogether derivative. The great Shibboleth of all congregations is the difficulty of understanding the necessity of the effusion of grace, and consequently, their besetting sin is the neglect of applying in prayer for the Holy Spirit. If you talk of "*endeavours*," you should teach at the same time in whose strength those endeavours are to be attempted, lest like the Israelites they should go up to take possession of Canaan with dependence on their own arm and power alone.

"*Persevering in that line of conduct which through the merits of our atoning Saviour will ultimately ensure us admission,*" &c. I think your language here, although I am well aware that such an interpretation is very far from being the expression of your belief with regard to the doctrine in question, implies that our Saviour's merits are a sort of make-weight, a kind of additional property thrown in, to fill up some deficiency in ourselves, instead of being represented as the only and solely efficacious and meritorious cause of salvation. If this criticism be fair, it shows how necessary it is to be guarded and explicit in weighing every turn of expression which relates to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

'I should have liked the sermons to be more systematically divided into parts, which, however inelegant it may be as far as the mere style is considered, is the only way to imprint a sermon on the memory of an unlearned congregation.

'I think you may with advantage take up the "Belief" in the same way. It will give scope for the exposition of doctrine, as well as for practical improvement. With regard to doctrine you have yet had no opportunity of giving any explicit declaration.'

Another extract from Mr. Sumner's letter on the subject of study may not be out of place here:—

'You will find in the parcel a "Sketch of a plan of Study of

Divinity." Upon receiving my brother's outline, I found it so very elementary that it required amplifying. I have filled it up so far as my judgment would allow, and now send it to be committed to the fire, or to your desk, as circumstances may require. At all events, I should strongly recommend a plan of some sort, and above all, that certain hours should be set apart for its prosecution, during which time your study should be as inaccessible as the Turk's Harem. Now the days are becoming short, you will find two or three hours in the evening more quiet and less subject to interruption than any other period of the day. It is astonishing how much you will be able to work through and analyse, if you devote from six till nine every day to your system, not to mention the intellectual and natural appetite with which you will come in to Mrs. Dallas, the tea and toast, and the book for reading aloud, after an evening so spent. You know it is Southey's regular habit, and probably it is the only habit which could enable him to get through so much in every department of literature. Your attention is to be concentrated on one subject, and there is nothing I could not expect from your strength of head and talent, if they were brought to bear steadily on that one point.

'Every faithfully yours,

'CHARLES SUMNER.

'Windsor, Sept. 23, 1823.'

On the publication of another volume of sermons Mr. Sumner thus writes:—

'I cannot say how much pleasure I have received from those of your sermons I have yet read. I think them likely to be eminently useful, both from the practical and doctrinal instruction with which they are replete; the improvement between this volume and the last is so inconceivably great, *me judice*, that it has surprised even my most sanguine expectations, and it gives me confidence in continuing to prognosticate with increased certainty your future usefulness. Only go on to read by day, and meditate by night, and I have no doubt that God's blessing will be upon you, that you will be made the instrument of much good. You may think perhaps I have read with a friendly partiality, and therefore, though I can bear witness that I looked with an increasedly jealous eye at your writing, it may be a pleasure to you to know that my mother and sister,—both judges of whose good opinion a man may be justly proud,—coincide with my views of your volume. My mother means to read it to her servants, a use for which many will avail themselves of it.'

His sermons were prepared with great care. He had never ventured on one unwritten. and though possessed of great power of language and natural eloquence, this gift was not brought into exercise till the winter of 1823, when he was led

to it in the following way:—There happened to be a very deep snow. The church at Highclere being in the Park, the villagers had to go some distance through it. The undulations of the ground are extensive, and on this Sunday morning no track could be followed. When Mr. Dallas had succeeded in reaching the church, he found a congregation of eight men, including himself and the clerk. The sermon was one of a course, and the well-written sermon was ready in his velvet case. He felt disappointed that so many of his parishioners should lose the benefit of this sermon, and while reading the lessons, he thought struck him that he would venture upon a short exposition of a few verses, and reserve his sermon for a larger congregation. This he did with much comfort and ease, and as it was the commencement of a very full and lengthened exercise of a great gift, abundantly blessed to the edification of the Church, it may be viewed as an important era in his ministry.

The parish was a small sphere for Mr. Dallas's energies, and the hopes of increased usefulness, as well as the desire to diminish domestic care, which even at this time often pressed heavily upon him, induced him to accede to the proposal of Lord Dunsany to receive his son as a pupil. This necessitated his engaging a classical tutor, and, although another pupil was added to the party, the increase of expense convinced him that this arrangement could not be continued. But, though his pupil only for a short time, Mr. Plunket continued to the end of his life to love and respect Mr. Dallas, and to remember with pleasure his sojourn in his family. After he had left, and was located with another tutor, Mr. Plunket wrote the following letter, in which, after describing his position, he adds:—

‘It is not my place to say anything of Mr. B——, except that he appears a kind and gentlemanlike person. Of course I do not expect to find a Mr. Dallas at D——, nor anywhere else, and although my gratitude shall be paid wherever it is merited, *affection* is reserved for Highclere alone. I am sure future consideration will fully persuade you, my dear sir, that whatever may have been his faults, you will seldom meet with a pupil who has so affectionately loved his master, or so gratefully appreciated the kindness of his benefactor, as he who now addresses you these sincere expressions. You know me to be as incapable of feigning as of coldness, and will therefore give credit to my words.’ He closes:—‘I remain now and ever, dear sir, with unaltered affection, yours truly indebted.’

Many years after this, a visit to Dunsany Castle found this young man the middle-aged Lord Dunsany in very feeble health; but the warm welcome we received, and the expressions of true friendship, proved that this union of heart was not one of youthful feeling only. There was much on the occasion of that visit to prove that the lessons received in youth were practised in mature age.

Early in this year Dr. Sumner was offered the Bishopric of Jamaica. Mr. Dallas happened to be at Windsor with him at the time. He immediately communicated this to his friend, who thus writes to his wife:—

‘Feb. 4th.—My dear friend’s determination is on the most noble and purest grounds, and if he has the nomination of his own dignitaries, he wishes me to be his Archdeacon; but he says this in so gratifying and affectionate and touching a manner, that he is afraid even to state all the reasons which ought to influence me, lest his own personal feelings should lead him too far in his argument. Dear M——, pray and trust God, as I do, that all things will work together for good.’

The following letter to his father opens this subject more fully:—

‘Highclere, Feb. 12, 1824.

‘The state of the public mind upon the subject of the Colonies in the West Indies must have prepared you for steps on the part of Government, and the King’s Speech will have explained to you generally their plan, which is by placing the Church there under the wholesome discipline of episcopal control, to awaken the clergy to a sense of their duty. This having been determined, Lord Bathurst made my friend Sumner the offer of a choice of the two sees to be constituted, one for Jamaica, and the other for the Leeward Islands. The offer was made without the King’s knowledge, and in the most gratifying manner. Sumner considered this as a direct call from Heaven into a sphere of greater usefulness than any he could find here, and he unhesitatingly made up his mind to accept the Bishopric of Jamaica. He, however, required some time before his final decision, to consult with his friends and those he felt bound to consult, first of whom was the King, to whom he wrote, being then in residence at his stall at Worcester. The King sent him word to “consider all things in all ways, and to make up his mind for the best, and then before giving his answer to Lord Bathurst to come to him.” Sumner took this for approbation, and made up his mind accordingly. In the mean time, upon the first offer being made to him, he wrote to me, and in the most touching and gratifying manner offered me the Archdeaconry. To my father I may be excused for saying what passed on this occasion, however flattering to myself, because if I

have cause to glow so have you, and it would be robbing you of your reward—the little portion of it that I can ever give you—to withhold anything so gratifying to the heart of a father as the unequivocal approbation of his son, by one so excellent, and so appreciated in his excellence, as Sumner. He told me, that being called to this great work, he felt that I was the man to help him in it,—that he should consider it a great blessing if he could obtain my co-operation. My natural energy of character and zeal in our Divine profession were what he wanted to assist him, and in the most affectionate manner he repeated his offer. Great as were the obstacles that stood in the way, I felt my heart in the cause, and I set my mind to work to overcome them. My greatest obstacles I felt to lie in my wife's feelings, and in yours and my mother's. For her and your sakes, I thank God the sacrifice was not required. Everything being so far arranged, Sumner went to Brighton on Saturday, according to the King's desire, previous to his going to Lord Bathurst on Monday. To our great astonishment, we received a letter on Tuesday from Sumner, saying that the King had refused his consent, and as he does not go, neither do I.'

'— 13th.—We have this morning further particulars of the King's conversation with Sumner. When Sumner told him his mind was made up, the King said that he was now growing in years, and must expect frequent and trembling illnesses, that it was a vast comfort to have such a man near him on these occasions, that Sumner suited him, and that he had other views for him. He then went minutely into the subject of the situation proposed, and finally said that if his own personal wishes, so strongly expressed, were not sufficient to weigh with him, he should not scruple to command. In a subsequent conversation with Lord Bathurst, Sumner learnt that his name had been selected out of a list of sixteen sent by Lord Liverpool to the Bishop of London, for him to choose the fittest person of the sixteen, which renders the selection very flattering.'

It was however the order of Providence that Mr. Dallas should leave Highclere, and the path was made very plain. Various circumstances led to the Rector's residing himself, and the house in which Mr. Dallas lived was required by the landlord. With a very anxious desire to retrench expenses, he thus writes to his father:—

'My own idea is to get a good working curacy with plenty to do and a proportionate stipend, with a small house, or better still, no house and an allowance in lieu, where we can build up our establishment according to our means. However, man deviseth but God directeth his steps. I will do my best, and leave the issue entirely in His hands.'

On the removal from the parishioners, Mr. Dallas writes:—

'The tears of the poor have touched my heart, but the regret of the rich is also a satisfactory token. The Carnarvon family have been

most forward and earnest in their expressions of sorrow. Lord Carnarvon has interested himself to make my want of a curacy known.'

Another letter to his father traces his course to this date with feelings of deep gratitude and self-dedication :—

'Feb. 24th.—I cannot forbear, my dear father, to look back upon the last few years of my life, and pour forth my gratitude to Almighty God for the uncommon and infinite Providence which has befallen me. It is now four years to a month since I first entered my name at the University with the intention of ultimately taking orders. Four years is exactly the probationary period which is ordinarily undergone by the statutes of the Universities and the custom of the Bishops, so that in common course, I should now at this present ensuing Easter have been ordained deacon. But it pleased God by His Providence, that contrary to all rule and order, and with greater difficulties in my way than can well be imagined, friends should start up as it were from Heaven. By Berens' influence with the Bishop of Salisbury I was ordained deacon in June, 1821; and Berens I had positively never seen, till he performed this uncommon act of friendship. His interest in me was a posthumous blessing excited by my friend poor Clare. At this juncture Highclere was vacant, there were fourteen candidates for it, but it was offered to me by Barter, who was personally unknown to me, merely from what he had heard of me at Radley, where I had done duty a month. But I could not take it, I was a deacon only, and the Bishop of Winchester (in whose diocese Highclere is) would certainly not ordain me irregularly, while the Bishop of Salisbury ought not, because I must leave his diocese. The ways of Providence are most wonderful. I returned to state the case to the Bishop of Salisbury, without hope, but merely from an energetic feeling of the possibility of his enabling me to accept this most desirable situation. I could hardly believe the fact when by return of post he desired me to come and be ordained. He ordained me a priest in August, 1821, against all rule of order, time, and place; and from what motive, unless sheer good-nature is a sufficient motive, God and His Providence only knows. Here I come to Highclere, the necessary intercourse between a predecessor and a successor produces some correspondence between Sumner and myself; there was no other link whatever. See how that intercourse under God's Providence has blossomed into acquaintance, and borne fruit in friendship, and now at a period of only four years from matriculation, and not two and three quarters from ordination, I have laboured profitably through a ministry of two years and a half, and have been upon the very verge of becoming an Archdeacon, and being raised to the highest office that a human being can rise to, the office of an Evangelist to the Heathen, a true and literal successor of Paul and Peter. My dear, dear father, can I possibly by any devotion of life, talent, time and mind, sufficiently express the fulness of gratitude which swells my heart at this extraordinary retrospect?'

His two farewell sermons, preached to his people at Highclere on April 25th, were printed, 'by request, for their use.' In the morning sermon he is able to appeal to them in these words:—

'Have I not preached Christ and Him crucified—Christ the way, the truth, and the life? Have not the offerings, the sacrifices of man, his conduct and services, upon which so many pride themselves, been weighed in the balance of the Gospel before you and found wanting? Have not the perfectness of God's law, and the imperfectness of man's obedience, been clearly shown to you to the exclusion of all boasting on our part, and to the glory of God's free gift of eternal salvation through Christ?'

The sermons throughout show that his views of Divine truth were clear, though elementary. He was untrammelled by any school of thought or opinion; he was learning *himself* simply from the Book of God; his school was his parish, and deeply did he study the application of truth to the individual hearts of his people; and he is able at the close of the sermon thus to speak:—

'With great gratitude to God Almighty I say it, I know of more than one, who, while listening to the Gospel as God has given me power to declare it, have been enabled humbly to receive it, and sincerely to endeavour to practise what it enjoins.'

Mr. Dallas was the means of establishing a 'Union Provident Society' for the inhabitants of Highclere and four surrounding villages; he also added a lending library to the parochial arrangements.

The friendship of two very valuable ladies, who were greatly edified by Mr. Dallas's ministry at Highclere, proved to him a source of continual comfort for many years. An interesting circumstance occurred at this time by which God was pleased to encourage him with marked success.

The sister of these ladies was married to a baronet of high position, and possessing large property in Scotland. The riches and honours of the world did not make her happy, for though she was all that her fellow-creatures could approve, and maintained her position with great propriety, she did not know her own state as a sinner, or her need of a Saviour, consequently, she had not that peace which flows from a true sense of justification by faith (Rom. v. 1). She came to stay with her sisters,



who were exceedingly pleased to introduce her to the minister who had been the means of spiritual edification to themselves. During several private conversations with him, this lady was led to open her whole heart, and to receive the spiritual advice and instruction from Mr. Dallas which she so much needed. She returned to Scotland to begin a new life. Her husband felt the blessing of the change, her temper and conduct became more gentle and loving; she sought that grace which gives a new spring of action; and they had a happiness in their married life which they had never known before.

In the following letter, she writes to her sister thus:—

‘The more I saw of Mr. Dallas the more I wished to see, as I felt any benefit I could hope to reap from him could not be the work of a day. I think the influence arises from his being a very decided character, and having a very active mind and a great flow of eloquence, from being very much in earnest, and having true religion so much at heart, that you see his whole mind is given up to it; and he certainly acts up to the doctrines he preaches.’

She then repeats at large what he taught her, and adds,—

‘I have for many years of my life made good resolutions without acting up to them. I cannot look forward to any hope of amendment in myself.’

The testimony of her husband is given in a letter to Mr. Dallas:—

‘Since she conversed with you, my dear sir, she has been a model of all that is perfect—perfect command of self on all occasions, cheerful happiness under suffering, evenness and tenderness of conduct to all. May Almighty God pour blessings upon your head and all you are interested in, for having made my dear wife’s latter days most sweet,’ &c.

Short indeed was the time permitted to the husband to witness these precious fruits of grace. After her return to Scotland, Lady D——’s health rapidly declined, and she was rather suddenly called to her eternal home. Two days before her death, in the full view of the awful change before her, she dictated a letter to Mr. Dallas, to express her deep thankfulness for his spiritual teaching which had led her to prayer, and thus to find a peace and happiness which she had never known before. After an utterance of true repentance and of trust in God, and submission to His will, she adds,—

"Sir J—— has been praying by me to-day in the most fervent manner on both our parts ; from the Service for the Sick, and your little book of prayer, from all of which we both derive comfort."

After her death her sister writes thus to Mr. Dallas :—

'Your letter was quite a cordial to a wounded spirit. I had flattered myself that the happy change that had taken place in my dear sister would not only give a new life to her soul, but that the great increase of her happiness would be the means of renovating her bodily strength also ; but He who does all things well, has appointed it otherwise, and it is certainly better for us that His will should be done, rather than ours. The debt of gratitude all our family owe to you, for being the instrument by which this most blessed of all changes has been effected, in at least three of us, if not more, is more easily conceived than described, but I am thankful that you are already repaid by Him who has employed you. I can only wish you may long enjoy an increase of equally successful ministration.

'The work of religion in my sister appears to me to resemble some of the large bulbs in Lord Carnarvon's hot-house. Year after year they produced leaves, but showed no symptoms of blossom, at least to the unskilful ; but after a time a new gardener comes, and he digs about them, and dresses them ; behold ! they produce a beautiful blossom, which gives pleasure to all who behold it. Whatever other cultivators may have done, by way of preparation, you have been the successful one to bring the blossom out. I pray God that you may be equally successful with many, and particularly with those that are near and dear to me. They must all, I think, have their eyes opened to see in some degree the value of true religion by the most tranquil and happy death of your convert.'

Her poor husband was for some time inconsolable. At the request of his sisters-in-law, Mr. Dallas wrote to him and a correspondence ensued which continued several years. The faithful letters of the young clergyman were responded to by Sir J. D——with gratitude and affection, and the blessing of God, which evidently accompanied the unflinching declaration of His truth, is an encouragement to be bold in its personal application, whether 'men will hear, or whether they will forbear.' It presents a striking contrast to that difference of dealing with the rich and the poor, which even earnest clergymen often make in the individual ministry. A few extracts from these letters can only be given :—

'God was pleased to accompany with His blessing my setting forth of His declared will to your lamented wife ; and her sisters think that this circumstance may make me a proper person to set forth His will to you. You yourself have called upon me to do so, and with ready

and willing obedience I take up my pen for the purpose, humbly praying for that assistance without which I am nothing, and earnestly hoping that the Holy Spirit may shed His influence into your heart, whatever may be the means He may please to take. But, my dear Sir J——, I must speak boldly. Remember you have not called upon me to say anything of my own, God has fully and openly declared His will, and I am only His minister—His instrument to point it out to you. However painful to hear, or hard to be performed, I have no power to soften or alter it, I cannot go beyond the Word of the Lord my God, to do less or more. I spoke boldly, very boldly to your poor wife, perhaps she did not tell you how boldly I spoke to her. She listened, not to me, but to God, whose words I used. Though they *humbled* her then, they have infinitely *exalted* her now—exalted her immensely above all the pride of human intellect or the splendour of human rank, exalted her to a glorious station in heaven, where there is one equally exalted for you, rendered more happy by sharing it with her, if you will consent to be humbled like her.

‘ From your letters I gather much of the state of your mind. It is at present indistinct in its object, and naturally confused, from the severe blow you have received. You have no clear view of the object before you, and the obstacles which intervene between you and it are quite hid from your sight. It would be wise and prudent to endeavour to arrive at a clear knowledge on both these subjects. Let us try ; and may God’s Holy Spirit enable you to overcome the obstacles, and arrive happily at the object ! You have lost the being whom you tenderly loved, who had contributed to your happiness for many years, whose society you have long been permitted to enjoy. It pleased God during the latter part of her life more particularly to give us the only scriptural, therefore the only certain, assurance, that He would receive her into the happiness of the blessed whenever it pleased Him to remove her from this world ; I mean by allowing her time to show forth in her life and conduct the fruits of the true Christian principle of religion. We know therefore, by faith in the promises of Him who cannot lie, that she is gone to heaven. This knowledge and assurance should bring your mind to a serious reflection upon the fact that there is a heaven ; and that those are excluded from it who are not influenced by the Christian principle of religion, the fruit of being influenced by which, is a consistent holiness of life.’

Then, after opening fully the means by which a sinner can be saved, Mr. Dallas goes on to speak of the obstacles to entering upon a religious life, and specially details the peculiar snares which attend an exalted position in society, and the possession of riches. He adds :—

‘ God grant that while I remove the veil from the obstacles you have to avoid, He may be pleased to remove the film from your eyes that you may see them ! A precipice may stand uncovered before a blind



man, and yet he will fall. The greatest obstacle to religion, and consequently to your great object, is the affluence with which it has pleased Providence to try you. A most severe trial it is. As a man of sense and reason you must grant that axiom, that "where your treasure is there will be your heart also." It is clear that if you seek sincerely to follow the object I have proposed, your heart, that is, your desires, hopes, and fears, must be occupied concerning heaven and a future state of existence, that to attain it must be your paramount consideration. Everything else must be subordinate to it, and valued only in the degree that it advances you towards it. This is having your heart set on anything, and your heart will always be so set there where your treasure is. Now, if your principal enjoyment is in the splendour and advantage of this world to the exclusion of the thought of the next (which is the rock upon which affluent men so frequently split), then your treasure and your heart together are here, and if so you have neither promise nor hope of anything hereafter.

'I trust you cannot misunderstand me to mean that a rich man is not to enjoy the abundance with which Providence has blessed him; on the contrary, religion will require him to enjoy it as a blessing sent by Providence for the purpose of affording him extended means of advancing the glory of God, and the good of his fellow-creatures; the doing both of which is attended with internal enjoyment, which no other qualification can possibly equal, and which a rich man has more in his power than a poor man.

'There is one other obstacle which must not be overlooked. There is dreadful contagion in the society of Atheists, Deists, or anti-religionists, under whatever name they may go. Men whose reason has led them to the depths of human learning have fallen into the fatal error of applying it as a touchstone to religion; and finding mysteries in religion which would not yield before their darling reason, they have rejected religion in consequence. The more humble man knows that we can only reason about things which are matters of experience; that all our conceptions of things proceed from a knowledge of them; that we can at present have no experience of the nature of God nor of heaven, and therefore they must be above our comprehension. Consequently, when he takes up a book which contains a revelation of heavenly things, he expects to meet with what is incomprehensible, and when he reads the Bible he only wonders that there is so much that he can understand. I warn you that there is a fascination and destructive influence in the conversation of such men as you may meet in Edinburgh, which is more powerful in neutralising the religious effect of affliction and advice than you can possibly imagine. Their respect and politeness for you will bring them into your society under your present circumstances. For God's sake, my dear sir, if you value your hopes of heaven, be very much upon your guard in this respect, and fly from a danger so great, so insidious.'

In another letter Mr. Dallas says:—

'If you could estimate as I do the extreme importance of the crisis

at which you are arrived, a crisis on which depends your rational happiness here and your whole happiness hereafter,—if you could hear the earnest prayers which I daily put up for you, you would not wonder at my writing again so soon. God has been pleased to make me a humble instrument to one so closely connected with you, so identified with yourself, that I feel as if she had left the duty of pointing out to you the road to happiness and heaven as a sacred legacy to me, a legacy which will prove richer than all the possessions of this earth when you and I stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. That religion, to the knowledge and practice of which I am commissioned by my Master and Saviour to call you, although it is terrible to those who refuse to obey the call, yet sends a healing balm to such wounds as you are now writhing under. Pray often, and with earnestness, however short your prayers may be. Remember that words are only signs made for man. God requires to be spoken to in the language of the thoughts, and no external prayer has effect with Him. He looks to the heart, and He has promised that a broken and a contrite heart He will not despise.'

These are specimens of the faithful tone of the letters which passed between the young curate and Sir J——. That the heart of the Baronet was prepared by the Holy Spirit to receive with humility and interest those truths which would otherwise have offended him, is evident from the replies. In one he says:—

'I wish I had words, my very dear and good Mr. Dallas, expressive of the sense I entertain of your great kindness to me. Indeed, I should be most ungrateful did not the interest you take in my welfare doubly stimulate me to exertion. I have read over and over again the advice you gave my poor wife, which she wrote down immediately. I have copied it into my journal. I read the New Testament morning and evening; I address myself to God, not in set prayers, but always in words which my deep repentance and feeling of my own unworthiness dictate. I have furnished Lord B—— with a list of those books which you recommended to my wife, and he has ordered all. Both he and Lady B—— are earnestly turning their thoughts towards salvation. I must pray for a continuance of my present feelings, for I would not change them for those of happiness whilst my past sins remain unforgiven! That God may bless you and all around you for your very great goodness to me, is the earnest prayer of your obliged and sincere friend,

'J. D.'

In another letter Sir J—— writes, after expressions of deep gratitude:—

'I delayed writing to you to test myself whether I should feel your letter less, and become less repentant, and think less of my own wickedness. Fresh errors come to my recollection, and invariably bring anguish and deep repentance, but I thank God for these

recollections. I pray Him to bring all my faults before me, for, much as I am changed since I wrote to you, much remains to be done.'

The thankful joy with which each letter was received by Mr. Dallas is thus expressed :—

'Nov. 18, 1823.

'It is hardly possible to express the gratification which your letter has given me. I have formerly been in the habit of enjoying much, and very refined, pleasure in the world ; but through God's mercy I have lived to taste a happiness infinitely superior to any that I ever then enjoyed—the happiness of seeing immortal souls awakened to a knowledge of their God and Saviour, a happiness which sometimes has been heightened by heartfelt gratitude to God for having deigned in some degree to make myself instrumental to this blessing. Indeed, my dear friend, I have experienced, and you may and I trust will also experience, this as one of the principal sources of enjoyment on earth, one of the foretastes of heaven with which God pleases to smooth, and even outweigh the inward fight and struggle against corrupt feelings, which all Christians endure, as well as the outward trials which most are subject to. . . . The corrupt heart of man must be broken before its inmost recesses can be cleansed and made a habitation for the abiding Spirit of God. God has therefore mercifully broken your heart by this severe blow ; and the example of her through whom He has done it points out the manner of cleansing and curing it.'

Again :—

'Pardon my earnestness, and do not, I beseech you, fall into the common error by which people think that to talk to them of becoming religious is to accuse them of wicked lives. Men of the best apparently moral lives may be without religion, and if they are so, all their morality will not prevent their being in great danger. No man is truly religious till he begins to make the desire to please God the great principle of his life.'

When the Baronet returned to his estates in Scotland, the following passage occurs in a letter from Mr. Dallas :—

'Now, my dear Sir J——, the occupation which you will turn to at O—— may have the effect of blunting the power of grief, but it will also, I fear, be likely to strengthen the power of the world against religion. The sight of your beautiful possessions, the proper devotion you will, and ought to receive from your tenants, your neighbours, and the world around you, all tends to stifle the early breathings of the infant principle of religion. Wealth and the world are its most deadly enemies. These considerations lead us to understand that most alarming exclamation of our Lord, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God : it is easier for a

camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Well might the disciples ask in astonishment, "Who then can be saved?" and most mercifully did He in answer put an end to our alarm by reminding us, that though it might be impossible for man to resist all the temptations with which riches environ him, yet that by God's assistance he might do so, thus directing us to the only source of help and safety against the overwhelming influence of this world's wealth. Pray read the whole passage in St. Luke, chap. xviii. 18-27.'

The feelings of gratitude and regard elicited by this faithful correspondence continued through life, and were manifested in action as well as in word. When Sir J—— succeeded to the Peerage he was always ready in every possible way to use his influence for the benefit of his friend or his family.

At the time when this intercourse commenced, there were special privileges connected with the honour of being chaplain to a nobleman; and Sir J.'s first practical expression of gratitude was to obtain from Lord Blantyre the position of his chaplaincy for Mr. Dallas: this appointment was dated Oct. 11, 1824.

There were many fluctuations in the spiritual progress of this nobleman, but he never forgot the teaching which Mr. Dallas was permitted to give to him. During his last illness in the year 1853, his mind dwelt with comfort on the precious promises of the Gospel; and his continual prayer was, 'O Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world, grant me Thy peace.' He was much humbled for sin, and said sometimes, 'I have so gone back from what Mr. Dallas taught me!' But as his faith grew more simple and settled on the salvation Jesus has finished on the Cross, his comfort and his assurance of hope increased. Mr. Dallas wrote to his niece, who watched him with loving care, and ministered to him the Word of God with much blessing, to inquire how Lord S—— was, and to convey his sympathy. He sent this message in return,—'Tell Mr. Dallas I have never forgotten to pray for him night and morning—never, to my knowledge,' he added, as if he was afraid of speaking too strongly, 'since my dear wife's death.'

He entered into rest Jan. 10th, 1853.

## CHAPTER III.

## CURACIES OF WOOBURN AND BURFORD ; YARDLEY.

1824—1827.

THE next move in Mr. Dallas's ministry was marked by that evidence of Providential guidance which he loved to trace in the minute circumstances of daily life ; seeing in all a Father's Hand, and hearing His call to fresh service.

He thus relates the incident which led to this :—

‘ I was walking down High Street one day, when I met Dr. B——. I asked him if he knew any one who wanted a curate ; he thought a few minutes, and then said, “ I only remember one, but he is a strange man. I heard accidentally that he wanted a curate, for a parish in Buckinghamshire—the Rev. T. G. Tyndale ; he is a Calvinist, and sends his people to hell every Sunday. I am sure you would not suit him.” I thanked him and turned the subject, but I did not forget it. There was a secret yearning to know more of the Gospel, a conviction that, in spite of opprobrious names, the Evangelical clergy were in earnest in their work.

‘ A few days after this, I drove my wife over to Holton, to see and know this Mr. Tyndale, and make more inquiries about his curacy, which was that of Wooburn in Buckinghamshire. I found a warm-hearted Christian man with very decided views of truth—quite a counterpart of his namesake and ancestor of 300 years ago, Tyndale, the Martyr and Reformer. He received me with a warmer welcome than I expected—said he had at least fifty applications for his curacy ; and a large heap of letters he showed me. He told me the particulars of the curacy, and that he had only retained the vicarage of Wooburn to keep the truth of the Gospel in the parish. He added, that he made it as advantageous as he could to his curate, keeping nothing of the proceeds of the living for himself. When he asked for my references, I mentioned among others Mr. John Sumner of Mapledurham (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) ; to this he expressed much satisfaction. He then showed me a picture of the house and the church, saying, “ There's your church, and there's your house. I believe God has sent you to me this day.” I felt greatly surprised, as everything the good man had said showed me how inferior I was to him in spiritual attainment. He added, “ I have been greatly troubled and worried in the choice of a curate. The



dear people I have left are much upon my heart, and it is difficult to choose among so many ; but I have prayed much to be guided aright, and a curious circumstance tends to corroborate the deep conviction I have that you are the person God has sent me. Last night my dear wife dreamed that the right person had called on us. She dreamt this a second time, with all the details of circumstances that have just occurred."

After much conversation the engagement was concluded, and Mr. Dallas accepted the curacy. The report of Mr. Tyndale's preaching shows the prejudice with which Evangelical clergymen were regarded at this time, and the false impression often entertained concerning them. The great aim of his ministry was to warn his hearers of the fatal consequences of sin, and thus to keep them from its condemnation.

Several visits to Holton were required for preliminary arrangements, and after a Sunday spent there, the following letter was received from the Rector, which was always treasured up by Mr. Dallas with feelings of grateful regard :—

‘ My dear Sir,

‘ May 13, 1824.

‘ I hope this will find you all arrived safe and well at Wooburn, and that Mrs. Dallas is not disappointed in the house, which, though small and unadorned, has many conveniences. I can anticipate your feelings at entering upon the care of near 2000 souls, for whom you and I must give an account, several of whom I trust are following the Lord. It is my daily prayer that you may be the instrument of leading many more into the right path. Though there is, I am sorry to own, much empty profession, you will have this advantage above many in other parishes, that the more faithful and zealous you are in humbling the sinner, exalting the Saviour, and promoting holiness, the more you will be respected and loved. Though you will have many eyes upon you, and may I add, on dear Mrs. Dallas too, you will have many prayers daily offered up for your happiness and success. Let this comfort and encourage you in all your trials. I have had the happiness of being eclipsed by your predecessors. I pray God I may have the same comfort in you, and that many will praise the Lord for having sent you to labour among them. When you offered to perform the service at Holton, you kindly said that you wished me to know something of your style of preaching, previous to your going to Wooburn. May I then flatter myself you will not object to my giving you the report I have collected from a few of your hearers? Your praying, reading, voice, and manner were highly approved of. In this I rejoiced, because a defect in either of these would with difficulty have been overcome. Your sermons were long enough for Holton ; but as your predecessors at Wooburn, particularly M——, kept their hearers generally an hour, thirty minutes will appear very short for your

first sermon. If your voice and manner were less interesting, I would not give you this hint, but from all accounts you will surpass all your predecessors in keeping your hearers awake. In Mr. Scott's Life, we have some important advice on the length of our sermons, and on our prayers before and after. On short sermons he says, "The fault of short sermons is, not that there is not as much said as the hearers can remember, but that there is not time enough for explanation and application, for entering into those minute particulars which must come home to the conscience." I perceive by your sermons on the Lord's Prayer, and by what I have heard of your sermons at Holton, that your application is intermixed with your discourse. The Wooburn congregation have been used for twenty years to have questions put to their consciences, and to be addressed under different characters at the end of the sermon. Your not doing so made many of your Holton hearers say, "He cut us off very short; he ended before we were aware—we expected more, he did not divide us as you do."

'For the chance you may preach your sermon on Acts ii. 39. at Wooburn, may I advise you to dwell a little longer on the 38th verse! "Remission of Sins, and the Holy Ghost," is the promise. If you leave out of your text, "Even as many as the Lord shall call," some may say, you "shun to declare the whole counsel of God." Pray excuse this liberty, and be assured that I have no other motive for taking it than to make you acceptable to a people I have known for twenty years; that you may be useful to them, and that your church may be full. Much will depend on your first sermons. Exalt the Saviour, and He will bless you; be animated, plain and faithful, and the people will praise Him for you. I used to say my Wooburn flock are like spaniels, the more I beat them the more they love me. Point your main battery against the antinomian, cold, lukewarm, professors. Tell them again and again, "if they have not the Spirit of Christ they are none of His."

Mr. Dallas, in expressing his thankfulness for these hints, says:—

'I have now had some experience of the work we have in hand, much warning of its labour, its difficulty, its discouragement, intermixed, thank God, with some knowledge of its consolations and peculiar delights, and I come to Wooburn prepared to maintain the banner of Christ that has been planted here, through evil report and through good report. In this, I hope to profit by the experience I have already had, and I am anxious to do so, by any hints which your greater experience may suggest.'

On his settling at Wooburn, he received the following letter from the Rev. C. Bridges, who had preceded him in the curacy:—

'My dear Sir,

'May 21, 1824.

'It is impossible for me to view that person with indifference whom the great Overseer has appointed to feed the Church of God at Woo-

burn ; and when I know him to be well reported of by the brethren as one who will care for their state, I feel him to be my friend and my brother, even though I should never see his face in the flesh. A ministry among them for nearly two years and a half has left an impression that no lapse of time can ever efface from my heart, and though the recollections are deeply tinged with anguish of soul as it respects many of them, and with unfeigned humiliation as regards myself, yet enough still remains, and will for ever remain, as a daily excitement to thank God and take courage. I sometimes think that if I had preached Christ, and lived Christ, more fully than I did, that I should be able to anticipate my (probably) next meeting with them at the day of account with less apprehension ; but I must not forget that the blood of the everlasting Covenant covers all deficiencies and leads me to adore, without being able to search, the unsearchable riches of grace. My complaint of my own unfaithfulness shall be exchanged for a fervent prayer on your behalf, that you may be abundantly more devoted to the work, and more honoured in it than I have been. I trust that you are come to Wooburn as Ezra came to Jerusalem, "according to the good hand of our God upon you."

May the same powerful Hand be ever with you, that a great number who have not yet believed may believe and turn to the Lord. I feel that the work at Wooburn will be eminently "a work of faith and patience of hope," as well as "a labour of love."

In writing to his father at this time, Mr. Dallas opens to him his reasons for accepting this curacy, and adds :—

'The power of an easy communication with Sumner is to me an unspeakable comfort, and apparently it is a great one to him. The late events have tied us together in what humanly speaking may be called an irrevocable manner. His clerical assistance and sympathy will be a source of support and pleasure which cannot be explained.'

Another circumstance he thus relates to his father :—

'A very extraordinary coincidence has occurred respecting the Archdeaconry of Jamaica, which cannot fail to give you some gratification. My taking it ceased to be thought of when Sumner gave up the thought of the Bishopric there. The person who is appointed in his place is a Fellow of New College, Lipscombe, an excellent man. He offered the Archdeaconry to an intimate friend, who refused to go. My friend Duncan then wrote to him without my knowledge, and without knowledge of what had taken place with Sumner, pointing me out as the fittest person to take the office. Archdeacon Berens simultaneously, but without any communication or knowledge of Duncan's application, made a similar one through an intimate friend. Lipscombe made inquiries of me from Shuttleworth, from whom he heard the kindest possible report. Upon my arrival in Oxford, I found myself upon the eve of being made Archdeacon of Jamaica against my will. I weighed the whole matter again, and consulted Sumner. My

wife behaved beautifully about it, and interposed no obstacle to the discharge of duty ; but, under all circumstances, it was agreed that I was conscientiously exonerated in refusing it, and consequently I have begged Shuttleworth and Duncan to prevent the offer being made.

‘Yesterday was my dear mother’s birthday ; we drank her health with the little ones round our table, and I asked a blessing for her from the bottom of my heart. The grief of my parishioners is great and tenderly expressed. I have my parting sermons to preach and my parting visits to pay, and I have no heart to do it. My feelings, now it comes to the point, are more severe than I had anticipated.’

The curacy of Wooburn was always looked back upon as a landmark in the course of the young minister. He entered upon it full of large resolves, intending to carry everything before him. The Master whom he was seeking to serve had other purposes for him. It was to be made to him a valley of humiliation.

The Vicar had preached the Gospel there with much simple power for twenty years. He had then chosen for his curates the very best men he could select. Mr. Dallas came to the people as a young and inexperienced minister, finding many of his congregation knowing much more than he did himself. In his intercourse with the people he learnt much.

But this was not his only teaching ; he was brought under severe domestic trial in various ways. His parents also were gradually failing in health, and his father’s spiritual state was a heavy burden upon his heart. At this time their circumstances demanded his continual attention, and he was frequently called away from his parish. When visiting his father on his dying bed, he thus writes to his wife :—

‘My father is visibly changed ; the progress of his weakness is very perceptible, his lowness of spirits most distressing, and his spiritual anticipations gloomy and despairing. His state is one which, besides the extreme pain it gives me, confuses me very much. His despairing expressions can only be met by argument and prayer. I have recourse to the latter as the consolation under every trial and in every situation. Do you have recourse to it also, dearest M—, and I pray God that you may do so successfully.

‘I grieve that we are separated, but I pray for you very earnestly, and I doubt not that good will arise from all things.

‘My dear boy Harry seems almost to be spiritually acted upon be a comfort to all of us at this moment. He sees us all miserable,

and there is something so touching and so tender in his affectionate little ways, that they almost always relieve the loaded heart. If I wanted any excitement to earnest and hearty exercise of filial affection at this moment (which I trust I do not), could I have a more powerful one than the flood of parental joy that he so often produces in my heart ?'

With great thankfulness he afterwards writes :—

'Sept. 19.—My father's spiritual state is wonderfully altered. He thanks God constantly for having brought me to him to afford him the spiritual assistance he so much wants ; and he blesses me with the most touching blessings, frequently including you and our children in them. He looks back with a horror of self-reproach which is agonizing to me in one sense, while it fills me with hope, in another.

'He is deeply impressed with the tardiness of his awakening,—so deeply indeed, as to obscure the hope which the Cross of Christ supplies ; but he strives to cling to that hope, and that hope alone ; and his strivings are awfully vehement. May his earnest prayer be heard by the God whose property is always to have mercy and forgive !'

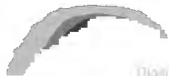
His father died on the 21st of October ; and as every day gave increasing evidence of the real change of heart which Mr. Dallas had so long earnestly prayed for, this trial was mingled with unspeakable comfort. He used to say, that never till he was brought to feel the lost state of his relations while in an unconverted state, could he really pray for them with that faith in the promise of God which can alone claim its fulfilment. That he was permitted to see such evidence of grace in them all was a special mercy ; and this gave to his ministry increasing confidence in the power of prayer.

The following letter to the Rev. T. G. Tyndale was written after this event :—

'My dear Friend,

'Wooburn, November 29, 1824.

'You must not judge of my thoughts of you by the rareness of my letters. You are very often in my thoughts at times that I cannot write. Of the affliction that God has been pleased to visit me with, I cannot write, though my heart is full of it. I pray earnestly that it may be sanctified not only to myself, but that it may be made the means of giving me the tongue of experience, in declaring my awful message to the hardened hearts I see about me. I believe, indeed, that it is thus that God pleases to fit us for our work. I never felt more earnestly the importance of it than since the recent events.



The manner in which my mind has been taken off from my ministry has made me hunger to return to it, and now that there seems a probability of my being left to it again, I am indeed doubly sensible of my own weakness ; but I think I am more strongly assured of God's strength, of which I may be made the medium. Do not relax in your prayers for me. I give you my word, that under my late affliction the confidence that I had the prayers of many of God's servants constantly offered for me was an unspeakable consolation and support to me. It will give you Christian gratification to know that I have the firmest and best-founded assurance that my lamented father had been received into the covenant of reconciliation through Christ, and I had moreover the blessed privilege of being made an instrument of spiritual good to him in his last moments. Some hint of the anxiety and distress of mind which worldly concerns produced in our family, even since my ministry here, will be given you by the statement prefixed to the accompanying volume. Accept the volume as a token of my sincere Christian affection.'

This book was 'Recollections of Lord Byron,' the publication of which requires some explanation.

The elder Mr. Dallas was a man of intellectual culture, refined taste, and a good classical scholar. His connection with the Byron family by the marriage of his sister led to much communication with the poet, who sought his criticism and advice ; and 'Childe Harold' was submitted to Mr. Dallas's corrections, and by him carried through the press. Lord Byron had also given him a number of his own letters, written to his mother while he was abroad. On the death of the poet, Mr. Dallas considering that the letters were his, to do what he liked with, proceeded to publish them, together with Lord Byron's letters to himself. He had not obtained permission from Lord Byron's executors to do this, and the work was far advanced toward publication, and an edition in French already printed, when the executors interposed their authority to prevent its proceeding. This led to much discussion, in which each party maintained their right. Mr. Dallas pleaded his right on Lord Byron's words when he gave him the letters, which were, 'Take them ; they are yours to do what you please with them ; some day or other they will be curiosities.' The executors objected on the ground that these words did not imply the right of publishing, only that of safe custody. After a great deal of preliminary communication, and many attempts to bring the case to a pacific termination by mutual concession, this question was referred to

the Court of Chancery, and the result of this suit was the celebrated verdict of Lord Chancellor Eldon, 'that the law with respect to letters decides, that if A writes a letter to B, B has the property in that letter for the purpose of reading and keeping it, but no property in it to publish it.' Thus an injunction was obtained by the executors, which put a stop to Mr. Dallas's intentions, and left him under the responsibility of books in the printer's hands unfinished, and which never could be brought out. He commenced after this a compilation of his own 'Recollections of Lord Byron,' comprising more of his own letters and advice to the Poet than of the Poet's responses. This was only commenced in the year 1824, when he was seized with his last illness. He left all his papers with his son, requesting him to bring out this work after his decease. The book was published before the close of the year, but all the preliminary circumstances caused it to be a work of much harassment and vexation to the son, and in the end it left a weight of pecuniary responsibility upon his mind, which was a cause of increasing deep domestic trial. A letter to his Vicar mentions this:—

'My book! Oh, my dear friend, what a hard, hard trial that unhappy book is to me! I cannot tell you half that it has brought upon me. I have acted conscientiously, and done what I believe to be my duty. There is a most unwarranted attack upon me in the *Westminster Review*. The writer has misquoted and misstated my book. Pray for me, my dear friend; I need your prayers much, very much. God allows all this for good. I only pray that He may support me under the fretting it naturally occasions. The statement I have been forced to make at the beginning of the book makes me a host of enemies. My only resource is to strive more earnestly to make Him my friend, whose favour is the refuge from the storm, to walk more closely with God the more I am railed at by man.

'Nevertheless, the book sells; 1300 copies were sold the first day. I hope they will continue to sell, for the loss upon the other book is most ruinous, upwards of 500*l.*, which must be paid somehow or other. You can now enter into the unsettled and anxious state of my mind. Now, however, I am setting to work, and I hope God's blessing will direct, guide, and support me.'

Another domestic trial was laid upon his heart at this time. A little boy was added to his family on the 26th of June, and the event was followed by the very dangerous illness of the mother; and though after many weeks of precarious suffering she was restored, the little infant was taken from them on



the 5th of September. This was a great sorrow to the father's heart. His interest in his little children was always extreme, and in this case the mother's illness had won for the baby more than usual attention and care.

The following lines written on this occasion depict a father's thoughts of love and sorrow under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, who was so manifestly moulding the heart of His servant for a vessel unto honour prepared for His own use :—

‘ Sept. 5, 1825.

‘ Our thoughts with lightning swiftness plan  
The current of a lengthened span,  
Life holy, long, affliction free,  
Thousands of souls brought home to Thee ;  
Thou heardest the presumptuous prayer,  
Thou knewest the thoughts that lingered there,  
Saw Thine own image circumscribed,  
And as it were its beauties bribed ;  
Thy righteous wrath its course began,  
Tempered with mercy, took my son.  
The prayer, as fit to give, was given ;  
Devoted was my boy to heaven.  
Not as the sire in folly pleaded,  
But as his sinful bosom needed.  
Thou gavest, Thou hast ta'en away ;  
Teach me, O gracious Lord, to say,  
“ Thy will, not mine, be done ; ” to know  
The blessing of the chastening blow ;  
From Thy all-bounteous Hand it came,  
O Lord ! and blessed be Thy name.’

The following was written as an epitaph on the infant's tomb :—

‘ Sept. 9, 1825.

‘ To breathe below a little space,  
Then yield the soul to Him who gave ;  
Behold the history of man,  
The womb, the trial, and the grave.  
But oh, that little space between,  
That makes us meet for weal or woe,  
Who would not wish that his had been  
Short as the babe's that lies below ?  
Washed from the taint his parents gave,  
And smitten just to make him Christ's,  
He shares His triumph o'er the grave,  
And on the Saviour's bosom rests.



Wouldst thou with his blest hope remain,  
Ponder the path thou'rt walking in;  
Turn ye, and so be born again,  
And die an infant as to sin.'

But though thus sowing in tears, the parochial journal shows that the labourer was in the field. Among many entries of pastoral visiting the following occurs:—

'I have never been more impressed at any funeral than that which I performed to day. Poor S. W.! she died the most Christian death I have ever been blessed with knowing of in my own ministry. The people seemed all impressed, and I could hardly close the service at the grave. The mother was so much affected as not to be able to walk, which gave me an opportunity of speaking to her, and through her to the many who followed the corpse.'

Many new plans were set on foot in this parish both for the temporal as well as the spiritual good of the poor. In writing to his Vicar he tells him his arrangements for a Clothing Club, and then adds,—'This seems to have drawn hearts to me. God grant that He may make it the means of drawing souls to Himself. The thought that I have your prayers to join with my own helps me under difficulty and labour, and there is no slight proportion of either.' But the object that he had most at heart was the establishment of an Infant School. Mr. Dallas's natural love of children led him to give particular attention to the schools in every parish he resided in, and infant teaching was at this time a new system of education. There was no little labour and difficulty in collecting funds for this object, but an Infant Schoolroom was erected, and the opening of it with a special consecration to the service and glory of God was a great event in the parish. All the mothers of the poor children were invited, and the minister gave them an earnest address on their duties and responsibilities. A great many of the neighbouring families were present, and were incited to greater interest in the work, which deeply engaged the heart of the young clergyman. In communicating with Mr. Tyndale, he afterwards remarks:—

'The Infant School more than answers my fondest expectations. There are now seventy children, and numerous applications. I have raised 70*l.* among my own friends chiefly. I look for great results in twenty years.'

Much was expected by the people, and the pastoral ministry here was carried on with intense labour. The claims of domestic duty and the pressure of mental occupation are not always made allowance for in the judgment of parishioners. Though there were some interesting cases among the poor, the ministry at Wooburn was rather a school for the minister; and from various circumstances very deep were the spiritual exercises of his mind at this time.

The experience of two parishes and continual intercourse with the poor, led Mr. Dallas very much to feel their want of proper nursing and attention in sickness. The doctor often lived at a great distance, and the care of a large circle of parishes was committed to one young practitioner. The village nurses were deplorably ignorant, and Mr. Dallas having resided in France, and having seen the superior nursing and the many advantages resulting from the system there carried on by the 'Sœurs de la Charité,' devised a plan for the same system to be adapted to our own Protestant country. He published a pamphlet, entitled 'Protestant Sisters of Charity,' which contained very important suggestions at that time, and was widely circulated. It resulted in much interesting communication with Mrs. Fry and in the plan being taken up by her, and ultimately carried out in the valuable nursing establishment in Devonshire Square, London, which now numbers above a hundred well-trained nurses.

Southey, in his 'Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society,' after advocating the same plan, adds:—

'It is not to the hospitals alone that this blessed spirit of charity might be directed. While it reformed those establishments by its presence, it would lessen the pressure upon them, by seeking out the sick and attending them in their habitations. These measures have been ably and eloquently recommended in a pamphlet entitled "Protestant Sisters of Charity,"—a letter addressed to the Lord Bishop of London, developing a plan for improving the arrangements at present existing for administering medicine, advice, and visiting the sick poor. London, 1826;" and though no visible effect has yet been produced by the appeal, the seed which has been cast upon the waters will be found after many days.'

Mr. Dallas's deep feeling of the duties of parochial ministry are thus expressed in a letter to a young clergyman:—

'A parish priest can hardly satisfy his conscience, if he confines

his parochial visits to the sick or infirm alone. He should not only have a general acquaintance with the persons who are placed under his care, but he should acquire, as far as possible, a particular knowledge of the character and disposition of each, to obtain a just estimate of the wants spiritual and temporal of every family in his parish. He should strive to promote in each individually a feeling of interest towards himself, corresponding to the individual responsibility which he has in the spiritual state of each.

‘In towns and very large parishes it may be impossible to maintain this intercourse with every family under the minister’s charge; but I am persuaded that the idea of impossibility is extended to many parishes, where no such impossibility exists, at least where a moderate degree of activity, such as might reasonably be expected to be produced by the proper sense of the awful responsibility attached to the sacerdotal office, might effect much more than is supposed. If the idea that it is impossible to visit all the families in a parish is once established in a minister’s mind, it too often makes him neglect that portion of his duty altogether, and he is induced to confine his visits to the sick only, or such as are in urgent need. It is however unreasonable to be satisfied with doing nothing, because you cannot do everything, and when the task is once begun, it is astonishing how much more may be accomplished than, without a trial, would seem possible. System and arrangement are the great secrets by which the most may be effected, with the least trouble and loss of time.’

This letter closes with the detail of the system by which he visited his own parishioners.

In the beginning of the year 1826, Lord Howe, whose friendship he was permitted to enjoy to the close of life, offered him a small living in Lancashire, Clitheroe, near Blackburn. The population were chiefly Romanists; but this was no obstacle to a mind imbued with an earnest desire to enlighten that misguided people. The following letter from Mr. Sumner shows that this kind offer was not hastily abandoned:—

‘My dear Dallas,

‘I had looked with great impatience for your promised letters, for you left me during a longer time than was expedient without intelligence respecting you. I now learn, however, with much satisfaction, that the prospects at Clitheroe are more favourable, though of course nothing can be considered as definitely arranged till you hear again from the clergyman to whom you have written. I met the Bishop of Chester in London last week, and he expressed himself respecting you in a manner which was highly pleasing to me. You would soon discover that he is no common man, and if you go into his diocese, I am convinced you will find great advantage in being under, episcopally speaking, one who can appreciate exertion and guide the judgment.’

But Clitheroe was not the sphere chosen by the Chief Shepherd for the employment of His servant. There was no house. The widow of the last Rector was not in circumstances to offer any dilapidations, and pecuniary circumstances made Mr. Dallas feel it his duty to refuse this preferment. It was however made clear to him that a move from Wooburn would be advisable; and committing it to God in prayer for special guidance, he was urged by his friend and neighbour Mr. Knollis to take the curacy of Burford in Oxfordshire.

The comfort he had felt in the correspondence and counsel of his Vicar had soothed him under many sorrows, and helped him through many difficulties. It was a mutual trial when this connection ceased; but habitual intercourse, real union of heart, and continual remembrance of each other at the throne of grace, never ceased during life. They are now together before the throne of God. Having laid down their arms and rested from their labours, they will both receive the crown of life at the appearing of that Saviour they both together loved and served on earth.

Mr. Dallas entered upon the curacy of Burford on the 4th day of May, 1826. On the 20th of June he was appointed chaplain to the Bishop of Llandaff. This year did not close ere death had again thrust his scythe into the family circle. Another little boy was given to the fond parents to be quickly gathered to the family in heaven—impressing this ministry, as well as that at Wooburn, with those lessons which the dark scenes of death seal upon the heart.

It is necessary before gathering up more personal memoranda to give a concise account of Burford, and of his special ministry there. The state of the town at that time has been thus described by one of its inhabitants:—

‘A clergyman had held the living and resided in the place above fifty years, who was no example to his flock either in morals or religion. He never visited his parishioners except upon secular business. He only gave them one sermon on the Sunday, and did as little beside as ecclesiastical law allowed him. Though a magistrate, he did not put a stop to fighting in the streets, while drunkenness and every other vice found full scope for unrestrained excess. The shops on Sunday were open, and very few persons ever attended church. The town was divided into “the outer and inner ward,” and some feud as to parish rights and boundaries having taken place, the inhabitants of these two divisions did not speak to one another, and lived in a state of continual ill-feeling and hatred.

'The first Sunday Mr. Dallas resided there was Whit Sunday. To his surprise he found only two persons in church beside himself and the old clerk. On inquiring the cause, he found that it was the Feast-day of the town. A charter had been given to the inhabitants of Burford to hunt in the Royal forest of Whichwood. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, a letter was written (which is still extant) by Lord Burleigh to set this aside, on condition that a brace of bucks should be given to the town on this day, to be claimed by a boy and girl dressed up as the king and queen of Burford; a fair was held in the forest, and it was such a gala-day that scarcely a person was left in the town.'

To set such a place to rights was the work to which Mr. Dallas now directed all his energies. Arduous was the task, calling for more than common strength of body as well as immense mental exertion. It was accomplished by those 'weapons which are mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds,' and being quite fallow ground, every stroke of labour was more manifest than it would have been had there been any previous cultivation.

The first of these efforts was an address printed and sent round the parish, giving notice of the different services in the church, and requesting the congregation to join in the responses and in the singing, and inviting all to bring their children to baptism. The address also specified the regulations for the Sunday-school and village library, and all the different charities offered to the poor. There was also notice of a lecture on the Lord's Prayer, to be given every Friday evening, and that the clergyman would be always ready at certain hours to receive his parishioners, and to attend to all they had to say to him.

On the first Sunday of Mr. Dallas's residence, he gave notice that a Sunday-school would be established, and invited all the parents to send their children. On the next Sunday 253 children were collected—then came the difficulty of providing teachers for such a number. The respectable inhabitants were requested to offer themselves to the clergyman for this purpose. Many did so who were unfitted for the work, and a great deal of weeding was necessary. It was some time before the school became regular and orderly, and the teachers settled in their place, but it was at last accomplished, and a very full blessing attended this important instrumentality in the town. The number of children increased in a very short time to 411. The rules and regulations

were very precise, and the whole arrangement forestalled that which the later 'Inspections' and 'Institutes' have supplied. The great object was the scriptural instruction, and much precious seed was sown in this school which has since sprung up in fruits of righteousness.

Having secured the assistance of several of the most respectable of the inhabitants, Mr. Dallas re-arranged the vestry, and put all the parochial offices under proper order, putting the churchwardens and overseers into authority under the legalized system, with proper books for each office. Sundry rules were drawn up relating to the relief of the poor, and the collecting of the rates. The vestry clerk found his office henceforth no sinecure, and five auditors were appointed to attend at the workhouse to hear appeals, and see that these rules were carried out.

The shops being kept open on the Sunday, the next step in this outward reformation was to go round to every tradesman to put before them the sin of this custom; and on the 6th of October a resolution was drawn up by the clergyman, giving notice that 'collectively and individually they agree and declare that they will not directly or indirectly sell any article on any part of the Lord's-day.' This was signed by sixty-three shopkeepers. An address was then sent to the farmers, requesting them to pay their labourers on Friday instead of Saturday, to facilitate the observance of this regulation among the poor. In November Mr. Dallas called a select vestry, and made a thorough re-arrangement of the pews and free sittings in the church.

The poor were specially on his heart in all that was undertaken. Before the winter set in he got for them allotments of land, which were held by parishioners of Burford, Upton, and Lignet, under twenty very strict rules.

The Savings' Bank also had his attention, as the Secretary and one of its managers, and a friendly address was sent to his people on its advantage. But perhaps the most laborious work of this kind which he undertook was the establishment of the 'Burford Friendly Institution.' The rules and regulations were formed on the scale of annuity tables, with very clear and stringent local rules. The papers printed and the explanation of them to the people were in accordance with his remarkable talent for

statistical arrangement. As this society included a large district, Mr. Dallas obtained for honorary members all the nobility and gentry residing in that part of the country. Among the former as patrons and presidents are the Earl of Macclesfield, the Earl of Plymouth, and Lords Dynevor and Sherborne; all the neighbouring clergy also are on the list.

Another charitable institution more local was the 'Poor Improvement Society,' which gave annual rewards to the poor families for industry, cleanliness, and good conduct; also to servants for good character and continuance in their situations.

To conclude the numeration of the external works which it pleased God to strengthen His minister to fulfil to His glory and to the lasting benefit of this town, we must now go forward to the year 1827. The church was a magnificent structure, celebrated for its beautiful ancient architecture, but was in a fearful state of dilapidation when Mr. Dallas first officiated there. Early in this year a plan was put forth for its repair and thorough restoration, and a committee was formed for its management. The curate worked hard, though unable to contribute much himself, and in their report it is stated,—

'The sum of 1146*l.* has been collected and expended on the parish church, and no part of this amount has been drawn from the usual and legal sources upon which such expenses fall. No less than 800*l.* 18*s.* 10*d.* has been procured from sources independent of the parish. No poor-rates were resorted to, and the deficiency was made up on the opening for service on Sunday, June 3rd, 1827, when sermons were preached by the Rev. Blanco White in the morning, and by the Rev. A. Dallas in the afternoon.'

One more ostensible work was to be left in this town,—the restoration of a very valuable charity, and the rebuilding of the great almshouses connected with it for poor widows. These were established in 1457 by Richard Earl of Warwick and his Countess Ann. The building had become so dilapidated that it was not a decent or safe habitation. The money had been appropriated by parish officers to relieve the rates. It was a work requiring much wisdom, tact, and determination to restore the charity to the intention of its founders, but it was accomplished without offence to any through 'the good hand of our God upon the work.'



The parish poor-house came also under his reforming hand. Rules and regulations were drawn up, which brought in modern improvements even upon the old system; and a weekly service there, and a continual intercourse with the minister, softened and sweetened the strict enforcement of discipline.

Many clergymen would have been satisfied to have arranged all this external machinery in the parish. To see, in one year and a half, such a well-organized parochial system, was a legitimate source of encouragement and comfort; but the Curate of Burford had a still higher object before him. He was not satisfied with external reformation,—he sought to win souls to Christ, to see tokens not of his own work only, but of the work of the Holy Spirit in true conversion from the power of Satan to God; and this desire was granted, in that God permitted him to see abundant fruit of his ministry.

The hours set apart for receiving his people were occupied by numbers who were awakened for the first time to a sense of their sins, whose state of mind was that of the jailor of Philippi, with the earnest inquiry, 'What shall I do to be saved?' Among the young people of the school there were several very decided cases of true conversion. The great day will declare what can never be known on earth; but there is good evidence that this work was not ephemeral, and that a little flock was gathered out of this place who stood fast in the Lord and clave stedfastly to His truth.

That this immense amount of active work did not distract the mind of the minister, but led him to be unceasingly watchful against those fascinations of society to which he was peculiarly sensitive, is evident from the following note in his diary:—

'Dined at Lord S——'s to-day. I went there with a real desire to take good to them. I am not satisfied with myself. I cannot see that I have done them any good, and fear I have got no good myself. I am as weak as ever in regulating my conversation in mixed company by holy rules. I was not jealous enough over myself for truth in talking with Lady C——. A mere trifle gave evidence of this. Then again, vanity gained a moment's ground. Singing is a snare to me on this point. I should not have sung so much, if at all, yet my refusal might have done harm. I must think this matter over, and be better prepared against another occasion.'



Another private memorandum may be inserted here, discovering the secret spring of the external blessing :—

‘Jan. 10, 1828.

‘At the close of six years I look back all the way the Lord has brought me since I opened this book, and I wonder! What glimmerings of light amidst great darkness does this book evince! In six years God has been pleased to advance me greatly in knowledge, and I trust in vital religion. Blessings have followed me at every step. . . . I am still greatly tied and bound with the chain of my sins. I am not now so foolish as to make resolutions as the early part of this book exposes; but I resort to it to assist my examination, and I pray God to enable me to continue faithfully to insert the results of my examination.’

This duty was very diligently carried out. The questions he proposed to himself, and recommended to others, were both practical and profitable. He continued throughout the great part of his ministry to observe special days of fasting and prayer. As trials of various kind increased upon him these days became more frequent, and often was he severed altogether from the outward world and alone with God.

The impossibility of giving as much time as Mr. Dallas desired to personal ministry in this large parish, led him to arrange a plan for district visiting, and to divide the town into thirteen districts. A list of the inhabitants of each district was given to the appointed visitor, and the special objects of their visits were specified with great clearness under different heads. One day in every week was appointed to receive their information, giving him the opportunity of seeing all the visitors once a month. All the special cases were visited by himself, and the Pastoral Diary at this time shows much growth in diligence and experience. The notes, which are much detailed, enter with deep interest into the individual cases of his flock.

Perhaps one of the most difficult cases which was ever experienced by him—and his whole life was one of individual ministry—occurred in this parish. A little book afterwards published, entitled ‘My Churchyard,’ details very fully the case of a poor woman who seemed to be a subject of Satanic possession. In a lone cottage in the hamlet of Fulbrook lived the ‘Emily Mills’ of that book. The story is one which opens a deep study for physical, mental, and spiritual investigation.

There are in it facts powerfully and fearfully demonstrating the power of the devil in hardening the heart of man, and leading on that heart from sin to death;—the state of misery which is invariably and inseparably connected with alienation from God, the only source of true happiness;—and the impossibility of any amelioration of this misery by self-agency or effort. The case is also a striking evidence of the powerlessness of ministry of any degree of sanctity to act upon the soul of man without the co-operating work of God the Holy Spirit. These truths are unquestionably proved; but there are also other questions connected with this story as to the very fine line of distinction which exists between the infirmity of mental aberration and the direct influence of Satan,—in other words, between common madness, for which man is not responsible, and the possession of the evil one which is connected with the indulgence of sin, which must remain under a veil of mystery even to those who are most initiated in such studies. Mr. Dallas was saved from the very difficult question of the duty of revealing a murder confessed to him, by the poor creature revealing it herself. Her subsequent insanity was fully proved. She died in a lunatic asylum. The extreme difficulty of the case was acknowledged in an important testimony from an eminent physician, Dr. Phillimore, who says, 'It is a case in which the parish priest can do more than the apothecary. Her guilt is certain.'

The solemn responsibility of dealing with such a soul was undertaken by the young minister with much earnest prayer, and though interviews with the unhappy woman led to no good results on her, it gave him an experience and a knowledge of the powers of our great enemy which he always felt to be of immense value throughout the remainder of his ministry.

In August, 1827, Dr. Sumner, being at that time Bishop of Llandaff and Dean of St. Paul's, offered his friend a stall in Llandaff Cathedral. It was a position more of honour than of profit. Mr. Dallas accepted it, and was on the point of going to Llandaff for his installation, when the living of Yardley, in Hertfordshire, fell vacant, and he received the following letter:—

‘My dear Dallas,

‘Aug. 7th.

‘Instead of coming to be instituted to the stall, are you disposed to come and resign it? The vicarage of Yardley is vacant and in my gift, and it is possible that its immediate possession may be more advantageous to you than the prospective advantages of Llandaff.’

The Bishop then details the advantages and disadvantages of the place, and the result was Mr. Dallas’s acceptance of the living. The anxious desire and prayer of his heart on leaving his people at Burford was that they should have a man of God who should carry on the work there. This was granted in the appointment of the Rev. J. Missing, a faithful minister, who not only maintained what his predecessor had set on foot, but carried out many of his proposals for the edification of his people.

Many pastoral letters of encouragement and warning from their late minister were addressed to the little flock at Burford from time to time, and the following letter from them to Mr. Dallas, in the year 1835, proves that his labour had not been in vain, and that, notwithstanding the changes and deaths of seven years, he still had the joy of knowing that his children there were walking in the truth:—

‘TO THE REV. A. R. C. DALLAS, THE MINISTER OF THE PEOPLE AT  
WONSTON, HANTS.’

‘Rev. and very highly-esteemed Sir,

‘We, the undersigned inhabitants of the parishes of Burford and Fulbrook, among whom you formerly ministered, have heard with much pleasure your pastoral letter to us of the 9th instant, which has recalled to our mind lively recollections of your past labours amongst us; and we received with thankfulness the assurance that you continue to remember us in your prayers at the Throne of Grace. We rejoice to hear you have grace given you diligently to labour among the people over whom God in His Providence has called you to be minister. We are desirous of acknowledging the peculiar relationship, which once begun, permanently continues between the people of God and the minister who has once ministered to them in holy things. We have occasionally remembered you and your parishioners in our prayers, and for the future have fixed a time for this especial purpose, resolving, by the grace of God, to petition our Heavenly Father on the Saturday evening previous to the first Lord’s-day in every month, either in social, family, or secret prayer, that it may please Him, for Christ’s sake, to fill you with the graces of the Holy Spirit, and by “the effectual working of His power” abundantly to bless your ministrations in the House of God, in your family, and in your



parish, and that it may please Him to bless the instructions given at the various schools, the instrumentality of the press, and all the means of grace there, by the outpourings of His Holy Spirit, without which we are assured by God's holy Word that neither human might nor power is effectual. We beg you give our Christian love to James and Sarah S——, and to all the brethren at Wouston, and say to them that we pray for them (Eph. iii. 15, 19), and that we desire their prayers for us, for our dear minister, and for a great blessing on the means of grace in these places.

'May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all! Amen.

'Subscribed with our respective hands.'

Here follow thirty signatures of persons, who felt that they had received spiritual benefit from Mr. Dallas's ministry among them at Burford.

The feeling of the people upon Mr. Dallas giving notice that he was about to leave Burford was that of extreme sorrow. On the Monday morning, as he was walking up the street, a good woman, who kept a little shop, asked him to come in. She was the mother of one of his most diligent Sunday-school teachers, a young man who had profited very much by his ministry. The good woman said, 'Sir, I wish you would come and talk to James; he has been in such distress ever since you spoke of leaving; I don't know how to comfort him.' Mr. Dallas went in. In reply to some few words of comfort, the young man said, 'Sir, if you will take me with you I will serve you with all my heart, and never leave you as long as I live.' Mr. Dallas thought of what he said, and seeing there was much capability in the lad, he promised to consider what he could find him to do in his new sphere. After a little time he sent him to Clifton to be trained as a schoolmaster in Mr. Hensman's school; and this young man became the most efficient helper in the ministry, his valued friend, and, as it were, his 'right hand,' in carrying out in detail all the plans of usefulness which Mr. Dallas suggested in the various departments of his work. He never did leave him till it pleased the Great Head of the Church to call him to higher service in Heaven.

Mr. Dallas was inducted to the living of Yardley on the 22nd of September, 1827. Though he was there but a very short time, many plans of usefulness were commenced. It was an unsettled period: the Vicarage required considerable repairs, which delayed the residing of his family, and afterwards his

office as domestic chaplain to the Bishop of Llandaff necessitated his being absent.

But his gracious Master did not leave him without proof that his ministry was blessed in that place; and the following little incident afforded him much comfort and encouragement:—

One Sunday morning, on his way to church, he heard a man running after him, and as he seemed to stop to take breath, Mr. Dallas slackened his pace, and, when the man overtook him, thus addressed him:—‘How do you do, my friend; are you going to church?’ ‘Yes, sir; are you the gentleman who is to preach at Yardley church?’ ‘Yes, my friend.’ ‘You are Mr. Dallas?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘God bless you, sir!’ ‘Thank you,’ said Mr. Dallas; ‘it is a great comfort for a minister to have the blessing of his people.’ ‘God bless you, sir. I got up at five o’clock this morning on purpose to pray for you!’

Mr. Dallas was startled, and wished to know more of the poor man. He replied, ‘Yes, sir; I prayed for you from the bottom of my heart. Do you remember a sermon you preached here a few weeks ago from Rom. viii. 1?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Well, sir, next to the saving of my own soul, that sermon was the greatest blessing I ever received in my life.’ He then proceeded:—‘Fourteen years ago it pleased God to awaken my mind to true religion, but I was alone. My wife, children, and friends rebuked me, and turned me into ridicule; but all I did was to pray earnestly for them, and never to revile again. The Sunday on which you preached I was so full of your sermon, that when I got home, contrary to my habit, I talked of it. My only daughter was always the most bitter against me, and she began to rebuke me and called me a rank Methodist. “Oh!” said she, “we shall have you more Methodist than ever now this new parson is come, who seems to be a bigger one than yourself. You had better look to yourself, and not come and preach to us like a Pharisee.” Well, sir, I went into my room, and there I was a long time praying and looking into my own heart. I then came downstairs much happier, and we talked of the sermon again till bed-time. The next evening, while at work in the fields, I was sent for by my daughter, who had been taken ill, and wished to beg my pardon for all her abuse of me the day before. I talked to her as well as I could, and presently she said, “Well, father,

and what did the minister say?" I had been thinking so much about your sermon that I preached the sermon over again to her. It had a great effect upon her, sir. She felt that she was not in Christ, therefore there must be condemnation for her. She was in a state of despair for three weeks. At the end of that time it pleased God to give her some comfort and peace. She sent for a good man, the conductor of a prayer-meeting, a person whom she had always set herself against, to soothe her restless nights. She called in her neighbours, and told them what great things God had done for her soul. She grew in grace daily, and five weeks from the beginning of her illness she died believing, rejoicing, and praising her blessed Lord. This, sir, was God's blessing upon your first sermon.'

The year 1828 was an eventful one in Mr. Dallas's ministerial course. It commenced at Burford, where such very special blessing had attended his ministry, and where we have noticed the power of the Gospel not only moralizing and civilizing a population, but bringing out rapidly and decidedly individual souls from a state of darkness into light, from the power of Satan to God. That there is a special blessing upon seed sown in tears has been often remarked; and it is evident from a few passages in a daily journal of one month, that much inward trial and exercise of mind was given as a ballast to the abundant gift of external success.

A few examples may be given here:—

'Jan. 17th.—A day of agony, but of hope in the end. I went into my study. I prayed—I wept. I never recollect to have gone to the Scripture reading with a more dejected heart; I expected to be short and dry, and difficult in my delivery. I chose the 14th of John for the second lesson, which comforted me, and when I began the exposition I was surprised at my own animation, very much above the usual standard. The passage was Luke xii. 1—6. I think I have perceived this more than once, though never so remarkably, that when I have least dependence on myself God raises me in my ministrations.'

'19th.—May God guide and direct me in my future conduct! What I am suffering no mortal can tell; but Christ suffered more for my sins, and He too sees all that I suffer, and how much more I deserve.

'My mind is more upset and distressed, and my heart more torn than usual. I am very wretched, yet not so wretched as my sins deserve that I should be or as they caused Christ to be. When I was alone I was greatly agitated, but prayer calmed me.'

Again:—

‘A grievous trial. My heart has since been poured out earnestly to God, or it would have broken.’

It is a relief to turn from these evidences of the Lord’s chastening to a few touches of ministry at the same date:—

‘The state of Mrs. M——’s mind is very interesting. Her anxious thirst for Christian knowledge is quite delightful, and the singleness of heart with which she endeavours to give up reason to the power of faith is remarkable. It shows itself in the implicit confidence with which she seeks to know the application of God’s Word to her own case, and her readiness to give up the most agreeable of her gratifications to conform to the requirements of Scripture. Her manner of speaking of her own conversion,—giving the glory to God, and tracing me as His instrument,—went to my heart. What mercy is this which God showers upon me! What am I that He should make such glorious use of me? These things overwhelm me sometimes; they make me see the wisdom of His working with me in other ways. May His great name be praised!’

‘I went to see little M——, of the sixth class of the Sunday-school. She is very ill. I questioned her, and found that she had not learnt at the Sunday-school by rote only. She has a knowledge of the way of salvation, of her own sinfulness, and of the need of seeking Christ and coming to Him. This proof of the usefulness of the school greatly delighted me. I prayed with her, and she felt what I said very much.’

‘Passing by J——’s door I saw him at his dinner, but they begged me to come in, and seemed glad to see me. Our talk fell directly on godly things. I recalled to J——’s mind what I had said before. He spoke of Wednesday’s sermon and said it had touched his heart; that while he was at work it came up to his thoughts in spite of himself. It had made him think himself very bad, more than he had ever thought before! I said what I thought most likely by God’s grace to deepen the impression by making the point of the sermon *individual* to himself. May God prosper the word in that man’s heart!’

Two young men came at this time into the parish to learn the duties of a minister previous to taking orders. Speaking of one he says:—

‘I have told him I will do my best to guide him. May God guide me in this work. He has a humble and candid mind, and on this ground I look for the help of God’s grace to improve the grace that is already given. D—— and S—— came this morning together, and we commenced our regular plan of study. D—— showed more openness and tact than I expected, and I hope that by God’s grace he may become a true and earnest follower of Jesus Christ.’

‘The conversation with D—— and S—— (the two students) to-day



was particularly interesting and pleasing on Eph. i. 6, and I used some illustrations of the doctrine of predestination, which seemed to carry conviction to D——'s mind. He will improve.'

It is interesting to trace the course of one of the young students here mentioned. Mr. D—— grew in grace and knowledge, and after the usual course of training, entered the ministry, and became an earnest and faithful preacher of the Gospel. His sense of grateful love to his early teacher and father in Christ was very great through life, and after many years of pastoral work he entered into the joy of his Lord only a few months before him.

A singular circumstance occurred at the beginning of this year, which gave the Bishop of Winchester another opportunity of showing his love for his friend, though it proved to be not the purpose of God that his intentions should be fulfilled. Mr. Bernard, the Rector of Witney, had fallen from his horse apparently dead. He was taken home insensible, and the report of his death, sent officially to the Bishop of Winchester, led to the following letter:—

‘My dear Dallas,

‘Farnham Castle, March 7.

‘By this day's post I have received intelligence of the death of the Rector of Witney, and think I cannot give a better earnest of my desire to bestow such preferment as is at my disposal in the manner best calculated to promote the interests of religion and the Church, than by requesting you to take the vacant benefice under your charge. The sphere of usefulness is one for which in my judgment you are peculiarly fitted; and it is my earnest prayer that the same blessing which has been vouchsafed to your ministry at Burford may attend your future labours at Witney.

‘Now, let me confess, that in providing thus conscientiously for the spiritual wants of Witney, I am making a great sacrifice of selfish feeling and personal comfort. I have looked forward to your entrance into my diocese, not merely as bringing you nearer to myself, and giving me more frequent opportunities of intercourse with you, but as setting up one of those human props by which I hope in time to raise the spirit and tone of my own clergy. I could say, if I might, that I grudge you to the Bishop of Oxford.’

On the receipt of this letter, Mr. Dallas having well considered the offer, made up his mind to accept the living. Being in the neighbourhood, he went immediately to the Bishop of Oxford to tell him that it had been presented to him, and to ask for institution. His interview with him he has often



related as an amusing scene in his life. Bishop Lloyd possessed a vein of ready wit which enabled him to appreciate the same in Mr. Dallas. He valued his parochial work and was well acquainted with him, but he made this occasion for a little amusement. On Mr. Dallas telling him the purpose of his visit, the Bishop said, 'I am not going to let you come into my diocese. Do you think I would have such a firebrand as you to make more stir in my diocese? You have made enough at Burford as a curate.' 'But, my Lord,' said Mr. Dallas, 'I am presented to a living; you have no right to refuse to institute me.' 'But I shall,' said the Bishop. After a little more badinage of this kind, the Bishop said, 'To be serious, Dallas—Bernard is not dead. It was a fit, from which he is recovering, and though sent officially to Farnham, it is a false report.' This was a closing statement. Distressing as this mistake was to Mr. Dallas, it was still more annoying to the patron, who had received the Chapter Clerk's official announcement. There were no telegraphs in those days to counteract the mistake of the information which had taken days to travel. Mr. Bernard lived six years after this, and Mr. Dallas was destined to another sphere of usefulness, which soon after was opened to him.

The following letter from the Bishop marks the next step in Mr. Dallas's ecclesiastical career. The Honourable Augustus Legge was the Rector of Wonston for thirty-one years. He was in middle age and in apparently good health, when, on a visit to his brother Lord Dartmouth at Blackheath, while sitting at dinner he was suddenly seized with a fit and expired:—

'My dear Dallas,

'Farnham, August 12, 1828.

'We were little aware on Friday, while talking of Witney, that by the awfully sudden death of Chancellor Legge, considerable preferment was at that time actually at my disposal. By this event the Rectory of Wonston, seven miles from Winchester, is vacant. . . . There is a glebe-house, and I doubt not a good one. The living is at your service, with my heartiest good wishes for your labours in it and out of it, if you prefer taking it to waiting for Witney.

'Ever affectionately yours,

'C. WINTON.'

## CHAPTER IV.

## EARLY MINISTRY AT WONSTON.

1828—1832.

THE ministry of my dear husband, commencing at Wonston September 14th, 1828, was extended over a period of forty-two years, forty of which he resided among his people, and ceased not to teach and to preach Christ Jesus. His first sermon was from Ezekiel xxxiii. 7. Assisted by his devoted schoolmaster, he set vigorously to work to introduce plans of usefulness, and supply means of spiritual edification. Prayer was so entirely the breath of his own life, that it was made the prominent point in everything he undertook, and one of the first things established was a little gathering for prayer at his own house every Saturday evening, to seek a blessing on the services of the Sunday. As one praying heart after another joined this little band, it was transferred to the schoolroom, but it was never given up, never interrupted. Sometimes its numbers were few, sometimes it increased in numbers and advanced in fervour, but it was a continual spring of spiritual comfort to the Rector, who when absent always made a point of returning for it, if possible. Various events in the parish, and all the circumstances of the congregation, were at these seasons specially remembered before God. Each of those present had an opportunity of putting their individual case into their minister's hand; it was a time in which they knew that they might always meet him and converse with him, pouring their wants and cares into his ear.

On Ash Wednesday, March 4th, a new book, 're-arranged as settling at Wonston,' shows the systematic diligence of private prayer with which this ministry was conducted. The details of petitions which were only meant for the eyes of God have been torn out, but the subjects which are left to us afford a profitable example, and show the great secret of the abundant success and

blessing which followed all Mr. Dallas's efforts. After very detailed petitions for himself and his family, and still more enlarged supplications for his parish, very touching is it to read the following:—'For all who may have spiritually suffered through my sins as a minister.' His petitions for himself may be related for the glory of that God who so abundantly answered them. He prays for 'The spirit of prayer,' 'Faithfulness,' 'Firmness against the world,' 'Sense of Christ's presence with me,' 'Assistance (my insufficiency), consistency, encouragement as expedient, support under discouragement.'

The parish was classed into 'The old, the middle-aged, the young, the rich, the poor, the sick,' beside the moral and spiritual classification. 'Thanksgiving for conversions, and answers to prayer,' closes this chapter.

Among his numerous friends two names always stand first: the Bishop, and Sir A. Spearman. His heartfelt gratitude to these friends is manifested in continual prayer for them.

In every page is the prayer, 'Pardon my sins, negligences, omissions in my past ministry,' &c.

In this year Mr. Dallas was appointed by the Bishop, Rural Dean for a district comprising twenty parishes. He arranged these parishes in a book, and the orders given by him, noted down against each name, show that he had carefully looked into the state of each. A year after the Bishop writes: 'I thank you for the returns from your rural deanery. Your abstract is very conveniently drawn up, and presents on the whole a satisfactory appearance. I shall call the Chancellor's attention to such points as require it.' This employment gave him interest in the neighbourhood, and horse exercise for which he required an object; but after a few years, as other and more spiritual work engrossed his time and thoughts, he felt it right to relinquish that office. The Rural Deanery meetings had not at that time been introduced as occasions for mutual edification and clerical conference.

His first work as the spring advanced was the restoration of his own church, and as the congregation had greatly increased, he was led to enlarge it with an additional aisle and gallery. Everything was put into order, and the arrangements were considered at that time to be greatly in advance of the age in ecclesiastical adornment, though much behind the present day.

The study of architecture was not made a point of, and improvements were often entrusted to those who were totally ignorant of its rules, and who often for the sake of utility outraged the refined taste of the more initiated. He set apart many free seats, and would have divided the pews, but such offence was given to their possessors by the attempt to remodel them that, for the sake of peace, he was forced to desist in this work; and so anxious was he to please all men for their good to edification, that never after this did he attempt to alter or improve the interior of the church. He spent above 1000*l.* upon it in necessary repairs, 850*l.* of which was contributed by himself. Everything was kept in order, and the service was conducted with a tone of earnest devotion. The Rector had a true sense of his position, and his orders could not be disobeyed. His word was law. But it was always felt to be the law of love. In some things, perhaps, ecclesiastical discipline was enforced with too stringent a rule, which the deepening experience of later years somewhat modified, but to the last he was the master to be obeyed as well as the friend to be loved by all who held positions under him. The clerk, who has held his office above thirty years, testifies: 'I never enter the church or churchyard without a remembrance of that dear friend, either by his example or a kind word of advice—always a kind parting word—which now rises on my heart daily. How often has he told me to stand firm and be decided; for trials would come, but if I stood firm to the end, I should be saved and be one of his jewels.'

To the two full services in church Mr. Dallas added an evening instruction, and these he continued for sixteen years unassisted by a curate. He also personally superintended the Sunday-school, which for many years of his ministry was a field of extensive blessing. He was extremely anxious to make full proof of all the ordinances of the Church. It must be acknowledged that, at that time, there was much painful coldness and neglect in the Church services, and that the rubrics had been gradually superseded by custom in which self-indulgence and convenience were too often substituted for reverence and order. It was much on the heart of the Rector of Wonston to act out the rubrics in everything, and to prove the power of evangelical doctrine dispensed through the established ordinances and full

teaching of the Church system. The two sacraments were regarded throughout his ministry as special channels of spiritual blessing, and they were presented to his people with a continual teaching of their solemn responsibility. There was an immediate commencement of a monthly communion, which at that time was not common. Baptism was henceforth celebrated in the middle of the service, and the prayers commencing 'We yield Thee hearty thanks,' was always repeated by the Wonston congregation in an audible voice. The sponsorial office was made an important one in the parish. The names of those chosen for it were always previously given to the clergyman with the notice of the baptism, and none but communicants were admitted to it. This was a standing order throughout Mr. Dallas's whole ministry. The sponsors thus chosen were called together and addressed on special occasions, and were also privately reminded of their duty from time to time.

The privilege and responsibility of Church membership were continually set before the people. The names of the communicants were entered in a book which was so arranged that at a glance he could see the number of times each one had communicated during the year. He had from time to time special meetings on the subject of the Holy Communion, always considering the communicants as light-bearers in the parish, to be the minister's special helpers in diffusing a right tone among their neighbours; and truly their spirit and conduct was narrowly watched in the parish of Wonston.

The festivals appointed by the Church were carefully observed. The Passion-week services were invariably kept with peculiar solemnity. The ordinance of Confirmation was one which engaged his whole heart. The preparatory instruction was always carried out by himself till, on the last two occasions, age and infirmity necessitated its being deputed to others. He kept all his parochial books arranged with such detail that he could trace the ecclesiastical history (so to speak) of every member of his congregation.

The great object of the minister was to make his people intelligent worshippers, to form through the power of the Holy Spirit a living Church, holding forth the Word of Christ as 'His Epistle known and read of all men.'



A deep sense of the importance of early impressions induced him to make the care of the little ones of the flock his own special work. Never was the school neglected. Even when his visits to it were attended with weariness and pain, nothing could keep him from a little ministry to his children.

To secure more suitable accommodation for them a new school-room was built on the glebe. This, with an infant school-room and master's house attached, was completed at a considerable cost, which was defrayed entirely by himself and his friends.

It has been justly said that to succeed well in any pursuit that pursuit must occupy the mind, thoughts and time, pre-eminently above all other things: this was truly the case with the Rector of Wonston. He could say with the Apostle, 'This one thing I do.' But there was a life and power in these ministrations which this alone could not give. The secret spring, the moving power, was continual prayer for the Holy Spirit. He felt that no work of his could touch the heart of any sinner; that no sacrament, no ordinance, was life-giving, except as used and sanctified by the Holy Spirit. He did nothing without an open recognition of the third person of the sacred Trinity as the Author and Giver of life. He never opened his Bible without praying for the Holy Spirit. He never knelt in prayer without making this his first petition. He never preached without the well-known prayer at the beginning of his discourse, 'May God, for Christ's sake, give to every one of us now the Holy Spirit.' He never visited a cottage but he paused at the door to offer this earnest prayer. From the little infants in his school to the aged men and women, from the poorest to the richest of those committed to his care, it was his first teaching; well knowing that all teaching was in vain without it, that this was the only key to unlock the treasury of the Word, the only source of life and light. The little prayer, too short for the thoughts to be distracted in using it, yet comprehending all we can need, will never be forgotten. 'O my God, for Christ's sake, give me the Holy Spirit.' There was much evident means of blessing on these means of grace. Under no common pressure upon the heart of the pastor, both within and without, the Word of God grew and multiplied; and not only were many added to

the visible Church, but believers were added to the Lord in no ordinary numbers. The seed was for many years sown in tears. The heart of the minister was from many circumstances of daily life continually torn with deep sorrow; but he was comforted by seeing some fruit even then: how much more, unseen now, will be gathered at the Great Harvest day! What streams of blessing and of glory will be his, when he comes again with the Master for whom he laboured so faithfully!

When the pastor was laid aside by old age and sickness he wrote a letter to his people, in which is the following reference to this early ministry:—

‘While my heart feels deeply the separation from you, I have no right to repine at the dispensation of God. On the contrary, I have every reason to be grateful to Him, and to wonder at the long-suffering goodness which has left me so long with this solemn charge, in spite of my short-comings and insufficiency. He has brought me on to my 77th year, and has honoured me by employing me as a minister for forty-six years, and thirty-nine of these years have been devoted to your service. When I came into the parish in 1828 there were 645 souls residing in it. Since that time there have been more than that number of infants baptized, i.e. 656. There have been 569 burials, so that very few persons remain in the parish who were present at my first sermon. With all these changes the ministry has gone quietly on, like the stream that flows through the parish. Like that, too, the stream of Divine Grace has rolled along. It has sometimes been high and dammed up, and sometimes low and almost dry. There have been seasons in which I have had the joy of witnessing that the Holy Spirit has plainly worked with the means of grace. I could walk over the churchyard and weep for joy by the little mounds that tell of those who gave sure token that they will be with the Lord Jesus at that first resurrection in which all that have part shall be blessed.’

One of the most striking cases of real conversion to God at this time was that of a young lady, the daughter of a medical man, who had been notorious for worldliness and vanity.

The following is her own account:—

‘I was staying with my sister at Sutton, and Mr. Dallas kindly asked me to come to his house on Saturday and remain until Monday, which I did. He preached from the sixth chapter of Mark, verse 20. How can I describe what my feelings were whilst he was preaching; for I thought till that time that I was better than most people, for I knew that I was much altered, and had left off many very bad things; but God was pleased to show me then in what an awful state I was going on, and what a poor lost sinner I was, and that I even at



that time was standing on the very precipice of hell. In the evening Mr. Dallas asked me about the sermon. I could not answer him, but felt ready to run out of the room, that I might go to bed and be alone. As for rest, there was none for me that night. I seemed to be quite beside myself. I did not know what was the matter. Now I can, and do thank God, with my whole heart, for permitting me to feel what I then did. In the morning at breakfast Mr. Dallas asked me if there was anything the matter with me, to which I falsely said "no." After breakfast Mr. Dallas inquired at what time I was going to leave, for he said he was going out, and most likely would not return before I left; therefore he would say, "Good-bye." I was most anxious to tell him what I had felt under the sermon, because he seemed to know my state exactly, and appeared as if he was preaching at me; but I felt ashamed to do so. I thought "what can Mr. Dallas care what I think or feel about his sermon? he knows very little of me." By the Providence of God I met him in the village on my way home, and God gave me power to open my heart to him, yet not without great struggle; but that was nothing to what I had to go through when I got home, for then I had to give up that which was most dear to me, and more painful in having torn from me, than it would have been to have had my arm taken off. The temptations I have had to go through since have been awful; but, thanks be to God, He has given me power to resist them.'

And grace truly triumphed over nature in the case of this young woman. She became a true humble Christian, and lived many years in the parish a diligent district visitor, and an efficient helper to the minister in every good work. Her sisters were all brought under the power of the Gospel. One had been early led into paths of sin, and marrying against her father's consent, had been turned out of his house. In her case there was the most fearful opposition to the truth; the strongest natural passions, unchecked in youth, acted upon the nervous system, and at times she seemed quite given up to the power of the great enemy. Continual relapses into sin even after the ministry of the Word had appeared to produce some effect, made this case one of peculiar difficulty, requiring from the minister who watched her soul much firmness combined with tenderness. Many a clergyman would have said, 'I have so often warned, so often rescued, such an one, she must now take her own course;' but the Pastor of Wonston brought from the treasury of heaven much wisdom and love, added to deep study of human nature in the difficult individual cases which came before him. He won the heart first. He knew well the power



of sympathy, and when the heart was won he did not shrink from applying the strongest reproof, and a faithful application to the individual sin. And though in some cases the enmity rose up more powerfully, in many it was as the 'hammer breaking the rock in pieces.' Repeated backslidings did not discourage him in dealing with souls. He often used to say, 'My own heart makes me very gentle and tender to other sinners.' In the case we have referred to, after some years of this ministry, the triumph of grace was marvellous. A more living representation of a Magdalen washing her Saviour's feet with her tears, and wiping them with the hairs of her head, is seldom permitted to the Church of God. A humble Christian spending her whole time and all her little substance among the poor, for the last eighteen years of her life she followed her sister's example as the diligent district visitor in the parish, till full of joy and peace she received the welcome summons to her eternal home.

It would take volumes to tell of the many instances of real conversion to God which took place during the early years of the ministry at Wonston. One whole family whose grandchildren are now following the teaching of their parents, in respectable situations in life, all received the truth in its power and love, and became examples to the parish.

But there were not wanting those who disliked the simple preaching and faithful application of the Word of God, and they soon found an occasion of offence. The tithes were considerably lower than the legal adjustment, and an increase was proposed which awakened the indignation of the farmers. Mr. Dallas was most anxious to keep within the legal and just award, and hoped to have effected an amicable arrangement without the assistance of an agent. He was, however, at last obliged to put the business in the hands of a lawyer, and before it was finally settled he was necessitated by those who refused any compromise to take up his tithes in kind. The inconvenience of this mode was very great to a clergyman, but at this time there was no other legal settlement. It produced a state of feeling which was very distressing to the heart of one who watched for the souls of his people with much love, and who by this means became the victim of the caprice and malice of ill-disposed persons. In



reference to this time, one who then resided in the parish, and who afterwards felt the power of the truth Mr. Dallas so plainly preached, and has lived to adorn the profession of the faith, thus writes :—

‘What a ministry dear Mr. Dallas’s was ! How little did I, for one, appreciate it as I ought to have done ; and yet the teaching of that valued pastor will remain impressed on my mind as long as life lasts. How much I owe to it ! Looking back upon that time with my present knowledge I can see the sad and evil influences which caused such mischief. You may suppose the feeling that the great enemy stirred up when I tell you that two ladies lent themselves to write most violent and insulting letters to the Rector of Wonston, dictated by a neighbouring curate. As for the answers returned, they were those of a saint, as he was. As regards the tithes which caused so much trouble with all the farmers, I have for years known that the only error that dear Mr. Dallas committed was in dealing with the farmers himself instead of employing an agent. Having been accustomed to business he did not think it necessary to do so. His predecessor put himself entirely in their hands. When the tithe-payers found that they had a Rector who understood business as well or better than themselves, they were furious. That a man should dare to preach the nothingness of worldly things, and yet know the exact value of the living of Wonston, was a thing not to be endured. Of course he was a “hypocrite.” I who by the mercy of God have been led to see the man he really was, and to esteem him very highly in love for his works’ sake : I who believe I shall be one of his many stars in his crown of rejoicing,—do not claim perfection for him ; but I do say that his conduct was most saintly throughout. The Lord had a people in Wonston. Many souls were gathered to Christ in those early days. I date my own early impressions of religion to a severe illness which I had at the age of sixteen, but it was four or five years from that time before my dear sister M—— and myself could be called really helpers of the ministry. Even then we had great opposition to encounter ; but my dear father, who never left the Church, always rather upheld us. So one by one we, his four daughters, were added to the true Church of Christ.’

The opposition of the higher classes brought out some touching tokens of kindly feeling among the poor. On one occasion, having land in his own hand, the Rector was put to the greatest strait for labourers. His corn was ripe, and he had no means of cutting it down ; not one labourer was allowed to oblige him, or could be spared by their masters. This was rejoiced in as a great opportunity for punishing the Rector ; but that Rector knew the privilege of committing every little care, as well as every great one, to his Heavenly Master. The next

morning, to his great surprise, all his corn was cut—all the work his field required was done. The labourers had already learnt to value their minister. The old clerk led the van, and without saying a word to any one, they had got up from their beds and worked through the night to surprise him.

On another occasion—the various dilemmas in which the parson was put being a continual amusement to the tithe-payers—they sent to him to say that the tithe lambs were ready and would be driven off the field at once. They well knew that he had no feed for them, and that he would be in the greatest strait to know what to do with them. It so happened that the Bishop was expected at Wonston the very day this message came, and as his carriage drove up to the gate, a large flock of lambs were driven up awaiting their destination. The Bishop was greatly surprised, at this welcome of the bleating flock, and on inquiring the cause, he said, ‘Dallas, it so happens that I can help you at once. My steward said to me as I left the castle that we had feed and wanted stock—let them be driven to Farnham to-night.’ With a little management it was all arranged, and the 102 lambs were exchanged for their value of 60*l*.

It was impossible long to continue this troublesome mode of payment, which was more expensive to the farmers than the highest award for tithes would have been, and a different arrangement was at last acceded to. But evil influences were at work, and there were those whose hatred to the truth fanned the smouldering embers of discord.

After many unsuccessful attempts to secure an amicable arrangement, Mr. Dallas determined to have the parish valued by an experienced surveyor, and the valuation was found to be much more than the Rector asked. He was exceedingly anxious to keep his award under the just claim, but every effort seemed unavailing to produce a right state of feeling. Several of the leading tithe-payers expressed their annoyance by leaving their own church, which they passed in their carriages every Sunday morning to attend at the next village. Though the tithes were made the ostensible cause of the offence, there was that uncompromising faithfulness in the ministry both in preaching and in speaking that would under any circumstances provoke the

enmity of the natural heart, and every word Mr. Dallas said was by these parties misunderstood and made occasion of affronts.

Dark clouds hung over the political horizon of this year, 1830. The throes of the earthquake which had devastated France and engulfed her dynasty were felt throughout England in different ways, breaking out in a spirit of rebellion and dissatisfaction with those in authority. There were not wanting parliamentary leaders of popular power, who fomented this dissatisfaction, and many of the agricultural labourers in different parts of England were stirred up to an undue sense of their grievances. Their wages, it is true, were very low, not exceeding nine and ten shilings a-week, while corn was selling from 16*l.* to 18*l.* per load, and this gave rise to the feeling that while their employers were getting rich, their position was not ameliorated. Incendiary fires burst forth all over the southern counties. In Hampshire large numbers of the working classes assumed from time to time a menacing attitude, urging their claims upon the farmers and landowners, who in the parish of Wonston did not lose the opportunity of referring their distress to the clergyman, and impressing upon them that the amount of the tithes was the obstacle to the increase of their wages. Mr. Dallas was aware of the disposition manifested among the poor, and wrote a letter to their employers, in which he says:—

‘The constant intercourse which I have had among the poor in the charge of my ministerial duties, enables me to judge of their state of mind, and I do not scruple to say that the parish is quite ready to partake in the excitement which is spreading over the country. The hire which labourers receive is certainly inadequate to their wants, and the system of making up a mere bread allowance from the parish rates has been attended with the most degrading consequences to them. The result of this system is that they are forced to live upon 2*½**d.* per day, the bare bread money. Persons are not wanting in this neighbourhood to excite seditious feelings. I have earnestly endeavoured to inculcate both submission and obedience to their superiors, but it is no less my duty to urge upon you the propriety of increasing the wages in the parish.’

This was not advice without example, for he at once offered to give up 20 per cent. of his tithes from the time that the wages should be increased.

On one occasion an excited mob came up from Sutton; about

200 men entered the Rectory grounds demanding an audience of the Rector. His daughter thus recites her recollection of this circumstance :—

‘ We were sitting at dinner when a servant came in looking as pale as ashes and trembling in every limb. “ Please, sir,” said he in an excited tone, “ there’s a dreadful mob just coming down from Micheldever.” “ Is there ?” said my father, looking rather pleased than otherwise, while the other members of the family rose up from the table in a state of trepidation. At this moment a loud ring at the front door put us all on the tiptoe of expectancy. I remember creeping close up to my father with the feeling that whatever happened that was the safest place to be in. The servant having first peeped and discovered that it was only two men on horseback, opened the door to a neighbouring farmer, who came hurriedly into the dining-room. “ Mr. Dallas, sir,” he said, “ there is a mob of 1000 men close upon my heels, will you reduce your tithes ? If you say the word, I will pacify them all in a moment, and they will not come here.” “ My dear sir,” said my father, “ pray sit down,” offering him a chair. “ Will you take a glass of wine ?” “ Sir, you don’t seem at all aware of the importance of what I say. Will you reduce your tithes ?” “ Do you know, Mr. —,” said my father, “ what you are doing ? You are rendering yourself liable to a severe penalty by attempting to gain money by intimidation.” As my father spoke, a change came over the countenance of the farmer, and I remember in his awkward anxiety to get out of the room he nearly slipped down on the old polished oak floor of the dining-room, and my father having followed him into the hall, came back with a face so full of amusement that he changed our fears at once into laughter.

‘ The mob did not come that day, but a few days after we had notice that there was a very large gathering of people in the village. It was a time of great excitement, and everything was exaggerated. The women and children of most families lived in terror, and we were among the number. When distant sounds of noise and shouting reached the Rectory we closed and barred all the lower windows, and went ourselves into the long gallery upstairs to watch proceedings. My father, who was in his study with his excellent schoolmaster, did not share in our feelings of terror. At last we saw the lawn gate open to a crowd of men in fustian jackets and smockfrocks, many provided with sticks, and not a few with stones. The faces of some were fierce and discontented, while many of them seemed to follow the crowd unwillingly, and a few lingered behind, determined not to molest the home of their Rector and friend. Presently, two or three of the ringleaders knocked violently at the front door with their sticks. It was instantly opened, and as quickly shut and barred again, and my father slipped out and was standing among the mob.

‘ There was a murmur as he approached, and they formed a sort of circle round him, making some fretful demands. He put up his hands as if to stop them for a moment, and we could distinguish in his clear



voice, "My dear friends, hear me a moment." The loud voices were hushed, but we could not hear the words he said. There was, however, a sudden change of voice and more respect of manner. One of the men seemed to ask him a question. My father replied by turning some good-tempered witticism upon the speaker which caused a roar of laughter among the bystanders, and evidently gave a turn to their grievances, for after a few minutes' more consultation there was a movement among the crowd and they turned their steps towards the gate. As they were moving away a voice called out, "Three cheers for Mr. Dallas!" and apparently almost involuntarily, voices were raised, and hats too, and loud cheers resounded where we had trembled for a very different result.

'Though cowed by his presence a great number of them went on to another parish, where they committed depredations and insulted a magistrate. The result was that the ringleaders were soon after confined in Winchester gaol. Among these was one of the parishioners of Wonston. They were sentenced to suffer the penalty of death. The feeling of their friends and neighbours on this occasion was much excited, but their Rector became their friend in need. He wrote a letter to Lord Melbourne, the "Home Secretary," putting before him at length the circumstances of the labourers, and urging the plea that the sentence of death had been so effective in humbling their spirits and allaying the excitement, that a commutation to anything less would greatly tend to turn their affection towards the Government. He pleaded that the object to be gained by the execution was already effected, and that the boon of their lives would awaken right feeling, which under the present circumstances of the country would be of infinite value.

'This letter produced its effect. The men were pardoned.'

Having thus got the hearts of these poor people, Mr. Dallas took another step to secure the maintenance of their good conduct. He drew up a memorial to the Home Secretary, to which he persuaded all the labourers who had in any way been implicated in these disturbances to put their names, expressing 'their deep sorrow and repentance for the different shares which they (the undersigned) had taken, and declaring their serious and solemn resolution never to be guilty of such conduct in future.' They then plead for their fellow parishioner that his punishment may be mitigated and his imprisonment shortened. The marks of twenty-six men are at the foot of this address, all of whom were thenceforth bound to their minister with stronger feelings of respect and gratitude.

Amongst those farmers who had been most opposed to Mr. Dallas at the commencement of his ministry was one whose

habits had often called for reproof. Personal intercourse had not tended to subdue the feelings of enmity. Reproof, and sometimes very severe reproof, was not wanting in the parochial ministry; but the pastor was ready to overcome evil with good. An opportunity afterwards occurred which was thankfully seized by the minister to show the poor man that he had no enmity to him, but that love for his soul had been the urging motive for his reproof. It was the evening of the weekly lecture, and while he was preaching a bright light illumined the whole church. This was a fire near, and of no little extent. The sermon was quickly closed and all left the church. Mr. Dallas summoned every one at hand, and rushed to the fearful scene. He found the poor owner paralysed with fright, and that presence of mind was much required. He worked hard all night, and arranged a file of men to convey water from the river till the engine came from Winchester, he saved the dwelling-house, and got the fire under. The next day he was exceedingly busy in the parish examining the suspected incendiaries. The gratitude of the farmer was very great, and the change of feeling to the clergyman after this was manifest.

In referring to this fire his daughter's recollections give an insight into the father's heart:—

‘I remember suddenly awakening in childish fear, startled by a commotion and a sound of people passing under the window of the room in which I and my small brother slept. We called aloud, but neither nurses nor servants paid any attention to our cry. At last we heard our father's steps, and we redoubled our efforts to be heard. He came in, and with loving words told us all that had happened, and that every one in the house was gone out to the scene. He was in haste to go himself. My brother wanted to go with him, but he said, “No; stay, and take care of Aggie, and God will take care of you both.” We told him how frightened we were, and he would not leave us till he had soothed us, and kneeling down by our beds he prayed that we might trust in our Heavenly Father, who could take so much better care of us than our earthly one could. It proved to be an incendiary fire. The farmer was in great anxiety and distress, and my father undertook to make inquiries for him at once as to the perpetrator of the deed. Two men had given rise to suspicion. One by one my father had every labourer who worked on the farm into a room in a cottage near, and with his usual clearness of thought and decision of action he cross-questioned every one as to his employment every hour of that day. Two contradicted themselves so plainly, and gave such proofs of guilt, that my father felt justified in giving them into

the hands of the police on suspicion. One of these men was convicted and found guilty. He confessed afterwards that he set the farm on fire, and intended to get away immediately to America; and he would have done so had it not been for the promptness and energy of my father's proceedings.

'About this time I remember Cobbett, the great agitator, coming into the parish. He made an harangue on the subject of cheap bread, and other reform questions. On Sunday, he came to church to hear my father preach, bringing with him by the force of example several of his followers, who would not otherwise have been at church. After the service Cobbett waited in the churchyard to see the clergyman, and I believe that all his supporters, knowing how opposed in politics the two were, thought that they were going to have a grand passage of arms. Cobbett was a large, stout, not ill-looking man, and was dressed in a long chocolate-coloured coat, a bright neck-tie, and a white hat, which at that time was considered the badge of a party. He stood amidst a group of men in smockfrocks. My father in his robes, with head uncovered, came out and met the party. Cobbett instantly uncovered his head, an example which was instantly followed by several of his adherents. My father then, with his usual graceful courtesy, spoke a few words of civility and kindness, putting out his hand, which Cobbett took, evidently astonished at so courteous a reception. "I thank you, sir," he said, "for your very excellent discourse." A few more words passed, and the party dispersed.'

But amidst all this excitement, anxious care, and external work, the spiritual state of the people was as much as ever cared for. The two following extracts from his journal bear testimony to this:—

'Commission to two new and interesting cases. In the evening I was told that there was a man dying at the public house. I went immediately. I met the doctor, who said he must die, as the symptoms did not yield to remedies. I took the opportunity of impressing upon him the necessity of telling me when any one was in danger. I spoke of his responsibility if any man should die under his hand without knowing his danger, and be lost eternally.'

'Visited Mrs. W——, who did not wish to see me; but I had an opportunity of speaking to L—— L——. I questioned her as to the manner in which she had used the opportunities given her. I probed her deeply. When she went to W—— she continued in prayer, and was firm in opposing several attempts to turn her mind; but she went to London, and all her good thoughts seemed dissipated. Had gone to a play and an opera. Her conscience reproved her at the time, and had been much burdened since. She feared being laughed at. I pressed upon her Luke ix. 26. Exhorted her to much ejaculatory prayer, &c.'

The ministerial prayer-book during this and the following year, beside the usual subjects, has many special details of prayer



and praise which are often omitted, even by those who walk very near to God, as 'Thanksgiving for quiet in France,' 'Prayer for new Churchwardens,' 'For the sick, by name,' 'For the cold and backsliding,' 'For the prisoners after the late riots,' 'For the Parliament Reform question,' 'For those who are beginning to feel,' 'Those more advanced,' with many other special cases. These subjects were also specially remembered at the Saturday evening prayer meeting. And that his own spiritual state before God was not lost sight of is manifested by the following little prayer, accidentally rescued from destruction:—

'TRINITY SUNDAY.

'O Gracious and Holy God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I am by Thy grace at this moment deeply impressed with a sense of my exceeding sinfulness, insufficiency, and corruption. Thou hast greatly increased my light, and given me clearer views of Thy wondrous place of redemption for lost man; but, alas! my sinful heart hinders me from making a proportionate progress in grace and warmth of love and holiness of communion with Thee. I desire now to register my earnest hope that the Holy Sacrament which I have this day been permitted to minister to the people may be what I endeavour to make it, a real renewal of the covenant of pardon in Christ. I solemnly renew my covenant, devotion to Thy service personally and ministerially. I solemnly renew my baptismal and ordination vows. I am covered with shame and confusion of face that I have so coldly and languidly followed on upon the great objects those vows place before me, my own salvation through Christ, and the salvation of other souls through the same Christ. Blot out my sins in the blood of Christ. O God, for Thine own great Name's sake, save me, and make my ministry effectual to some others. May God be my helper to fulfil the purposes He has put it into my heart to-day to intend. Amen.'

On the 18th of October in this year (1831), Mr. Dallas was summoned to Farnham by an express messenger conveying the news of the Bishop's dangerous illness. On his arrival he was hailed by the afflicted family as the friend to whom they could look in their distress for sympathy and help.

The next day he preached in the chapel, and having been much exercised in his own mind on the power and privilege of intercessory prayer, he took his text from Romans viii. 26, in which he first pointed out the duty of submission in waiting upon God, and then the origin and conditions of acceptable prayer—as the voice of the indwelling Paraclete—the Holy



Spirit inviting us to Christ in whom alone we are righteous, and for whose sake we can claim the promise (James v. 16), 'The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much;' connecting with this the clause, 'Pray for one another, that ye may be healed.' Mr. Dallas then urged the sorrowing congregation of children, servants, and friends, to special earnest believing prayer for the recovery of the Bishop. The illness was considered incurable, and for some days he lingered between life and death. No hope seemed to remain, except that the hand of God might be stretched forth in answer to the many prayers that were offered for him all over the Diocese. And prayer was answered. With every symptom of immediate dissolution he was restored, and consciousness gradually returned. Mrs. Sumner thus writes:—

'Our dear friend Mr. Dallas arrived in the night, and we both prayed with renewed earnestness and faith that God would raise up His dear servant. The progress might be said to be miraculous. No one doubts his restoration to be an immediate answer to prayer. My beloved husband is persuaded of it himself, and spoke of himself as a *raised man*. At one time his pulse had ceased to beat, and he was cold. God in His infinite mercy grant that we may live more and more to His glory, that His infinite goodness so wonderfully displayed may produce an abiding devotedness to Him who has done so much for us.'

From Farnham Mr. Dallas wrote the following letter to his parishioners:—

'November 23, 1831.

'My beloved Children, Brethren, and Friends in Christ Jesus,

'The afflicting hand of God has been upon us. I say upon *us*, because *you* have been deeply interested in the circumstances which have caused my absence from you. That faithful servant of Christ who has been nigh unto death is the same who is appointed by the Providence of God the chief shepherd of the flocks in the district where you live—the shepherd over your shepherd. It is he into whose hands God has placed the appointing of another pastor for you, if that God should see fit to take me to Himself before the great day of the Lord. And I may add, I think, that you are interested in his illness, because it is a very severe trial to the heart of your own pastor, whom I verily believe you "esteem highly in love," according to the command of the Apostle. Knowing you to be thus interested in the affliction which has threatened us, I write to tell you that the Father of Mercies and God of all Comfort has been pleased to comfort us in all our tribulation. He has heard our prayers; for I am sure that many of you have been praying for him, joining your prayers

with those of your spiritual pastor, which have been indeed constant and earnest for this very thing—that God would raise him up again to shine as a light in the world, guiding the Church under the teaching of the Holy Spirit in the midst of a perverse and sinful generation. Go on praying, my beloved friends. God has encouraged us by this earnest, that He will hear and answer prayer. God has removed his fever, but has left him with the strength of a little infant, and we must not cease to pray until He has given him all his strength again, and then we must pray for our dear restored Bishop that he may be strong in the Lord. I have been very much distressed in heart, but it is one proof to me how deeply I love you my people, for though the distress of my heart was great, it did not cast out the remembrance of my flock, nor make me forget them before the throne of grace. I prayed for you as fervently as if I had been at home. I prayed that God would give you abundantly of His Holy Spirit; and that God did answer my prayers for the Bishop's recovery I take as a token that He will not refuse to hear my prayers for your health of soul. I urge you all, when you hear this read, to make a new resolution, in the strength of God's Spirit, that you will more earnestly struggle with your difficulty in praying, and not be so easily turned away from prayer by the coldness and deadness which you find to creep upon you. I close my letter by begging you to read, as from me, the passage of Scripture found in the 6th chapter of Ephesians, from the 10th to the 20th verses. I purpose by the blessing of God to be with you again by the next Lord's-day. Grace, mercy, and peace be with you all, in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.

‘Your affectionate Pastor,

‘ALEX. R. C. DALLAS.’

And while the pastor was thus praying for his flock, they were united in spirit with him, and the faithful and devoted schoolmaster gathered a few in his house to pray for the recovery of their Bishop. Prayer was also offered up in the congregation with earnest feelings. On receiving the news of his recovery, forty-seven of the poorest of them joined their mites together for the purpose of presenting his Lordship with a Bible as a token of their sense of God's goodness, and of their affection and respect for their Bishop. In sending it, they express ‘their hope that he would accept it as coming from those who have prayed for him, and who, God being their helper, will continue to pray that he may ever be kept a close and constant follower of Jesus. They humbly present to him this Holy Bible, accompanied with their prayers “that he may be enabled to lay hold of by faith, and embrace as his own, the exceeding great and precious promises contained therein, to his everlasting

comfort and joy." No subscription to this offering of love exceeded sixpence.

After Mr. Dallas's return to his parish, the following answer from the Bishop gratified the poor people:—

‘My dear Dallas,

‘I request you will communicate to Shayler, and through him to the several subscribers for the purchase of the Bible which reached me yesterday, my most cordial thanks for this affecting token of their feelings toward me. I shall consider this volume, which will be ever before me, as intended to put me in perpetual remembrance that He, who has seen fit to bring me back again from the very bottom of the grave, expects the entire devotion of my future life to promote His glory and extend, if it be His will, the limits of His kingdom. I trust also that I may recognise in this present, an evidence that the donors have themselves found that the Word of Life is the “pearl of great price.” It is my earnest prayer that they may continue steadfast to the end in the doctrines of this Book, to your exceeding joy as their minister, and to their own eternal happiness through their Saviour and God.’

A new phase of religious excitement about this time occupied with much interest the minds of many of the clergy. Irving was beginning his erratic course as the minister of the Scotch Church in London, and from giving very dogmatic lectures on the Apocalyptic prophecies, and advancing some very wild interpretations, forgetting that prophecy is not given to make us prophets, he was led to the conclusion that having arrived at the last days, miracles were to be expected to take their place again in the Christian economy. At the same time this view was corroborated in the minds of many by some very remarkable and sudden cures which were effected without human intervention. These were generally the result of much prayer and a strong faith that the object desired would be granted. The circumstances which assumed this supernatural character commenced in Scotland, and the enthusiastic excitement quickly spread among Christian people, who having seen these extraordinary cures, expected a manifestation of the ‘gift of tongues:’ for this also, with other Apostolic gifts, was held by them to be in the possession of the Church, only requiring faith for their development. Many sincere Christians fell into the snare of these influences, and the true character of the Divine grace of faith which has her foot upon the Word of God, the *faith* which re-

quires the warrant of *promise*, was lost in the imaginings of highly wrought feeling.

Mr. Dallas had in his own parish a singular instance of instantaneous cure effected after much earnest prayer. His natural ardour would have led him to accept with enthusiasm the expectation of miraculous interposition, but he was led to see the mixture of physical agency. He earnestly desired to arrive at the truth, and to separate that truth from the trammels of mere human excitement, to recognise the hand of God in the various instances that came under his observation, and, while rejecting everything spurious, to accept with reverence everything bearing the impress of the Spirit's work. It was a time for much prayerful investigation, and he went, accompanied by the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, to Irving's chapel to see and hear for himself what was there put forth. On a dark winter's morning, with a single lamp throwing out its beams on Irving's remarkable face, while he was in earnest excited prayer for more manifestations of the presence and gifts of the Spirit, the chapel was a scene calculated to awaken deep religious awe. During the prayer an unearthly voice uttered sounds that were unintelligible, that seemed at times almost a scream—a silence ensued, then more prayer; and these strange sounds were considered as the answer from on High. It was enough for these servants of God. They were satisfied that it wanted the character of Divine influence. Irving was soon after brought under the unflinching judgment of the Church of Scotland, and the condemnation of his tenets by the General Assembly has been justified by the subsequent history of the sect which bears his name—vital errors of the Church of Rome having been accepted by them.

In a letter from the Bishop the year after his illness, referring to the remarkable case of answer to prayer which took place at Wonston, he adds:—

'It is indeed a subject of much thankfulness; I feel it so especially to-day, the anniversary of that day in which I was prayed for in my churches without hope, humanly speaking, of recovery. But we see year by year that the arm of the Lord is not straitened, and I believe we only require to set out with the definition of miracle to be of one accord in our sentiments.'

Though a generation has passed away since the year 1832,

when the cholera first appeared in England, yet its fearful ravages, and the desolation of many a happy home, is still remembered. It was a pestilence before unknown, and while thousands were falling under it day by day, it cast a feeling of fearful gloom upon every one; it caused a panic in the country, which affected commerce, and there were few who did not feel that the hand of God was stretched forth in judgment upon our land.

The effect upon the parish of Wonston was that hundreds flocked to the means of grace who had never attended before, and the faithful warning of their Rector was listened to with deeper attention and more serious thought.

But that pastor was called by his Master to declare the message of mercy to others at this momentous time. His duties as a chaplain called him to visit the Channel Islands. Arriving on the 15th of August, Mr. Dallas preached at St. James's, Jersey, the next day, from Ezekiel xiv. 19, 20. In no part of England was this fearful disease more fatal than in St. Helier. The deaths were five, six, and even twelve, in each day. On the 29th, twenty-one persons were consigned to the grave, and fear seemed to paralyse the hearts of all. The first act of the Government authorities was to disperse the thickly crowded poor. In one yard alone two hundred souls were found occupying tenements which had only proper room for fifty. Tents were provided for those wretched creatures who were infected or under the influence of this plague. The white tents shining on the heights formed a striking object to all the country round, and this 'cholera camp' seemed to be the standard of God unfurled among the people, speaking to every heart to be ready for the summons. At the bottom of the hill a large vacant storehouse, situated on the sands, was converted as quickly as possible into a hospital. In giving an account of this time, Mr. Dallas says :—

'The pestilence had appeared a week when I entered the island. It was a solemn season for a minister of Christ. God had not left the people without faithful messengers of the Gospel; but I felt that as His Providence had brought another to their shores at such a time, when the trumpet of Judgment was sounding, it could not be but that I must join in His work. I went down to the hospital with a medical friend who had come with me from Guernsey to gain experience, in

the anticipation that the island would be soon visited. I had heard much of the horrors of the cholera. I had in my varied life been often in scenes of horror. I had seen thousands dead on the battle-field, but never was I witness of a more terrible scene than that which I now saw. The beds were very close together and were all filled with patients in different stages of the disease. The cries of some in the stage of cramp, and the contortions of their countenances, were most appalling; the unnatural tone of voice, whether in speaking or screaming, conveyed a feeling of indescribable horror. Others seemed not to suffer, indeed scarcely to live; but the leaden blue upon their countenances made them more frightful than corpses. A very painful confusion seemed to bewilder me. A sense of the unprepared state in which most of these persons must have been for the fearful change which was so near them, oppressed me. It was not uncharitable to form this opinion, as the greater number of those brought to the hospital were addicted to drunkenness and other fearful sins. I met at the head of the stairs a man with a child in his arms of three or four years old, whose ghastly appearance indicated his object in bringing it there. It was the only one left of a poor family, except another child whom he had taken to his own home. In passing up and down the large yard in front of the hospital, I found it exceedingly difficult to collect my thoughts till they found relief in prayer. Prayer is indeed a blessed outlet for the tossings of agitated thoughts, and it was unspeakably comforting to me—it led me at once to look around for something to do in such a scene of danger.

‘I saw before me in an outhouse near, three or four women taking their midday meal. They were nurses who had been prevailed upon to undertake the duty of attending the hospital. They were Irish women, and I afterwards discovered were papists. I addressed them solemnly and earnestly as sinners, upon the great danger of their present situation; standing as it were like porters at the door which opened into eternity, at the moment when God had thrown it back upon its hinges to admit a crowd at once. Were they prepared to pass through themselves? Had they heard of Christ, the way, the truth, and the life? Had they taken Him for their refuge? They listened attentively, but like ignorant persons under alarm.

‘My attention was next arrested by a young man with a sailor’s hat, wrapped up in a blanket, sitting in the window. The nurse told me he was one of the first patients who had survived—the only one in the room. I asked him his name; and then said, “Can you read?” “No.” “Do you know anything about the Bible, or about Christ?” “Very little, sir,” was his reply. “What sort of life have you led?” “Why, I can’t say much for it, sir; but a bad one, I am afraid.” “Do you know then, William, that you have been upon the brink of hell? How many have fallen over and you are yet left here. Do you know what a mercy that is? But God will not always spare you. His long-suffering is now calling you to repentance. Come to Christ, He will save your *soul* from death; and as you can do nothing without His help, pray morning, noon and night, ‘O God, for Christ’s sake



give me Thy Holy Spirit.'” In my daily visits I saw this man, he continued to improve in health, and although I often said a few words in passing, I had no more particular conversation with him, the dying persons occupying all my time. The man left the hospital, and I did not expect to see him again. The hospital was situated at the foot of the most miserable street in the town. It seemed as though the wickedness of the place were all concentrated here; it was the only access to the hospital, and I used to shudder as I turned down the street at the scenes I was compelled to witness. One day on returning from the hospital I passed a house, the windows of which were open; a number of persons were collected inside, and conducting themselves in a most disgraceful manner. I stopped before the window and said, “Be sure God will bring you into judgment for this.” They all turned to the window. “Remember now what I say, God has sent me, a stranger, to warn you of coming judgment.” I then addressed myself to several women who were sitting outside the door, and taking my Bible read the seventh chapter of Proverbs, speaking to them especially from the last verse. I was soon surrounded by between twenty and thirty persons, many of whom were at first inclined to laugh and mock, but ere the chapter was finished they became deeply solemnised. I spoke of judgment and of mercy, and as usual, besought them to pray.

‘I left Jersey for a week and went to Guernsey. On my return I went to the cholera hospital. On going into the street I saw something had happened; it was quite deserted, the windows and doors all open, and I reached the end of the street without meeting a creature. At the gate of the hospital I was surrounded by several men, one of whom seizing my hand said, “Oh! sir, where have you been? we have been wanting you so much. All the people in the street are dying, or dead. You told me about Christ, and taught me to pray for the teaching of the Holy Spirit. Will you come and preach to some of them?” He took me up the street and stopped at the door of the very house where a week before I had warned them of the coming judgment. Several deaths had already taken place, and on entering one room we saw the corpse of a man stretched upon the bed, a woman was seated beside it, and several persons standing round. After speaking to them for some time I prayed for them and left them.

‘Another day, in the same street I saw a man come out of a house weeping like a child. I asked what was the matter. He said, “Oh, such and such an one is dead, the others have sent me to seek for comfort, but where can I find it?” “You have found comfort,” I said; “I am a minister of the gospel of peace, take me to the house.” I then found a young woman in the spasmodic state of cholera; she was in great agony. Sitting down beside her, I mentioned her name. She immediately ceased crying and, looking at me, said, “You are the gentleman who preached to us, and told us to seek the Holy Spirit; but how can such a sinful creature as I am be saved?” I saw that the Spirit had done His work of conviction in her heart, and a very deep work it appeared to be. I preached to her Jesus the Saviour of the chief of



sinners. She appeared able to lay hold on Christ as a hope for salvation. This woman was one of those who were sitting at the door of the house where I had preached. The words then spoken took hold of her conscience. Her husband and children died of cholera, the judgment sealed the impression. She became much alarmed, had sent for the chaplain of the jail, who visited her often, and felt satisfied that it was the work of God; and now at the last hour I was permitted to come in and see the answer to my own prayers and to hers, for remembering my words she, in her distress, constantly cried to God to give His Holy Spirit. It was one little light amidst fearful darkness, very encouraging to our sinking hearts.'

These visits to the sick and dying were frequently repeated, and Mr. Dallas gave himself to this ministry, fearless of consequences. The 91st Psalm was his own individual support.

The whole of this visit to the Islands is replete with interesting events. Everything gave way to ministry, and it appears that God had prepared many hearts by this solemn judgment to attend to the things which belong to their peace. Mr. Dallas preached several times, and the congregations were immense.

On returning to Wonston, he recounted all his work; and being obliged to leave his people again, to visit his mother, on September 14th, he sent them a pastoral letter, from which the following are extracts:—

'My dear friends and very dear children in the Lord Jesus,

'My heart is equally bound to you now, whether I am placed in the midst of God's fearful judgments at Jersey, or surrounded by the little band of Christians whom Christ has given to me in this foreign and generally infidel land. I rejoice that I had the opportunity of being amongst you on the last Lord's-day, to tell you of the wonderful workings of God's power and His grace which He permitted me to witness while I was in Jersey; and it is the subject uppermost in my mind in addressing you now, because it cannot be but that God will take account of the many occasions in which His warnings have been brought before you, and particularly of the last remarkable accounts of the facts which were related to you. I earnestly desire that these may be impressed on your minds, and I pray that the Holy Spirit of God may make them serviceable to each of you, by awakening your hearts through the voice which has spoken so strongly in the circumstances that were detailed.

'When the dreadful pestilence that now rages came first into the land it was the subject of earnest warning from the pulpit and in private conversation. More than one day was privately set apart by those amongst us who believed God's Word in this matter, as a period of fasting and humiliation under the national scourge. A hundred persons of the parish joined in petitioning the king to appoint a



general national fast. Our petition was granted, and on the day appointed our means of grace were largely attended. Ever since the Government have published an authorised account of the number of persons seized with the pestilence and carried off with it, a regular account has been given weekly to the parish in the schoolroom on the Lord's-day evening. No opportunity has been lost by your minister in bringing the importance of the subject forward in his weekly teachings; and, to crown the whole, God's Providence leads your pastor into one of the places where the pestilence has been most severe, and has employed him in circumstances where His hand has been most marked. That same Providence was over you all, protecting you from the scourge, while He was over your minister to bring him back to you that he might tell you of all he saw, and urge you to profit by the awful voice of God in His judgments, as though these things had happened amongst yourselves. All this is most extraordinary mercy to you, to give you time and opportunity to repent every one of you and turn from the evil of your ways, if you have not yet repented and left your sins; and if you have begun to do so, then it is to urge you onwards to better things than you have yet attained unto, to make you trim your lamps and to get ready for the day of the Lord, which is at hand. There are three classes of persons amongst you to which I would earnestly recommend these different passages of Scripture to be studied and prayed over, and applied personally. The first, who are careless and unrepentent, should well consider the passage I explained last Sunday afternoon, Luke xiii. 1-9. The second, who make a mere cold acknowledgment of religion, and yet do a great deal as the world does, should read with much attention the epistle to the Laodiceans, Rev. iii. 14-22. The third, who are striving after a real saving interest in Christ, and think they possess it, should humbly rejoice and pray over the words of Paul to the Philippians, iii. 7-21, where they will find an earnest endeavour after greater spiritual attainments, combined with the comfortable conviction expressed in the latter verse, "that the Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ shall change their vile bodies, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, in the day that we are looking for, when He shall come from heaven." I would take this opportunity of impressing upon all of you, my dear friends and children in the Lord, the urgent necessity, at this time especially, of examining well upon what ground your profession of religion stands. It is so easy to say Lord! Lord! but so difficult to overcome the world, crucify the flesh, and resist the devil, that it may be feared many may deceive themselves by saying the one without doing the other. True religion consists in the exercise of a changed heart in those which the natural man does not love, and in denying of ourselves those things which the natural man does love—this denial being for Christ's sake. This is the work of the Holy Spirit in us, and goes a great deal further than the words of the mouth. Read Gal. v. 16-26.

I commit you to God's good keeping, in earnest prayer that He will make a hedge around you, and let no evil thing come upon you, &c.

## CHAPTER V.

## VISITS TO HAVRE.

1828—1832.

THE residence chosen by Mr. Dallas for his family was St. Adresse, a little village just outside the town of Havre. This was his home for about two years after the battle of Waterloo, when, to use his own expression, he was 'a complete man of the world, foremost in the amusements of the Carnival, and courted by the most worldly of French society.' From this time he was often called by parental claims to visit this place; and the exercise of his ministry during these transient visits was attended with such blessing and such abundant fruit, that it forms a special epoch in his course; one which he always looked upon with adoring gratitude to his Divine Master.

When attending his father's sick-bed in 1824, Mr. Dallas was asked to preach in the English chapel. He did so on Rom. viii. 1, earnestly putting before the people the solemn truths he had so lately felt the power of in his own heart. In referring to this occasion he says, 'Satan neutralised the Gospel. I heard what was said, "Alexander Dallas will always be ardent whatever his object is. Set him to make pots he will make more than any other man; and now he has taken a turn for the Church he will be foremost in that."' In 1828 he again went to Havre, and the account of this visit has been left in his own narration:—

'I was welcomed with great kindness. I found my sister prepared for something new by reports that had reached her of what had passed at Burford. We talked together all Wednesday morning in the full flow of family affection. In the evening I said, "This will not do; I must talk to you about the Bible." I went on to speak of some passages, and the next two days I had hardly ever the Bible out of my hand while conversing with my relations. God gave me exceeding boldness to say, "This word is to you," and to apply every passage to their individual state. My sister afterwards told me that the passages I had explained had conveyed quite a new meaning to her. She sometimes

combated what I said, saying, "You are a Methodist." I then described what a Methodist really was, and wherein I differed. "She expected," she said, "that I should never laugh, and wear my hair combed straight." Happily my heart was very buoyant, and I had but to let it appear as it really was. Two young ladies, friends of my sister, were present during our conversation, and it pleased God in His infinite mercy to cause the Word of His grace to take root in the hearts of all three.

"There was at this time in Havre a French Protestant congregation of five or six hundred, and about one thousand English. I knew numbers individually, aware that they were all in a state of deadness. Sanguine as I am, my heart sank within me when I was invited to preach to them, aware that what I said before had no effect. I studied my sermon, but never did I feel more my insufficiency. I took the text, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us," showed what the law was, went over the ten commandments, showed the spiritual sense of each, then what condemnation was,—banishment from the presence of God, whom we had not loved,—then, the glorious truth that Christ was made a curse for us. My mind had been much occupied with the thought that the justice of God being satisfied in His atonement, could not now be against us. The ransom being paid the debt could not again be exacted. Then I said, "These truths will profit us nothing if they be not individually applied: it is my purpose so to address them, and I begin here. You see before you one whom a very small effort of recollection must recall to you as crucifying the Son of God afresh, and putting Him to an open shame." I went on to draw a portrait of the guilt of those vanities in which we had lived. A masked ball, of which I had been the chief promoter, was present to my thoughts. Many of the parties who had acted in it were before me. I declared what the grace of God had done for me, the foremost in all evil, the lowest of them all. I then addressed the subject to others, not personally, but almost so, and concluded by pouring out a fervent prayer for the souls of those present. My sister had never in her life heard an extempore sermon, and was so affected I feared she would have fainted. The effect on the rest of the congregation was of a peculiar character. I have been in scenes of great excitement, but never witnessed anything I can compare with it. They looked pale and wonderstruck. Twelve persons came to me separately in consequence of this sermon, most of them in tears, to speak of their souls.

'We returned silently home together. My whole heart had been poured forth on the service, and the review of the past deeply affected me. It is not in the power of those in whose hands evil has not been fostered to conceive the painful capacity of retrospect. In the afternoon, while sitting with my mother, a ring at the bell announced an English gentleman, Mr. Puget, who sent in his card, and stated that he was travelling with his mother, and that they had much regretted having to stop on the Sunday at Havre; but that the sermon they had heard that morning had made such an impression on his mother,

and she was so deeply interested in it, that she could not be satisfied without his coming to convey her thanks.'

The beautiful Providential ordering of this circumstance the young minister did not see at the time; but these kind friends became deeply interested in the work, and supplied in many cases that pecuniary assistance without which many of his plans of usefulness in this place could not have been carried out.

On the same evening he explained the second chapter of Ephesians. One of his hearers on this occasion was a lady, who had been exceedingly unsettled and distressed in mind by Socinian relations with whom she lived. She afterwards requested an interview to converse on these doctrines, and it pleased God to make the arguments he set before her the means of relief and comfort. Her doubts were removed, and her faith strengthened.

The effect produced by the ministration of this Sunday was that of great excitement in the society in which he had been so well known. One lady sent for him to visit her, and said, 'Mr. Dallas, you cannot think what battles I have fought for you. You said such things of yourself on Sunday that every one insists upon it you must have been a perfect reprobate. Now, I know you quite well, and protest to every one that you were a very good, kind-hearted young man, an excellent son, very agreeable in society,' &c. Mr. Dallas let her go on, and when she had finished he said, 'I am glad you have said all this, that I may tell you that, however innocent and amiable in your eyes I then was, my state was what the Word of God condemns; and therefore it becomes the less offensive inference for me to add, that the higher degrees of these amiable qualities which yourselves possess cannot prevent your being also in this state of condemnation, and that you are actually in it.' This lady was deeply affected at this plain and faithful application of the truth.

To another whose greatest snare was vanity and love of dress he said, 'If you were awakened by your house being on fire, you would not search your drawers and waste time in considering what dress you would put on; you would haste to escape the flame.' He then applied this to her particular case. She said nothing at the time, but passed a night of great misery, and afterwards told a friend that the true state of her heart was

revealed to her in this conversation, and her besetting sin brought home to her.

The week was occupied by incessant calls for individual ministry; and the details of persons whose hearts were at this time awakened, and the interesting conversations on the subject of the sermons, would supply the material for a large book.

One of those who then received the truth with the power of the Spirit is still working diligently and faithfully in the vineyard of the Lord. Many vicissitudes of fortune have tested her simple reliance on her Saviour and love for His work, and for the last twenty years she has been the honoured Superintendent of the Connemara Orphans' Nursery, at Clifden.

A recent letter from her on receiving some manuscript journals is an interesting testimony:—

‘I cannot describe the intense interest I have felt in the perusal of the journals. All the scenes, conversations, prayers, and blessed results of your dear husband’s ministry at Havre are brought so vividly to my mind. It commenced in the year 1828, at his dear mother’s cottage, at St. Adresse, and I cannot sufficiently praise our Heavenly Father who directed our steps there.’ We were a large family—my father, mother, and twelve brothers and sisters. We knew nothing of the Gospel or way or salvation through a Saviour, until God sent by dear Mr. Dallas the message of His love to each of us. How well I remember the first day of his arrival at the cottage. We all remarked how grieved he looked, and how he walked up and down the room in fervent prayer; and then in the evening he opened his little pocket Bible at the tea-table, offered up a prayer for the Holy Spirit, and then began to talk to his sister and to us, telling us we must be born again of the Spirit. All this was so new, we set him down as a fanatic, and dear Georgie grieved over him for being such a Methodist. He urged us most earnestly to ask God to give us the Holy Spirit, begging us at least ten times a day to make use of the little prayer he taught us, “O my God, for Christ’s sake give me the Holy Spirit.” We promised to do so. The result was that when we met next evening we were led to ask many questions on the subject. In this way God prepared our hearts to receive the truth as it is in Jesus. We went every evening for conversation, and joined him in prayer, and on Sunday heard him preach that first sermon which God blessed to our souls. I remember before he left for England his sister saying to him, “I can now say from my heart, Christ has redeemed me from the curse of the law, being made a curse for me.”

‘Every year Mr. Dallas visited St. Adresse and Havre till the year 1832—the year of the cholera—when my dear father fell a victim, leaving my mother and fifteen children to deplore their loss. Have we not reason to thank God that, through the instrumentality of dear

Mr. Dallas, his soul, and that of my mother and sisters, were prepared for this event? On Mr. Dallas's second visit he hired the reading room, and Mr. Palmer came over from Honfleur to preach there. I think Mr. Dallas never preached a sermon in that room that souls were not converted. A French Infant-school was opened after Mr. Dallas's visit in 1832, which led to the conversion of several of the parents of the children. It would take volumes to tell all that occurred during those years. The whole family of the Kirkpatrick's were truly converted, and afterwards resided in Brussels, where they laboured for the Lord, tracing all their light to the ministry of our dear friend.'

Before Mr. Dallas left England a letter of introduction had been given him to the clergyman at Honfleur, a town on the opposite side of the bay, nine miles from Havre. Mr. Palmer was a man whose heart was in his work. He asked Mr. Dallas to preach for him on the Thursday evening, which he did. His visit there he thus relates:—

'The next morning I asked him to walk with me. It is a beautiful place. I had often come over to it on parties of pleasure, and I wanted to humble myself by revisiting these spots. We missed our way, and passing by a house where a lady was in affliction, on account of the death of her brother, Mr. Palmer called in to inquire after her. This call led to most interesting conversation, and an opening of the Gospel. I was again sent for by the sister of the lady, and on my second visit all their cases were unfolded, and I was permitted to pour into their hearts the consolation of Christ.'

Seeing the good effected by a reading room for sailors at Honfleur, he determined on establishing one at Havre on his return. This was not to be done without considerable opposition, and many difficulties being presented. At last, personal influence prevailed, and not only was a room hired, but permission was obtained from the authorities for the English clergyman to give a lecture in the week as long as he remained. The sailors were invited to avail themselves of the room, and a lending library was established there for them, in which Mr. and Mrs. Puget greatly assisted. This room became a place of much spiritual edification.

To resume Mr. Dallas's own account:—

'On the next Sunday I preached from St. John iii. 3; and as I had before explained the work of Christ, I this time set before them that of the Holy Ghost, entering into detail more than before as to the state of the natural heart. In the evening I administered the Communion at my mother's house, and expounded from 1 Thes. ii. Twenty-three persons were present, and seventeen remained to the Communion.'

Having obtained leave to have an evening sermon in the week, Mr. Dallas continues:—

‘I came to the church to preach, expecting to find hardly any congregation. The “Spectacle” was lighted up close by, a great object of attraction, and nobody seemed going to church. On opening the door I found it quite crammed with people. Though very tired from the day’s work, the sight of such an assemblage acted upon me as if I had taken oxygen gas. My fatigue was all gone. I expounded Mark v. 26–33, and endeavoured to show the difference between those who thronged to hear Christ preach and those who really touched Him. Of the first, I said there were four sorts of hearers—Gallios, who cared for nothing but what had respect to their worldly interests; Felixes, who trembled, but procrastinated; Agrippas, who studied the Scriptures, hearing the doctrines, but never entering heartily on the Christian course; Herods, who did many things, but retained one sin for the purpose of their adversary, who, whilst this door remained open for his entrance into their hearts, could at his will lead them into any other enormity. On the 33rd verse I urged those for whose souls God had done anything not to fear to confess and glorify His name before all the people.’

There were 700 persons that day in church!

Having got the reading room opened, the next proceeding was to gather a Sunday-school, which was carried on by the ladies after he left.

At an exposition at the reading room the following week a large number were assembled. Mr. Dallas stated to them again his earnest desire that, having spent years in that place in a manner calculated to be injurious to his countrymen, and leading them from God, he might be made an instrument in some degree to undo this work, and promote the glory of God during the few days he had to stay with them. He adds:—

‘I took 1 Peter ii. and expounded it, dwelling particularly on the 15th verse, as my motive for providing a weekly explanation of Scripture, entreating them to attend this, and watch over the Sunday-school and Seamen’s library. I then called on Mr. Palmer to pray, which he did very beautifully. The next day I sailed for England.’

At the close of his account of this visit he says:—

‘One thing I must remark, that uniformly in proportion to the spirit of prayer excited in my own heart has been the measure of blessing attending my ministry. Never at any time had my heart been so drawn out in prayer as concerning this visit abroad. I undertook it in prayer; I embarked in prayer; I set my foot in France in prayer; I embraced my friends in prayer; and I literally



lived in prayer. God will answer our largest expectations. If He wrought thus by so feeble an instrument, look to His abundant grace for greater things still.'

He further remarks concerning this visit:—

'It was my act taking my family abroad, and God has fixed them there by my mother's confirmed weakness and inability to leave her bed. For years it had been my earnest prayer that God would remedy that which my folly had done, and restore them to a land where they might have the means of grace. My mother's state made it evident that it was not the will of God that my wishes should be accomplished. He would grant me my prayer, but not in the way I desired; and since I could not bring my mother to England, my next thought was how to supply her with spiritual food at Havre.'

This led him there again in 1829, when he found the little flock steadfast in the faith. The young ladies were working diligently among the poor people, many of whom they found willing to receive instruction in the truths of the Gospel.

This was the commencement of that intercourse with Roman Catholics, which imprinted such a deep interest for their conversion on the heart of my dear husband throughout all his future ministry. Hitherto he had ministered only to the English residents; but on this visit a door was open to the Roman Catholic inhabitants.

His first step was to get the ten commandments, and other short portions of scripture, printed on handbills in French, and distributed among them. He also obtained from his English friends a large supply of Bibles and Testaments, which were eagerly purchased by many who had never seen or even heard of one before. Tracts were also distributed proving the unscriptural nature of Romanism.

On one occasion Mr. Dallas was in a cottage, opening the Gospel to a large party of poor people, when a man cried out, 'Have the goodness to read the second commandment out of the Bible!' Though in the midst of a different subject Mr. Dallas turned at once to the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and read aloud, 'Vous ne vous ferez point d'image taillée.' The effect of this was electrical. The people had *listened* before, but now they were *moved*. The opposer waked up thought—'Could it be the Word of God? Was it a real Bible? Impossible that the priest could know this to be the commandment of God!' The

church was full of images, and every one was taught to bow down to them.

On another occasion he preached in French to a congregation of eighty poor people from the third chapter of St. John. The questions which followed, the surprise expressed, the tears which flowed, the deep feeling awakened, left a conviction on all that the Spirit of the Lord was present in that assembly.

The children attending the school were permitted to take home the Scripture portions and tracts to their parents, and they were received by at least 120 families. At every exposition of Scripture, whether at a private house or in the sailors' reading room, many remained to ask questions, and the feeling of anxious inquiry was evidently sincere and earnest. The invariable result of these efforts for the enlightenment of the poor Romanists quickly followed; the priest was aroused, and warned his congregation not to listen to Mr. Dallas or his agents. This only made the people more anxious to know what the new doctrine was.

This led to a discussion with the Curé of the village on the grounds of difference between them, and for some time his mind seemed so much awakened to the truths which were then put before him, that he was induced to visit Wonston, and to have a great deal of spiritual intercourse with the Rector. But though his conscience was awakened to the errors of his own Church, the fear of all he might have to suffer prevailed to prevent him from leaving it and from professing himself a Protestant.

Opposition arose also from quarters from which it was less expected, and many of the rich residents were greatly annoyed at the excitement which was produced. They had gone on so long in careless indifference that they hated the faithful exposure of their state, and the condemnation of their worldly pleasures and pursuits. These people did all they could to hinder the work, and stirred up the English chaplain to refuse Mr. Dallas the opportunity of preaching in his chapel.

Nevertheless 'The Word of God increased and multiplied.' Those who on the first visit had tasted the good Word of God were living as His people, and increasing in the knowledge of His salvation. An increase of anxious inquirers, to the number of thirteen or fourteen, were found earnestly asking, 'What shall

I do to be saved?' and the evening before he left for England forty persons assembled for prayer, and earnestly commended him to the care of his Heavenly Master.

In 1830, being again called by domestic duty to Havre, Mr. Dallas found many more in a state of earnest inquiry upon the one thing needful. The hours of the day were not sufficient for the improvement of all the opportunities which occurred for opening the Word of Life to the poor Romanists. The demand for Bibles and tracts had largely increased in many villages round Havre, and many persons gave most satisfactory evidence of real conversion to God. At Honfleur, also, there was found great readiness in the minds of the Roman Catholics to listen to the preaching of the Gospel. In several distant cottages where Mr. Dallas was requested to go, he found many gathered together to listen to his exposition. One of these gatherings was at the house of a schoolmistress, who asked him what the Host meant. He explained it to her. She then said, 'Is there anything about it in the Bible?' He opened his Bible, and gave her the simple history of the Lord's Supper. She had been very much unsettled as to many points in her own religion, and she was anxious to know the truth. Mr. Dallas promised to continue the conversation. In the evening, when he returned, he found the cottage full of people anxious to ask him many questions. On another occasion, when he went into the school, he found only children present; but as he was talking to them, first one person came in, and then another, till at last the whole room became crowded, the doorway was filled, and people were looking in at the windows. Mr. Dallas adds:—

'Madame B—— pointed to the window. "Ah, sir, there's a man there who contradicts all you say." I said, "Come in; come in." He came and sat beside me, and began to defend the Roman Catholic opinions. His arguments were clever, but of little importance. When he said, "Adam was made good, perfect," I took the opportunity of preaching about the Fall and our condemnation. The people were much interested. I had just begun to show the remedy for the disease when I saw a well-dressed man standing at the door, and it suddenly struck me that this was the priest. The man pushed first one side and then another, till he got forward into the room. He allowed me to go on for some time; but I soon saw he was getting up his strength for a battle. I spoke again of the Fall, when the priest came forward and burst out, "Ah, well! then there is nothing but despair." But I then again preached Christ to them, and of His blood as alone sufficient to

cleanse them from all sin. I opened to them 2 Cor. v. 21, and dwelt much upon the love of God. The priest put in his objections to every statement, but spoke calmly, and finding himself defeated in argument, begged pardon, and retreated, bowing out of the room without turning his back. Then the people asked, "What was the Virgin Mary?" "She was a good woman, and highly favoured; but only a woman." When I said this, the people looked aghast, as if I had spoken blasphemy. They went on to speak about the worship of the saints. I pointed out the verse, "There is one God and one Mediator." The people asked, "Why do not the priests teach us the same things that Mr. Dallas has done?" I then urged them to seek for themselves from the Bible what the difference was, and it being very late I closed with prayer. The priest afterwards tried to put an end to this little school, and thus to frighten the good woman who kept it; but as I took the blame upon myself for this gathering, the opposition ceased. I had afterwards a long conversation with the Curé, which lasted three hours, and I felt very thankful that I had studied the subject before, so that I could answer his arguments.'

The journals kept by the visitors whom he had requested to follow up this blessed work during his absence are full of most interesting details, and the conversations with the different persons would extend over many pages. In the spring of the following year (1831), Mr. Dallas returned to gather much precious fruit, truly sharing in the feelings of the apostle, who, 'having seen the grace of God, was glad, and exhorted them all that with purpose of heart they should cleave to the Lord.' The effect on his own heart was a deepening humiliation of spirit. On his arrival he went immediately to the sailors' room, and 'vowed himself to Christ's service while there.' Then he visited his father's grave, and renewed his dedication to God there. Then he joined his sisters and mother in prayer, and great was his comfort in perceiving their growth in grace and knowledge.

The Sunday-school was increasing. About 2000 verses had been learnt the last month, and one little child had died rejoicing in her Saviour, having in life acted as a little missionary to her companions.

Among the most striking instances of real conversion to God was that of Mr. M——, a gentleman who had reviled and turned into ridicule all Mr. Dallas had said. He had been brought to the brink of the grave in a very serious illness. A friend who then visited him thus writes:—

‘He felt that he was on the brink of hell. His first thought was a desire to look to Christ as the children of Israel did on the brazen serpent, and were healed. He said, “I was bitten unto death and found I could not look to Christ, which drove me to despair; but now I am enabled to see Him as a merciful Saviour.” He thinks no heart can be so vile as his; in the world he was looked upon as a moral upright man, but he says, “The world little knew what a heart there was under that, nor did I know it myself until the Lord showed it me.” He spoke a great deal of Mr. Dallas, and said he wished he could now have conversation with him. He remembered the last sermon he preached on Luke xiii. 10, and requested me to make known to Mr. Dallas the Lord’s great mercy to him, notwithstanding his resistance of the Gospel; and entreated a remembrance in his prayers.’

This gentleman recovered, and proved by the change in his life that his heart was really influenced by the Spirit of God. He became an efficient helper in the furtherance of the Gospel.

A lady also mentioned that a few days before Mr. Dallas arrived, she was about to engage a box at the theatre, where most probably she would have been every evening for the season, but she had been led to see the danger she was in, and felt it as God’s great mercy to her that he had been sent there. She seemed to be earnestly seeking the truth, and to have given up her former companions.

Another instance was that of a poor French woman who had heard Mr. Dallas’s sermon on the third chapter of St. John, and who had been thinking of the question he then put to her, ‘Have you been born again?’ She was very anxious to be taught in the truth, and asked many questions on the Sacrament, the worship of the Virgin, &c.

Though precluded any more from public ministration, most interesting opportunities of private instruction crowded upon Mr. Dallas on every visit to this place; and when the death of his mother closed his special calls of duty, he heard from time to time of the progress of God’s work there with continual interest; and after much effort he succeeded in getting a French pastor located there, who earnestly and faithfully carried on the work of God among the French population.

The last visit he paid to this interesting place was in 1832, when he held a meeting for the spread of the Gospel among the French, English, and Americans. Thirty persons came

forward on this occasion desirous of being actively employed in reading the Word of God to their neighbours and distributing tracts; and an annual subscription of 300 francs was collected for missions.

On different occasions of absence from his own people, Mr. Dallas was in the habit of writing them pastoral letters. The following was written from Havre, dated 6th of April, 1832. In it there is mention of some who had fallen away from the serious impressions they had received. It would be contrary to the analogy of every history of religious revival to suppose that of the numbers who received the Word of God with joy, all should have the root which would endure, and continue steadfast to their profession. A goodly number are however witnesses, to the present day, that the Word came to them in power under the effectual working of the Holy Spirit.

‘My beloved flock,

‘I can truly say that my prayer for you all has been that with which the Apostle begins his letters to the Churches, “Grace be to you and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.” Upon former occasions when I have been absent from you, I have found that my feelings of affection have been very strongly called forth, and upon this occasion, I think I never felt so strongly the power of the pastoral tie and the pastoral responsibility. Many of you know that for some years I have taken occasion of my visits to my aged mother to preach the Gospel of salvation to a number of English people who are residing in this country, and, thanks be to God, this preaching has not been in vain, but the power of Christ has been present to heal, and the Holy Ghost has given witness that many have been turned from darkness to light. Every year I have had fresh comfort of this kind which has given me great occasion to rejoice. This year, however, I am come to find that I must rejoice with trembling. There have been backslidings amongst some, by whom the good seed of the Word was once received with joy, and who seem at present to have been but stony ground hearers. Satan has been busy—coldness has crept upon some, and the old man rising up in the heart has separated others. All this has made me feel something of what the Apostle describes in the beginning of the second chapter of the second Epistle to the Corinthians. I can rejoice, however, that others I have met here again in the flesh are standing fast in the truth of the Gospel and resisting the devices of Satan, and shining more brightly as the difficulties of a Christian profession become the greater. All these things lead me more earnestly to think of that special flock which the kind favour of God has given me as more peculiarly my own—the dear souls of the people of Winstan and

Sutton. The proofs I have found here of the malice and the cunning of our great enemy, make me so much the more anxious for their safety who are always exposed to the attacks and devices of the same enemy, and the evidence I discover here that the Gospel is indeed the power of God unto salvation to them that believe makes me yearn after their souls, and tremble lest these children of God, who in this foreign land have received the same Word from the same mouth, and who by the same Holy Ghost bring forth fruit to perfection, adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things, should rise up in the judgment to condemn those among you, my dear people, who under the constant exercise of the same ministry fall short of that conversion without which none can ever enter into the kingdom of God, or those who deceive themselves by a profession without growing in that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord.

The state in which I left you draws forth a larger impulse of affection and prayer than formerly. God is beginning a good work in many of you who have hitherto given very little heed to true religion. Let me affectionately urge all such to seek for strength from God to make them decided in their change, and in their choice of that good part which shall not be taken away from them, by praying earnestly for the Holy Ghost in the name of Christ. Alas! too, there are some of you who will fight against the truth of God and who are grievously resisting the power of the Gospel, hardening your hearts more and more. Let me take this opportunity to tell you with real compassion that while you are jeering at God's minister, and slighting God's patience, that minister is praying for you that more time may be given you. And are there not yet others of you still putting off the solemn dedication of yourselves to God. You must come to God, or perish. Let me urge you no longer to play the fool's part, but come to Christ, who will make you wise to salvation. The sacrament which will be administered at Easter will be an awful one indeed to those who refuse to surrender themselves to Christ, after all that has lately happened in the parish and the country. If you have hope in Christ it is because you are redeemed by Him; but His redemption is *from* sin, and His redeemed people are zealous of good works. Oh, let me warn you—fly from sin—resist the devil, and he will flee from you! If you heed not the warning this very letter will be marked against you as a neglected opportunity of turning to God.

'And there are some, too, beloved in Christ Jesus, and longed for, my joy and crown,—what shall I say to you but that same word which the same Apostle wrote to those whom he thus addressed, "So stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved" (Phil. iv. 1). I have thought over the last subject I preached to you upon on Sunday last, and I think it, and I pray it, and write it to you over and over again, "Little children, *abide* in Him—*abide*, that when He shall appear we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming." Remember that "He which endureth to the end, the same shall be saved." The end is at hand—*endure*—*abide*, that you may

be found with your lamps burning, and ye yourselves waiting for the Lord.

‘I trust that this letter will arrive in time to be read to you on Sunday next, when my spirit will be with you, and my prayers will be put up for you all. I entreat you to be earnest in prayer for me, that I may have grace given me to glorify my Master in speaking His Word in boldness and love while I am here, and that I may return to you in the fulness of His blessing. I shall have much to tell you. Meanwhile I commend you to God, and I dare to apply the words of St. Paul, 2 Cor. xiii. 10, 11.

‘Your faithful and affectionate Pastor,

‘ALEX. R. C. DALLAS.’

Before this year closed, the fondly-loved mother, who had been a partaker of the grace and blessing so richly bestowed at Havre, and had from time to time drunk in the water of life through the ministry of her son, was called to her eternal home. To all who came to see her on her dying bed this aged servant of God spoke words of consolation or warning, exhorting them to give themselves to Christ. The doctor was amazed to see such happiness in the near prospect of death. She begged her daughter not to grieve, saying, ‘I am going to be eternally happy with my Saviour.’ A few hours before her death she wished her Christian friends to unite in prayer with her, and the last petition she uttered was, ‘Thy will be done.’ Her illness was too short to allow of her son being with her at the last, which was a great grief to him. He had, however, the richer consolation of being the means of bringing her to Jesus, and could look forward to owning her as his joy and crown at the appearance of his Lord.

The Bishop expresses deep feeling of sympathy with his friend on this occasion, and adds:—

‘Though natural feelings will have their way, still you have so much solid ground for comfort in the circumstances attending upon your mother’s removal that you need not sorrow as those who are without the same hope. The recollection that you have been the instrument of bringing to her heart the truths of the Gospel, must be an unspeakable consolation. I rejoice for you that this high privilege has been granted you.’

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## CHAPTER VI.

WONSTON. PAROCHIAL MACHINERY.

1833—1845.

AN offering of grateful affection greeted the Rector on the New Year's morning of 1833. It was a little pocket Bible presented by five persons who, under his ministry at Wonston, had during the past year so received the truth into their hearts that they felt they had been brought out of darkness into light.

In it was the following inscription :—

‘To you, our beloved father in the Lord Jesus Christ, we beg to make the accompanying small offering, as expressive of the love and gratitude of each of our hearts for the new birth to which in your hands the sacred volume has quickened us, and of our firm resolutions, by the grace of God, to devote ourselves afresh *souls* and *bodies* on this first day of a new year to the gracious Giver of those mercies we have experienced in you. We would also, that it should put you in continued remembrance of how much we need to be nourished by the Bread of life, and likewise of your prayers for a supply to us of that Spirit, by whom we may be preserved blameless unto the end, and to be added to your crown of rejoicing through the merits of our Saviour, when He comes to judge the earth. That God may in His infinite goodness pour out upon you in rich abundance of His choicest blessings, is the fervent though humble prayer of your five children in the Lord.’

One of the names appended to this address was that of a lady residing in Winchester, who was on a visit in the parish, and who thus writes :—

‘With heartfelt gratitude I think of his unceasing, untiring care for me, longing to see me rooted and grounded in Christ. He would frequently ride over to Winchester to converse with me and two or three others who were requiring help ; and no labour seemed too great if he could only guide us heavenward. At the time of Confirmation he was especially active with us. Several of my school girls he was of great



use to, and many others who were either working with me or under my influence. My infant-school was an object of especial interest to him. He encouraged me in every possible way, praying with me and for me unceasingly. The habit of keeping a regularly marked book with the names of all he desired to remember in prayer, was very gratefully acknowledged by many. He made himself acquainted with the particular necessities of his friends; and, as he has often told me, if he had known nothing more, he was sure that we required the daily and continual renewal of the Holy Spirit. He took part in everything in Winchester which tended to promote the glory of Christ. The unflinching way in which he spoke out all his feelings stirred up our hearts, and helped us often to be bold when we should perhaps have drawn back from the conflict. Prayer for the Holy Spirit seemed his great object; and assuredly his life showed how richly that prayer was answered. It was the first thing he taught me, and after beginning a conversation he would break off and say, "But, dear A—, let us ask God to give us His Holy Spirit;" and then with deep solemnity he would repeat his little prayer.'

This was the commencement of efforts for spiritual improvement in the town of Winchester. The first infant-school was established there at this time, and several religious societies set on foot. The plans organized at Wonston were thus extended in the neighbourhood.

Anxious to keep up the remembrance of the Sunday instruction, he commenced sending to his parishioners every Monday morning a paper in which was written the text of the sermon, the different divisions, and all the passages quoted in it. This entailed great labour in copying, and led him to attempt a small printing press, in acquiring the use of which, he and his invaluable schoolmaster often spent many hours of the night.

The first printed Wonston text paper came out on the 23rd of June, 1833, and contained twenty-seven texts, with questions for self-examination at the close. They were continued weekly for twenty-five years under the name of the 'Wonston Calendar.' On the last page of each number was a 'Word from the Pastor' on different parochial events, in explanation of which he thus writes:—

'There are many things a minister desires to say to his people—to help them on their way, to warn them of their danger, to encourage them or reprove them, which cannot always be made the subject of preaching, and which, nevertheless, he feels it his duty to speak upon (2 Tim. iv. 2). Circumstances also and seasons require some particular word applicable just at that moment, and not at any other

(Prov. xv. 23). I purpose therefore, in this "Word from the Pastor to his Flock," in a short way to put before you "the present truth." May God enable me to speak the Word in season, and you to receive the Word in love.'

This was the first issue from that press which, under the superintendence of James Shayler, afterwards grew into a large printing establishment, supplying work to several men and boys, and acting as a training school to the hopeful youths of the parish who became Sunday-school teachers, and were otherwise employed in their leisure hours.

This press not only issued spiritual instruction to the parishioners of Wonston for five and twenty years, but was also the means of widely diffusing Scriptural studies throughout the country.

When various circumstances made it advisable to give up printing in the parish, it was transferred to an industrial school at Southampton, under Archdeacon Wigram. The Bishop was greatly interested in this work, and in writing to Mr. Dallas, says :—

'My brother (The Bishop of Chester), who saw the copies of the "Weekly Calendar" which you kindly sent, likes them so much that he wishes you would let one be put weekly into an envelope for him. They may be very usefully distributed.'

Many friends in different parts of England received them regularly and bore testimony to their usefulness.

The clerical meetings held at Wonston from time to time were occasions of much spiritual edification and refreshment. The first of these took place in the autumn of this year, and the following questions were proposed for consideration :—

'1. What is the mode of Pastoral superintendence which a Clergyman of the Church of England ought to pursue with reference to the distinction between the baptized members of the external Church who constitute the whole number of souls in his care, and the renewed members of the Spiritual Church manifested from amongst them ?

'2. What instruction does Scripture afford upon the subject, taking into consideration the difference in external circumstances between the primitive and the present state of the Christian Church ?

'3. What signs of renewal may warrant external distinction, and what marks may justify decided separation ?'

In a little pamphlet afterwards published by Mr. Dallas,

'The Constitution of a Clerical Meeting, with appropriate Prayers and Hymns,' there are ninety-five questions suitable for consideration among clergymen, many of which were discussed on different occasions at Wonston Rectory.

The following extracts from the 'Parochial Journal' may here be interesting, as illustrative of the personal dealing with souls which formed part of the Wonston ministry:—

'Met George Ireland; the first time I had seen him since his illness. I took him aside from the boys with whom he was playing, and put him in mind of his promises on his sick bed, exhorting him to show his sincerity by his conduct.

'*April 17th.*—A long and important conversation with T. S——. It involved the question of following the Ranters. He pushed me to an explicit opinion, which I gave in disapprobation of their conduct; pointed out inconsistencies, referred to the outcries I myself had heard called prayer. The poor man displayed much personal anger and malicious feeling against individuals who came to church. He accused me of partiality and prejudice. I was very faithful with him, and told him the first thing he had to do was to search into his own heart, and by God's help to uproot the evil feelings towards myself and others, and that till he had done this he could not be in a condition to judge what were the proper means of grace. Told him how to pray for the Holy Spirit.

'*April 30th.*—Mrs. R—— said she was no sinner; had been many years in Christ and now was no sinner. Solemnly warned her of her condemnation and her grievous error. Told her she was dying and was not in a prepared state.

'Fully told to T. M—— his fearful state; detailed it in particulars. He entered into argument with me about baptism; he had never been baptized. I told him the situation in which he was spiritually and legally; nor would I baptize him unless he gave evidence of a change. 'Mrs. H. T—— desirous of being admitted to the Sacrament, found her indistinct in her notions, but wishing to learn right—long conversation—admitted her.

'Jane N—— in a softened state of mind. She said, "It is impossible for any one to get to heaven." I showed her the truth of her statement, and then strongly dwelt upon Christ as "*the way*;" she seemed much impressed.

'Conversation with Mrs. C—— on the baptism of her grandchild; refused to admit her as a sponsor, or receive any but communicants. She was very jealous of my "choosing her gossips." I disclaimed this, and convinced her that she might choose out of all the 167 communicants.

'Met Charles T——; having heard of his great change, found his language entirely altered. He told me he used to dislike me very much, but that he now saw that what I preached was truth, and that his heart was altered towards me. I told him to come and

converse with me when he liked, as he had some things still on his mind.

‘Old B—— sent for me this morning. I found him in a very softened and humbled state. Read and explained to him the third chapter of St. John. He owned his sinfulness and cast himself upon Christ alone. I told him that after eighty-nine years of darkness and sinfulness a few hours of profession was but a small matter in the way of evidence. If he lived, we must see the fruits ; but as it is by faith that the soul is saved, God knew if he was sincere : if he died, he would soon discover the truth himself. We who are left would take the hope which his confession of faith gives.

‘Interesting conversation with Joseph M—— ; he stated his altered feelings—his conviction of sin. I explained the nature of a true change, the place which baptism holds in the order of Christ’s plan, the need of it to him—of a bold confession ; warned him against shame, and especially against bad company.

‘Mrs. K—— came, and I had a very interesting conversation with her. She opened her mind to me, and I explained to her the difference between looking at her sins and shortcomings as evidence that she was not in Christ, and looking at them as the offences of a child against a father ; of a rescued sinner against a crucified Saviour. I dwelt much on this, because I see that she is much hindered in her course by the mistake in her view of the nature of her sins.

‘Conversed with M. L—— concerning her depression and difficulty in doing her district duty. It was very painful to see the confusion of mind which Satan produces in her, and its effect upon her spirit. I trust I comforted her by God’s grace.

‘A very important conversation with Mrs. R—— ; took occasion of Jane’s conduct at school to show her the consequences of her relaxed mode of bringing up her children as regards debt and dishonesty—brought it home to herself—the sad effect of dishonesty—excuses with shopkeepers. She acknowledged the truth of my statements. I prayed with her on the subject. Afterwards talked to J——, told him I could not let him go on in the cold dead way in which he was, on a dying bed, without warning him that that coldness was a proof that he was not convinced of sin, nor awakened to a sense of the love of Christ. After earnest prayer, left him.

‘Met old B——, talked to him ; he was impatient, but I told him of the danger of his soul.’

The living of Witney being now void by the death of Mr. Bernard, there was some question mooted as to Mr. Dallas’s acceptance of it. The Bishop considered the appointment to this town with much anxious thought and prayer, and selected the Rev. C. Jerram for the post. On writing to Mr. Dallas, he says :—

‘I hope I have not allowed personal feeling to weigh unduly with

me; but it seemed to be sufficiently clear that no duty called me to place you out of the diocese; on the contrary, that as you now stand, your post of usefulness is more important, and blessed to more actual efficiency, than could be the case at Witney. Another might do at Witney what is to be done parochially, but you are doing diocesally what could not be taken up by a successor in the Rectory of Wonston. I am particularly thankful that my judgment in this matter was not distracted by any prospect of worldly or pecuniary advantage to you. I rejoice in thinking we shall soon meet to talk over all these matters at length. I am most glad that you concur in my appointment of Jerram. You can have little idea how I have pondered over it. If he has enough of the trumpet in him (and I think he has), he seems evidently suited for the peculiarities of the post.'

The sudden death of Mrs. Wilson, the sister of the Bishop of Winchester, on the birth of her child, was an event which deeply touched the heart of one who had long known and loved her. Mr. Dallas was called upon to comfort the sorrowing family, and to perform the office of baptizing the infant and burying the mother at the same time. It was a very solemn service, and the following hymn was composed by him for the occasion:—

' LORD, sanctify this solemn hour ;  
 THY SPIRIT on this Infant pour ;  
 Fulfil Thy promise to the child ;  
 May she in CHRIST be reconcil'd.

Tho' cradled on a mother's tomb,  
 She lives an orphan from the womb,  
 In thy adoption let her prove  
 A more than mother's tend'rest love.

The tree lies fallen from the root,  
 Yet feed with sap the rising shoot ;  
 Thy Cov'nant write upon her heart,  
 And, day by day, Thy grace impart.

Receive the helpless babe, we pray,  
 And seal her to redemption's day ;  
 Eternal life may she inherit,  
 The gift of FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT !'

The first and last verses of this hymn were from that time sung at every baptism in his own church, led by himself as he walked from the desk to the font. He also composed the following stanzas, which were always sung before the Litany:—

‘Now to our Advocate on high,  
 Sinners who know their need draw nigh,  
     In earnest Litany.  
 His agony and bloody sweat—  
 His passion pay the sinner’s debt,  
     His precious death shall be our plea.

Spirit of Christ ! to every heart  
 Thy promised comfort now impart,  
     With power to trust Thy word.  
 Be to our supplication near,  
 O Saviour, deign our prayers to hear,  
     Hear, and deliver us, good Lord.’

Mr. Dallas had now the great comfort of having both his tenderly loved sisters in the neighbourhood. Julia had married her cousin, the Rev. Charles Dallas, who, after being some years in Jamaica, returned to England, and was settled in the curacy of Stratton. His unmarried sister, Georgiana, after her mother’s death returned to live with them there. To be able from time to time to ride over to Stratton and enjoy relaxation and intercourse with his dear brother and his two sisters, Mr. Dallas felt to be one of the most prized mercies of his private life. But a few months only were allowed to pass ere the messenger of death brought affliction into this happy home, and his heart was again to bleed under the chastening rod. In the ‘Weekly Calendar’ is the following announcement to his people:—

‘A WORD FROM THE PASTOR TO HIS FLOCK.

“THE PRESENT TRUTH.”—2 Peter i. 12.

‘The funeral which took place last Wednesday in this parish, is an event of very considerable importance to you all, in two ways: it is of importance *indirectly*, because the death of his beloved sister is a particular message from God to the heart of your minister; and whatever tends to influence the heart of the minister in regard of his ministry must be of great importance to the people whom he is sent to instruct in the way of salvation. And it is also of importance *directly*, because the person whose mortal body is brought hither to return to the dust has left a most striking witness of the great power of the truth, not only to change the heart and spiritualise the character, but also to overcome everything that is most terrible and distressing to human nature—extreme suffering, and the terror of death itself. From her dust now lying amongst us will arise the new and glorious body, in which she shall witness on the great day of account against

all those who, hearing the same truth, and even through the same instrumentality, shall have denied its power in their lives, though they profess with their lips to believe it.

'In the painful suffering, and comparatively early death of a sister, God has addressed Himself to some of the earliest and tenderest affections of your minister's heart ; and by particular circumstances has used them to convey a very loud call to him to increase his diligence in ministering the Word of Truth—to enliven his earnestness—to enlarge his tenderness—to quicken his faithfulness—to awake his watchfulness—and to take shame to himself for the degree of these that have been lacking in his ministry heretofore. And this loud call has also brought most merciful encouragement to him, in the assurance of the blessing with which God will, sooner or later, accompany the ministry of the truth, whether through evil report, or good report. How important it is when God speaks so plainly to the minister, that the people should take advantage of the season to offer up earnest prayer that the voice may be heard effectually, and that power may be given to him to obey the admonition.

'I will, in a few words, explain to you the state of the mind and spirit of the deceased lady, previous to her death. Many of you have heard from day to day of the progress of God's work in her, as you heard of the daily decay of her body ; for of her it might truly be said that "though the outward man perished, yet the inward man was renewed day by day" (2 Cor. iv. 16). For several years she endured the great pain of opposing strongly the religion of a brother whom she tenderly loved, until it pleased the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother" to make her "willing in the day of His power," and "to open her heart that she should attend to the things that were spoken to her." This took place about seven years ago, since which, all the natural hindrances have been overcome, and she made an unchecked progress in the things of God ; receiving them with the teachableness of a little child. She came to her dearest friends about three months ago, with the prospect of enjoying the society which she most loved in the world, but being in weak health her thoughts were drawn very much towards death ; the delight of being with Christ took away all its terrors, and so far exceeded her best earthly affections that, though her heart was extremely affectionate, the regret of parting from those she loved here never seemed to cloud her comfortable expectations of the glory of His presence. From the time that the medical man told her sister that she must die soon, her death was the continual interesting subject of her conversation ; with solemnity indeed, but not with the least hurry, or flush of the face, or hesitation and discomfort. And when, shortly before her death, it was thought right to call in the medical men, she feared their attempting to raise her again from her bed of suffering ; her brother told her their decision, that no human aid could possibly be of any use, and she said with great effort, "God's holy name be praised." She was called to suffer very great agony of body—her disease was consumption of the throat ; and the dreadful state of her throat towards the



end made every cough, and every breath, and every word to be a fire of pain to her; yet during the whole of her long trial she was never heard to utter one single complaint, nor speak one murmuring word, nor show any impatience: on the contrary, her thoughtfulness for others, and attention to their comfort, was always apparent to a most extraordinary degree: and when she thought that something she had said might appear sharp, she was anxious to explain that it was not intended to be so, but that her manner arose from her incapacity to speak better. When her pulse was felt towards the end, she used to ask sometimes, "Is there any hope?" meaning any hope of being soon with Christ. In how different a sense do many sick people ask the same question. The hand of death was upon her for twenty-five hours before she breathed her last. Her speech became very difficult, but still as long as she could speak at all not a single word was wasted upon worldly things, nor upon herself, but every word expressed some warm affectionate gratitude to others, or gave glory to Christ. About two hours before her death she called upon her brother to embrace her, and then said with extreme difficulty, "Now speak of my home to which I am going." He spoke for half an hour, according to her desire, the Scriptures that tell of the "blessedness of the dead that die in the Lord." She then embraced her sister with earnest affection, and attempted to speak, but her speech failed her altogether.

'Make it the subject of your secret prayers while you are engaged in your daily work, that you may profit by the testimony of the power of Christ which is now given you; and that you may so live that when you die you may, like her, be "more than a conqueror through Christ that loveth you."'

The entry in Mr. Dallas's diary proves that he sought to profit by this chastening:—

'*July 2nd.*—Yesterday, the funeral of my dearest G—— took place. She has left me in her death a testimony of great power that the help of the Holy Spirit is all-sufficient in every case, and that "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."'

The Bishop, always ready to sympathise with his friend in every trial, thus writes:—

'What an unusual degree of support seems to have been given to your sister, and it appears to have been providentially ordered that she was brought into your neighbourhood at the close of her career, that your parish might have the benefit of seeing how a Christian can fall asleep in Jesus.'

A Confirmation was in prospect, and the work which the preparation of the candidates always supplied was just that healing which his bleeding heart needed at this time. His

deep interest in the young people whom he had watched over in the school was now drawn out in much intercourse with them, privately, as well as in class. He was anxious to obtain hints from his clerical brethren, and at a gathering of them at the Rectory on the 21st of August, the following question was proposed:—‘*How may a season of Confirmation be rendered most beneficial in a parish?*’ For convenience of discussion the subject was divided into the following questions:—

‘1. Upon what grounds may the duty of attending Confirmation be most beneficially urged?’

‘2. What is the best course of instruction by which to prepare the catechumens in knowledge?’

‘3. What is the most advisable standard of fitness to be required?’

‘4. What cases of probable occurrence will warrant the rejection of a catechumen? and how should the rejection be expressed?’

‘5. What is the best course to pursue with respect to persons never having been confirmed, who refuse, or neglect the rite? What course as to invitation, before the appointed time? What course habitually, afterwards?’

‘6. Ought it to be expected that admission to the Communion should follow immediately upon Confirmation in every case, so that all should be urged to attend the Lord’s Table? If not, what exceptions should be made? or what delay permitted?’

‘7. When persons of mature age, who are communicants, have not yet been confirmed, upon what grounds are they to be invited to the rite?’

‘8. What advantage can be taken of a season of Confirmation, with reference to persons formally confirmed, but who have never communicated?’

‘9. What *collateral* influence may a season of Confirmation afford the pastor over those classes of his flock which are not *directly* concerned upon the occasion? and how may that influence be exercised as regards the schools—the children just under age having left school—the sponsors of baptized infants—the parents—the aged, &c.?’

‘10. What machinery of arrangement, and what external help, may be beneficially employed by a pastor during a season of Confirmation?’

After this discussion, many of the clergy present united in a special prayer for a blessing on the approaching season; and some agreed to devote a day previous to the Confirmation for solemn humiliation and earnest supplication for blessing upon the ordinance. And truly prayer was answered in a very full blessing from on High on these seasons. Each seemed to him more

interesting than the last, as he was permitted from time to time to trace the fruits of grace in one and another of those whom he had trained from childhood. There was much variety in his plans for preparation, but it was always conducted with very earnest prayer. Special prayer meetings were held, to which all the parish were invited. A pastoral message was sent by the district visitors to every house, to show them their personal responsibility and awaken their interest in the catechumens. Suitable prayers were supplied to every family, and shorter petitions given to them to use while engaged in their daily work; such as, 'O God, consider the parish at this time for good; give the Holy Spirit for Christ's sake;' or, 'Gracious Saviour, bless with Thy Spirit the instruction of the minister at this time.' Not only were the communicants thus engaged as helpers in this ministry; but the parents and sponsors of those about to be confirmed were addressed as to their duties and peculiar responsibility in this service. Their attendance at it was requested, and a place in the church assigned them; and a special meeting for prayer in the school-room was often held on the evening previous to the Confirmation day. At the close of the classes, every candidate had a private interview with the Pastor, who for several days gave himself uninterruptedly to the interesting work of receiving them in his study one by one, and pressing home the instruction with personal application. During each of the twelve Confirmations held in the parish, he had the comfort of his Bishop being his guest.

On one of these occasions a series of 'Confirmation Tracts' were sent round the parish. These have since been published and widely circulated, not only in England, but in the Colonies, and have been an assistance to the clergy in supplying progressive instructions on the subject.

Mr. Dallas's duties as Domestic Chaplain called for his attendance at Farnham at the close of this year, and he preached the Ordination Sermon on 1 Cor. ix. 27. At the earnest request of the clergy it was printed, under the title 'Personal Holiness in the Ministerial Office,' and 'Dedicated to those Priests and Deacons admitted into Holy Orders on the 13th of December, 1835, with an earnest desire that, through the Divine blessing, the reading of these pages may tend to support in full exercise

the solemn impressions of that important day when they were sent forth as ministers of the Gospel of Christ.'

From this time he frequently accompanied the Bishop in his episcopal journeys, and was often summoned for personal consultation. The peculiar gift he possessed in drawing out the heart of those whom he came in contact with, as well as in the discernment of character, led the Bishop on some occasions to send one or more of the candidates to Wonston to see the parochial system as it was there carried out, and to have personal intercourse with the Pastor. In the case of some who have been since called to important positions in the Church, there has been much fruit from the seed sown in these visits.

Seven years had now passed at Wonston in the faithful discharge of ministerial duties, the fruits of which were manifest to all. The following statement from the Rector himself shows that his gracious Master was permitting him to feel the encouragement of seeing a great change in the hearts of many :—

'The blessing of God has been vouchsafed in a wonderful manner to the ministry of the Word in the parish of Wonston. A progress has been made both outwardly in profession and, it is to be hoped, inwardly in the spirit, which calls for much thankfulness, and ought to afford much encouragement. The following is a short general view of the state of things at the end of the first seven years of your Rector's ministry.

'The population is about 740 souls, of which number 400 are above sixteen years of age. Of these about 201 are communicants, a large proportion of whom are giving satisfactory evidence of sincerity by consistency; while there is not one whose conduct would make it desirable that separation from the communion should take place. The Sunday morning congregations average about 300 persons, including children. The attendance at the schools is satisfactory and regular, except so far as concerns the lads' class.

'The use of the Press has been attended with very important results. By means of the "Weekly Calendar," the short address called "Present Truth," and especially the "Text paper," a degree of scriptural knowledge and interest in the work of the ministry have been excited among the people, producing habits of thought and inquiry beyond what could have been expected. The publication and circulation of the "Cottager's Guide" have been found to assist in promoting this. Besides this, there has been gradual infusion of Church principles into the minds of the parishioners, and a certain degree of ecclesiastical discipline has been put in practice with much benefit, and with little difficulty. Two seasons of confirmation have been greatly blessed to the young people. Since the beginning of the present Rector's ministry

there has been a spirit of prayer among many of the flock. There are not wanting those who lift up their hearts to the Throne of Grace from time to time with special petitions for a blessing on the work : and an unusual number of valuable friends have been raised around the minister who have willingly promised to plead for him and for his people in prayer. He gratefully acknowledges this affectionate kindness ; and loves to ascribe to the instrumentality of their prayers (the Spirit of Christ helping their infirmities) much of that measure of success which has been already vouchsafed from on high.'

The absolute necessity of continual, fervent, believing prayer for the blessing of God upon every act of ministry was a point never lost sight of. The Saturday evening prayer meetings were always felt to give a life and power to the ministrations of the ensuing Sabbath, and were acknowledged by all those who knew the privilege of prayer to be special means of grace. There were ebbs and flows in the life and interest of these gatherings, but they were never discontinued till declining health necessitated the Pastor's removal from the parish.

A new organization for intercessory prayer was arranged in the beginning of this year. It was, as Mr. Dallas expresses it, 'a kind of spiritual machinery, by which the interest of his friends and those whom he felt to be his children in the parish might be more easily directed and continued in the channel of prayer.'

On Whit-Sunday, May, 1836, the 'Wonston Private Prayer Union' was established, and in the Address sent forth to those who engaged to join in this band of interceding supplicants Mr. Dallas thus writes:—

'The great promises which are given to united prayer, and the great comfort which is enjoyed by the Christian heart under a sense of union with others in prayer for the same object, do not require that persons praying should be always present together. A oneness of faith in the same Saviour,—a sense of the same privilege of access to the Father by the same Spirit,—a sympathy of affection for the same individual, and of earnest desire for the same spiritual object, form a bond of union in prayer : and though not gathered in bodily presence, any two thus united may plead the gracious promise of Christ to His Church. Matt. xviii. 19. A band of Christians may thus be made the instruments, by which the Spirit of Christ may please to pour out fulness of spiritual blessing upon the particular object which they agree to bring before the Throne of Grace. Though the direct answer to prayer may be delayed, the effect is at once produced in the strength, courage, and hope with which a minister thus pleaded for goes forward

to his work. Neither is the blessing confined to the object of such supplication. Every person engaged in such a service will derive additional strength, courage, and hope in those exercises of devotion which cannot be engaged in by any without spiritual benefit to the soul.'

The 'Wonston Private Prayer Union' thus formed, comprised those living under the ministry at Wonston, and also those who felt a friendly interest in the minister. The members agreed to devote some portion of time to prayer for this object in the morning of every first Sunday in the month. A little book was given to each, containing a suitable encouraging text of Scripture for each of the appointed prayer days, and also special heads for prayer, with appropriate texts, arranged with great detail:—(1) for the supplicant; (2) for the people of the parish; (3) for the minister; (4) for the other members of the union; (5) thanksgiving. Each member was numbered in a private book kept by Mr. Dallas, and often was a special day set apart on which the name and cases of every one of these friends were individually brought before God.

Very interesting testimonials were received from time to time from the members as to the great comfort, assistance, and blessing derived from this 'Union,' and for many years it was maintained with great efficiency, the little band increasing in number, until at last there were 399 members. And although the sanguine and too confiding temperament of the minister doubtless added occasionally the names of those who did not sufficiently know the power of prayer to appreciate this instrumentality, yet when these fell from the engagement, there were left a goodly number who felt this sacred hour to be one of near and holy communion with their God, and who, on an errand to the Throne of Grace for their friend, were not sent away without receiving a large blessing also for themselves.

In a second edition of this little book the blessing that followed is thus gratefully acknowledged:—

'To these prayers Mr. Dallas attributes much gracious help and many providential interferences, as well as an increase of devotional comfort generally among the Members. No one can duly appreciate the amount of the benefit conferred, but himself, as no one else can know the difficulties of inward infirmity and outward circumstances under which he has been strengthened in answer to the prayers of his Friends. He is sensibly affected by the tender compassion of the Saviour, in adapting the means of help so admirably to the peculiar infirmities of his own heart; and this feeling produces an earnest

desire to be diligent himself in bringing the wants of his praying friends before the Throne of Grace.'

The hands of the minister of God were thus held up while called to fierce conflict with the great enemy; and truly at no time of his life had he to pass through a hotter furnace of affliction. 'Out of the depths' was he calling upon God, and the comfort thus vouchsafed was to sustain a heart well nigh broken down with domestic sorrows.

In a long ministry in the same sphere of labour, the importance of variation in the form and application of spiritual instruction is often felt. Mr. Dallas's own mind was one to supply that excitement which under regulation becomes a useful channel of spiritual edification, especially among young people. In order to keep up the regular attendance of the children at school he established a ticket sale once a year, which was found a useful means of reward for good conduct. He also gave 'Parents' Encouragement Tickets,' to be taken home to the parents when the conduct of their children was satisfactory.

Passing events also gave variety, and were always improved for spiritual instruction. When, on the 15th of May, there was a total eclipse of the sun, during the afternoon he made it an occasion to introduce some astronomical observations, drawing from them spiritual lessons. In the evening at the schoolroom he made the instruction more entirely astronomical.

A course of sermons on the 'types of our Lord as seen in the Old Testament characters,' was given to the flock this year; also 'the Israelites a type of the Church,' in eighteen sermons. Previous to the Holy Communion he supplied them with sacramental meditations in an exposition on the 25th Psalm, since published in a little tract. From time to time there were earnest exhortations that family prayer should be established in every house. Every Advent this subject was brought forward and urged upon the people. In one of these 'Words to his Flock' is this question, 'There are 144 houses in the parish: in how many of these is there family worship?' He then gives a short form of daily prayer for a week, prepared by himself, to each house; and offers to begin family prayer himself in any house to which he may be invited. His little tract, 'Four Reasons for Family Prayer,' accompanied this offer.

The current of Tractarianism was at this time rolling on in its widening stream, and while Mr. Dallas was anxious to maintain in life and power the full order and the rubric of the Church system, he very earnestly protested against the subtle infusion of Popish error which, unsuspected by many, was quickly detected by him, and faithfully exposed. To lead his people to gather out all that was good, while rejecting the evil, he carried them through a course of instruction on 'Church principles' in his evening service, and every part of the Prayer-book was from time to time explained to them. He also gave them lectures on Church history, and after this, on the history of the Reformation, entering fully into the lives of the Protestant martyrs, and into the doctrines for which they died.

In the printed 'Pastor's Account,' supplied every year to the parishioners, the exact account is given of all the attendance on Church ordinances, and a classification of all the parishioners is put before them, with an earnest appeal to their consciences. To himself alone was known the names of the communicants, of those who had declined in attendance, and the causes of absence, as discovered by personal intercourse with them. To some of his parishioners the 'Account' put before them was a great annoyance, and there might be cases in which it supplied a lower motive of action in Church membership; but he was so thoroughly satisfied himself that it was an engine working much spiritual good in the parish, and that it was one which was graciously used by the Shepherd and Bishop of souls, that he never relinquished it. In referring to this time, one who was then a parishioner thus writes:—

'As regards the personal "watching for souls," Mr. Dallas considered a regular attendance at the Communion a special test of grace in the soul. Therefore he did not hesitate to forbid any person, who had caused a scandal, from coming to the Lord's Table. His sacramental addresses were most solemn, and he never failed to put before us the awful responsibility of neglecting so precious a means of grace, while he faithfully warned us against a mere formal attendance. In connection with the service of Baptism, he had a custom which told peculiarly on the sympathies of parents. He kept a book in which he entered the name of each child as he baptized it. Every morning he looked in this book, and on each anniversary remembered the child in prayer. If he had time in the course of the day he called at the house, and paid a pastoral visit to the parents or family; and if he



met the child, or saw it in the school, that child became the special object of his kind teaching and blessing, as one dedicated to God by himself. "To think now, that our minister should remember that this was the day our Jane was baptized ! well, there never was such a man I am quite sure !" (said one of his flock). And she was right. The Great Day alone will reveal the result of his long ministry at Wonston, and the many souls that he will receive for his hire."

The ' Wonston Private Prayer Union ' was such a channel of blessing, not only to Mr. Dallas personally and ministerially, but also to all its members, that he was led to publish a little book entitled ' General Union for Private Prayer,' and to commend its use to his clerical friends. He does this expressing his earnest hope and expectation that vast results might accrue to the Church of God from a persevering combination among the whole body of Christians uniting in pleading the promises of Christ, and that a systematic arrangement might be helpful. Matt. xviii. 19. The subjects proposed are :—

1. For an abundant gift of the Holy Spirit and of His gracious influence.

2. For the purity and unity of the Church of Christ.

3. For the Queen and our country.

4. That God would raise up in great numbers fit persons to serve in the sacred ministry of His Church.

5. That the Word of God may have free course and be glorified ; and that a blessing may attend all its ministrations.

6. For the progress of the Gospel among the heathen.

7. For the fulfilment of God's promise towards His ancient people.

8. For a special blessing upon all the members of the Union.

Many heartily responded to this appeal, and in less than three years twenty thousand copies of this little tract were disposed of. Among the answers received from his clerical brethren at its first issue, that of Dr. Marsh is very characteristic :—

' My dear Friend,

' I will be a corresponding member with great pleasure. I like the eight subjects. They would be incomplete without the seventh, and I have little hope of the unity of the Church of Christ till Jew and Gentile be one. I wish all Christians could see that unity and uniformity are very different, and however desirable the latter, that the former, if in heart, that is, if in love, is most desirable, and would

tend to render the Church more formidable to her enemies, and a greater blessing to all her friends.

‘I carry my little Wonston book in my pocket. It is better than an African Gregree. May I carry its spirit in my heart.

‘Yours ever affectionately,

‘WM. MARSH.’

The Rev. Charles Bridges also warmly acquiesces in the suggestion in the following letter:—

‘My dear Friend,

‘I will gladly enter into your plan of union, trusting that my own dull heart may be quickened and my selfish heart enlarged by sympathy with my beloved brother at the Throne of Grace, and I feel deeply the high ground of expectation connected with united prayer.’

Another response from the Rev. E. Bickersteth also strengthened this band of love:—

‘I am delighted with your plan, and join your “General Private Prayer Union” with all my heart. The Lord only can give me grace really so to pray as to help you in spreading the spirit of prayer—of all things the most important. You may put my name on the proposed list, and send me a supply of your papers.

‘I want to get a course of Lectures on Prophecy in London, to comprehend all who agree in the Premillenarian Advent and the Protestant application of the Apocalypse.

‘Yours affectionately,

‘E. BICKERSTETH.’

The suggestion of this postscript received a cordial response, and eventually a society was formed among the clergy for the consideration of Prophetic Scriptures in connection with the passing events of the Church and of the world. Mr. Dallas was one of its earliest members, and twice every year he attended this clerical gathering in London, meeting there some of the most experienced and devoted clergymen of our Church. He always returned with enlarged views of Scripture, and greatly refreshed in spirit by communion with his brethren. A course of Lent lectures on the same topics was also carried on in Bloomsbury, given by those clergy who had most deeply studied the prophecies; and these were published every year. On nine different occasions a lecture was contributed by Mr. Dallas to this course.

The instruction of the Passion week services during this year comprised the picturing out of the sacred narrative according to Greswell’s Harmony, in the order in which the events occurred; and these lectures were afterwards printed as ‘The Story of the

Passion.' While he was very careful to keep strictly to the words of Scripture, he loved to follow his Lord, in the incidents of His daily life, and his own mind often expatiated on the scenes in which the *Human nature* of our Lord was specially developed. His trials were not always of a nature to allow him to seek the sympathy of his fellow-men, and the consolation he experienced in tracing his Saviour's path of suffering was felt by many who partook of those ministrations, and had that comfort poured out to them with which he was himself comforted of God.

During the following year Mr. Dallas preached at Wonston a course of eighteen discourses on the second and third chapters of the Revelation, and from these he constructed a compendium of the subjects in the form of a chart, which was printed and given to his congregation. A little handbill was also distributed among them, and afterwards more widely circulated, entitled, 'Pray for your minister if you wish for a blessing on your own soul,' supplying subjects in detail for their intercessions.

A little peep into the home life at the old rectory at this time has been supplied by his daughter, the only surviving child :—

'My early home was gilded by the brightness of my father's nature, which gave a sort of zest to everything he undertook, and every amusement which he gave us. He had great delight in his garden, and in the old rectory, with its irregular gables, and thick walls. I can picture him walking up and down the green lawn, and stopping every now and then to gaze at the ivy-covered wing in which his study was, with his much loved church beyond, and exclaiming, "What a lovely place it is!" He loved to have it filled with children and young people, and when their noisy games made the long passages ring with merriment he was the last to check it. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and though he always suppressed any joke which verged on serious subjects, yet on every other his table talk was always seasoned with sharp witticisms, although the sweetness of his temper always prevented the peculiarities or weakness of others from being the subject of jest. From our earliest childhood we always felt that our father could, more than any of our young companions, appreciate our jokes and enter into any fun that was going on. As years passed on how truly was he the loving sympathising friend, the refuge in every trial, the one on whose bosom we could repose every care.'

In writing every month a portion of the 'Revelation Readings,' he was induced to study very minutely the prophetic parts of

Scripture, and at the beginning of the year 1839, he was invited to preach a course of Advent lectures at Fitzroy Chapel, in London, and for which he went up every alternate Wednesday evening, and he there preached seven sermons on the second coming of the Lord. His own mind from this time began to feed more and more upon its realities; and while it henceforth deeply imbued his ministry, it was to himself the spring of much spiritual comfort. The character of these discourses was very practical, and he remarks in his diary:—

‘I have experienced great comfort and spiritual assistance in delivering them, and have reason to believe that they were distinctly profitable to several who heard them.’

In the following year another little work on prophecy issued from the Wonston Press, ‘Look to Jerusalem,’ in which the prophecies relating to the Jews are opened with great clearness, and with a very rigid adherence to the words of Scripture. The Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews had Mr. Dallas’s warmest sympathy, and he was frequently induced to speak and to preach for it.

He had never been to Ireland, and his first visit to that country, the commencement of that which was to become the deep interest of his future ministry, has been related by himself. He was invited to Bath as a deputation for the Jews’ Society, with the Rev. Anthony Thomas, who was the Secretary of the Irish branch of that society. His appeals were attended with so much power and effect that Mr. Thomas pressed him very earnestly to represent the Jews’ Society at the annual April meeting in Dublin. Being full of engagements he refused this very decidedly, and left Bath without a thought of crossing the channel.

By one of those remarkable circumstances in which he loved to trace the hand of God, and to illustrate his favourite motto, ‘The hairs of your head are all numbered,’ Mr. Thomas fell in with Mr. Dallas again at one stage of his journey homeward. On his getting up on the top of the coach, and placing himself next to him, his first word was, ‘Surely this is providential.’ He was only on the coach one stage of the journey, and during that time he renewed his appeals with such earnestness that at

last he extorted the promise from his friend that he would go. In referring to this circumstance Mr. Dallas says:—

‘There were no electric telegraphs in those days, or I might have at once retracted my promise : but it was ordered in Providence that I should go, and I have often felt thankful that this little circumstance, unsought by me, satisfied me that it was not my own will, but God’s will that took me to Ireland.’

His speech was received with great enthusiasm, and gained for him a warm welcome among the clergy. At the clerical meetings which are held during the missionary week in Dublin, he met and addressed two hundred of the clergy. These few days obtained for him an experience of Irish hearts that could not have been obtained in a year of common intercourse all over the country. He found himself suddenly placed in a new position, with new affections called forth, awakening a lively interest in a people from whom he received a warm response of feeling.

From this time he regularly attended these meetings, and he was always welcomed and increasingly loved by the most eminent and devoted of the clergy. He mentions the names of Denis Brown, Dean of Emlý ; Newman, Dean of Cork ; Arthur Wynn, and the Venerable Mr. Guinness, as ‘nursing fathers and brothers’ in his work, throwing into it their hearts’ largest sympathies. He was year by year gathering friends all over the country, and obtaining an intimate knowledge of the people. But the state of the Romish population was not laid upon his heart till the year 1843. In his own review of this time he expresses his wonder that with the deep interest he had felt for the conversion of the Roman Catholics in France, Rome in Ireland was not the subject of his anxious thoughts.

The day before Whit-Sunday being the fourth anniversary of the Wonston Prayer Union, was set apart for special prayer, with fasting, in order to bring the individual cases of all the members before God ; and in announcing this he adds:—

‘Various particular circumstances connected with the minister’s own private and personal state, with domestic matters and ministerial duties, combine to render this desirable, and he entreats his friends to be urgent in appealing to the Throne of Grace that his deep humiliation may be sanctified and brought to good effect by the Spirit of Christ,—that he may be quickened in his duties,—that there may be

more lively attention to spiritual things in his flock,—and that more good and solid fruit may appear from his ministry.'

These days of abstraction from the outward world gave a fixedness of purpose and regularity to his own devotion, and to the more fully following out the example of Epaphras, of whom it is said, in the Epistle to the Colossians, 'Always labouring fervently for you in prayer, that ye may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God.' In a subsequent letter he is enabled to tell his praying friends that he has been strengthened to present the case of each member without one single exception before the Throne of Grace (the number at that time was 198, and that, so far from finding this an impossible thing, he rejoices that the mercy of God affords him occasion to prove the benefit of a prayerful effort extended beyond what he thought possible. Among several things enumerated in this letter as special answers to prayer, one is a visit he had lately taken to the Channel Islands, where, beside having unexpected opportunities of ministering the Gospel of Christ privately to many, he was permitted to witness some matured fruit from previous ministration in those islands.

On one of these excursions it pleased God to manifest in a very marked way His blessing on individual ministry. On the voyage he frequently sought an opportunity of speaking to the sailors on subjects connected with their eternal interests. While explaining to a little party of these poor men the glorious salvation provided for sinners, and uniting with them in a short but earnest prayer, he did not observe that some ladies, sitting on the side of the vessel, drew near to him and listened with interest to this conversation and prayer.

The word came in the power of the Spirit to the heart of one of these hearers. This lady had been excellent in character, and esteemed by the world, but she knew not the plague of her own heart, and she had never applied to the Good Physician. She lived as the world lived, and what the clergyman was saying to the sailors threw a new light upon her mind. She sought for more instruction, and, though a stranger to Mr. Dallas, on her return to England she was so anxious to be under his ministry that she took a lodging in Wonston for this purpose. The promise was fulfilled to her, 'Then shall ye know if ye follow

on to know the Lord.' For months she resided in the parish, and not only grew in grace herself, but was helpful to her pastor. She lived some years after this to testify to all around her that she was not a Christian in name only, but in deed and in truth.

In April, 1841, Mr. Dallas was again invited by the clergy of Ireland to take part in their annual meetings. On this occasion he delivered two addresses to his clerical brethren, who assembled in a large number to hear them. These were afterwards printed, and form the substance of a little book called 'Realizing ; the Strength of an Efficient Ministry.'

In the month of August the heart of the father was drawn out in a fresh spring of faith, and a new current of feeling. He called his people to unite with him in prayer for a special blessing on the marriage of his youngest son, which took place at Wonston previous to his departure for India. The morning of the wedding-day found an early gathering of many praying hearts uniting in intercession—many who felt that their pastor's joys as well as his sorrows were their own, and who gladly obeyed every summons to the Throne of Grace.

During the summer a general election took place, and keenly alive to all passing events in connection with their influence on the Christian Church in this country, he published a little tract entitled 'The Christian's part in the General Election.' This book, which urges the importance of prayer, was circulated by thousands, and he commends it very earnestly to his praying friends as 'a weak instrument by which large results may be produced,' and bids them 'ask that God may condescend to employ it largely for His own glory and the good of his country.' Every election after this called for a new edition, which was revised according to circumstances. He never interfered in politics, except by supplicating the interference of the King of kings for such measures as should be for the furtherance of His kingdom, and the wellbeing of the country in a religious aspect.

For the convenience of many old people residing in Sutton Scotney, a room was hired for ministering there, called 'the Rector's room.' It was opened with special prayer, and with a lecture in the evening to explain to the people the difference

between Church ordinances and an instruction-meeting under the minister, that the poor might not substitute attendance there for public worship at church. This room was used for weekly cottage readings, for teachers' meetings, and for personal communication with his people previous to every communion.

He was frequently urged by his clerical brethren to make these parochial arrangements more known, and the Wonston Press giving a facility for this, during the latter part of this year he commenced the preparation of 'The Pastor's Assistant,' to come out in numbers. The first number was issued on the 1st of January, 1842. The Bishop, to whose judgment every fresh effort was submitted, thus encourages the new work :—

'I think there is quite an opening for your "Pastor's Assistant," if you conduct it wisely, and well, as I cannot doubt you will. It may be a means under God's blessing of great good. I like the plan of your first number, and will look at it again. If anything strikes me I will let you know.'

It may be with truth affirmed that this book was no theoretic treatise. It was the record of what was *done*. There is not a plan there proposed that was not fully tested under the pastoral ministrations at Wonston.

Towards the close of the year Mr. Dallas was visited by affliction of no common kind, and a heavy cloud of sorrow burst upon the domestic circle. It seemed to be an overwhelming torrent of tribulation; but out of the deepest waters the Lord delivers His servants. 'Whom He loves He chastens,' and those chastenings are sometimes so fitted by the hand of wisdom and love to the individual case, that not only the purpose and end but also the cause is manifest to the sufferers themselves, while those around can only wondering ask, How can these things be? In other cases the full development of the cause may be delayed for years, even to those most concerned; and sometimes to the close of life the dispensations of God are so inscrutable that they are a continual exercise to faith, to submission, to obedience to the command, 'Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who will bring to light the hidden things of darkness.' The honoured head of the family, his wife, and five of his children, are now in the presence of their Lord, joining in the



everlasting song of praise, 'to Him that loved them, and washed them from their sins;' and the sufferings of this and many succeeding years are now only remembered as themes for wonder and praise.

In December, the pastor, pleading for a continual remembrance at the Throne of Grace, thus writes to the members of the Wonston Prayer Union :—

'The feeling of comfort and support derived under God's blessing from the Union has never been greater, nor more essentially useful to me, than during the last year. This has been one eminently marked with trial, which has nevertheless as eminently manifested the power of the "Son of God," walking with His servant through the fire (Isa. xliii. 2, Dan. iii. 25). As it would be impossible to explain the circumstances, so it would be difficult to convey to any mind a full understanding of the exercises of heart and spirit, which have been passed through during the last year, and especially the last five months. But however painful the passages and distressing the present results, it is nevertheless the deep conviction of my heart, that in all, the hand of God may be traced, answering the prayers of those who have asked for that spiritual blessing and ministerial usefulness which constitute the real good to be sought for in prayer. I will only add, that this conviction renders me, if possible, more earnest to secure the continuance of that prayerfulness of spirit on my behalf to which I feel so deeply indebted already.'

A lady who lived in the parish at this time, thus writes :—

'I did not really know or value my minister till I was nearly twenty. At that time great sorrow embittered his life, which had a powerful effect upon many of his people. I can distinctly remember his broken-hearted look, and the grey hairs which first appeared at this time. After this, he went forward in his work with all the zeal and love which characterised him. Now, more than ever, was he instant in season and out of season. He preached continually for the Church Missionary Society, and indeed for all the good societies of that day; he also spoke at religious meetings whenever the cause of Christ was advocated; and the amount of work he got through was truly wonderful. Of course, this took him from time to time away from Wonston, and the cry was immediately raised that he was neglecting his parish, and it was said with some appearance of truth. Now, that Wonston ever was neglected, I am prepared most fully to deny. The persons who complained of this were in many cases those who disliked the teaching of the minister, and were ignorant of what was going on in the parish. Few, very few parishes were so carefully and effectually worked as Wonston was at this very time. The ministry had for some years brought out a little band of helpers who carried out their pastor's plan in a way which enabled him, though often absent, to grasp the actual state of the village very quickly.'

Mr. Dallas's love for children often extended his ministry among them. The tours he undertook for different societies introduced him to numerous families where his name was well known and loved in the nursery and the schoolroom. No little child was passed by without a loving word, and an expression of interest in what was most interesting to the little mind. Possessing this influence and a sense of its responsibility, he was led to employ the gift continually in the service of God. He was frequently asked to address large gatherings of children, and always rejoiced in these opportunities, never closing his address without teaching them the little prayer, which was so abundantly blessed in this ministry, that he considered it the greatest gift God ever bestowed upon him.

The following is one of many instances of this blessing. In January 1842, he was in London, and wishing to see his friend the Rev. Francis Cunningham, he went to call at his lodgings. The answer at the door was 'Mr. Cunningham is not at home.' He was going away, saying to the servant, 'Tell him Mr. Dallas called, and will call again.' At this moment a lady who had the downstairs apartments opened her door, and said to the servant, 'Did I hear the name of Mr. Dallas?—ask him to step in.' On going in, the lady said, 'Sir, we know your name so well, we have often wished to see you. We have been in great affliction, but have had comfort in the midst of it, and I am sure you will like to hear the circumstances. We had one dear little girl: perhaps we indulged her too much, but she was very difficult to manage; her temper was very trying, and she was continually quarrelling with her brothers. About a year ago we took a lodging at Lowestoft. It so happened that you paid a visit to Mr. Cunningham at that time, and we took our children to hear you address the Sunday-school. You particularly pressed upon them the importance of prayer for the Holy Spirit, and made them repeat after you, "O my God, for Christ's sake give me Thy Holy Spirit." Our little girl never forgot that prayer. One night afterwards, she was sleeping in a room next to ours, and in the night we heard her repeating it very earnestly. This was not all; her conduct from that time was quite changed: especially was it manifested in her kind and gentle ways with her brothers, so different from what it had been before. We

greatly rejoiced in the blessed change which prayer had wrought in our little girl; but we were not permitted long to enjoy her. God was thus preparing her for His own presence. She was never very strong, she got weaker, and died a few months ago. She was very happy in her illness, and before her death she called her little brothers round her bed and begged them never to forget to pray for the Holy Spirit, who had so taught and comforted her.' A deeply interesting conversation followed with the parents, and Mr. Dallas left them full of thankfulness to God for having thus permitted him so unexpectedly to see that blessing upon the word he spoke, which in the common course of things he would never have known. Several times this year he addressed very large assemblies of children. Both at Liverpool and at Derby there was an immense gathering of schools. On one occasion his subject was from Hebrews ii. 24, 'Seeing Him who is invisible,' which was afterwards printed as a tract, and is a specimen of his ministry to the little ones of his flock.

On the 25th of January, the day of the baptism of the Prince of Wales, the parishioners were called to special prayer, in a morning gathering at the Rector's room at Sutton, and in the evening at the schoolroom at Wonston. A large company of praying people united in seeking a blessing upon the young Prince. In the afternoon the children were regaled with tea and cake, and addressed by the Rector in his usual lively and impressive manner.

No public event ever occurred that was not improved by him and celebrated in a way which was calculated to maintain a spirit of loyalty among the people.

The parish was diligently visited when Mr. Dallas was at home, but this year an extension of public ministry led him to be oftener away. After twenty years of parochial work which none but a man of great physical strength could have sustained, a sense of weakness and exhaustion began to be felt. He was thus induced from time to time to accede to the earnest solicitations he received to take a change of work and of scene, by acting as deputation for societies.

In compliance with this advice, during the summer he advocated the cause both of the Jews' Society and the Church Missionary Society, at different places, and his sermons and addresses were

most successful. At Liverpool, at a clerical breakfast, he delivered an address to above a hundred clergy, and afterwards he spoke in the amphitheatre to an audience numbering 4500.

This tour included both Ireland and Scotland, and also several large towns in Yorkshire. In Edinburgh, during the space of nine days he had eighteen occasions of ministry.

In Leeds, while speaking for the Church Missionary Society, Mr. Dallas was led to introduce many strong remarks tending to counteract the opposing influence of Tractarian principles, which had been brought forward by many influential clergy against the Society. His speech was very incorrectly reported in a local paper, and he was most unexpectedly brought into a position of public controversy with men of high position in the Church. Mr. Dallas felt himself constrained to appear in the public journals not only to give the true version of his statements, but also to justify the truth of them. The work of the Society was threatened to be seriously maligned and impeded by the doubts which were insidiously thrown upon the nature of its constitution as a Church Society. Many of those clergy who had patronised it were thus induced to withdraw their names, while others, with more determined opposition, were bringing out pamphlets against its organisation. The chief ground of offence was that the Society was not under the management and control of the episcopal bench, that the lay element was strong in its committee, and that that committee exercised a judgment upon the character and the opinions of the men they sent forth, which was not done by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

Mr. Dallas's warmest energies were aroused to speak and to write in defence of a Society which God had so evidently blessed to the conversion of the heathen and the planting of His Church in Africa. He issued a pamphlet called 'The Missionary Crisis of the Church of England,' which contains a simple and unprejudiced history of those two great Societies, and a vindication of the latter on the ground of true Church principles. This book was distributed widely among his clerical brethren. It was published in October, and the following note in his private journal proves the spirit in which it was sent forth. 'Saturday, 8th. A specially appointed fast day and prayer,

for the "Missionary Crisis," just published.' In a letter to his friends he expresses how much he needs prayer for grace and wisdom in this controversy, 'of support and direction from on high.' He asks his flock also to be earnest in prayer for a blessing on the little book, 'that the Almighty Mediator may overcome the opposition of men, subdue their prejudice, convince their minds of truth, impart a spirit of love, and make it a means of promoting the glory of Christ and furthering the cause of missions.'

This public occupation of mind did not divert the heart of the pastor from his own much-loved flock, nor were the many means of spiritual instruction at Wonston at all relaxed. With that joy which none but a minister continually watching for the souls of his people can enter into, he was able at this time to trace a more active spiritual movement than ordinary, and 'had much encouragement to hope that the Holy Spirit is truly at work among them.'

Towards the close of this year, Mr. Dallas was invited to deliver a course of lectures by the Edinburgh Association for Promoting the Study and Illustration of Prophetic Scripture. The subject he chose was 'The Ultimate Object of the Redemption by Christ.' His natural character led him to grasp an opinion powerfully, and to hold it with tenacity. He had been for some years led to study Scripture deeply, and to receive it in its literal interpretation, maintaining a more rigid adherence to its exact words than many of his brethren gave him credit for. While he read much on the subject, and did not refuse the help of commentaries, his own originality of thought made him a little adverse to what he called 'moving in the rut of commonly received opinion.' For some time he had the reputation of being wild in his interpretation of prophetic Scripture; and this arose from two causes. The analytical process in his own mind had ripened into a combined and final deduction, which he continually presented to others who had not in the study of Scripture gone through the same process, and to whom it therefore appeared a new and untenable view. He had also greater rapidity in arguing out a result, perhaps also less perception of difficulties, than he generally found in other minds, and he was too apt to expect that this process in the mind of

his hearers would be collateral with his own. With a panorama before his mind's eye he would sometimes forget that it was not given to others to see it with the same clearness, and one of his continual exercises of grace was to check the expression of disappointment and vexation, that others saw difficulties where he saw none—that other minds worked in a direction which militated against his theories. It was a painful feeling to him when those he most tenderly loved could not receive the whole of his scheme of prophecy, and met him with an array of anomalies and apparent contradictions which never occurred to him. But as he advanced in conformity to his Divine Master, he became more and more considerate and tender in dealing with those dear Christian friends who differed from him in this, and in other non-essential points; and though finding a continual spring of enjoyment in his own views of these Scriptures, he was less anxious to press them upon others. Occasionally a vivid imagination cast its colour upon his statements, and some deduction that he only put forward as an individual opinion was hastily taken hold of by others as a dogmatic theory. Certain it is that his prophetic views at this time produced considerable mistrust from those of his clerical brethren who were more cautious, or were but novices in the subject.

While opposed to the *futurist* interpretation of prophecy, he equally advocated a strict adherence to the literal sense. The full detail of his prophetic views have been stereotyped in his 'Revelation Readings,' especially in the 'Introduction.' To many a humble teachable child of God has he been the means both in conversation, and by his writings, of opening this part of Scripture with peculiar edification, comfort, and blessing. To others his writings appear to be replete with difficulties, and wanting in sound argument. They can speak for themselves. Years of increasing light have dispelled many dark shadows, and a crowding of portentous signs upon the historic page have thrown a very different judgment upon prophetic studies. As the oldest member of the Prophetic Society his word was received with deference at their meetings, and his thoughts, mellowed with the experience of age, and moulded under the teaching of that gracious Spirit whose presence he continually sought, were ever welcomed in those assemblies.

Among many testimonies received from time to time of profit derived from these Revelation Readings, one was received from the Countess of C——, who writes : ‘ I am sure it will give you pleasure to hear how much interesting instruction we have received from your most valuable and scriptural explanation of this most important portion of the Word of life. I do not think I have ever enjoyed anything so much. My pleasure has been quite in proportion to the difficulty and uncertainty I previously experienced. We all read together, and my young party enjoy it as much as I do.’

The following is a short compendium of the lectures given at Edinburgh, with the Scriptures opened :—

1st. The scope of the subject, and the limits within which it is to be treated. Isaiah xlv. 18.

2nd. The ultimate object pursued through the preparatory arrangements. Romans viii. 19–23.

3rd. The ultimate object attained : its first manifestation. Acts iii. 19–21.

4th. Same subject continued. Zech. xiv. 3–5.

5th. Ultimate object attained : its further development. Rev. xix. 11 to xx. 12.

6th. The ultimate object attained : its complete manifestation. Rev. xx.

As these lectures were a compendium and ground-plan of all his prophetic views, it may be interesting briefly to trace out the line of argument which was pursued in each.

The *first* explains the meaning of the expression ‘ Ultimate Object’ as applied to redemption, that object being, not the redemption and ransom of the souls of God’s people only—for this although an object was not the *ultimate* object—but the working out of the purpose of the Son of God made man, towards the whole world. What that purpose was is shown from the text given (Isaiah xlv. 18), which proves that God made the world for a certain purpose, viz. to be inhabited by men and women—created in His own image. That purpose Satan hindered, but cannot destroy ; therefore, in order that God’s purpose should be fulfilled, the *earth* must be redeemed and inhabited by sinless beings. This is the ultimate object of the Redemption, and of this restitution there shall ever be—

A witness in heaven—the glorified saints.

A witness on earth—the sanctified Jews.

A witness in hell—the condemned impenitent.

The whole course of lectures is thus devoted to considering the preparation of the witnesses, and the way in which God restores the earth, makes it what it was, and so works that even from Satan's devices He gets the abundant glory of His eternal witnesses.

In the *second* lecture the preparatory arrangements towards the attainment of the ultimate object are considered. These are—the vindication of justice by the partial destruction of the race in the flood, the re-peopling of the earth, the selection of the individuals who should be the stock of the nation chosen to be God's witnesses on earth, the selection of the individual elect saints out of every kindred and nation and tongue to be the witnesses in heaven, Satan meanwhile doing his own sad work of gathering the witnesses for hell.

The *third* lecture treats of the first manifestation of *the object attained*, when Christ shall come to gather His elect saints; and enters into detail as to the general state at that time of the world, the professing Church, and the Jews.

The *fourth* lecture continues the same object with regard to the Jews; and carries it on to the state of the apostate Romish Church and of the infidel world.

The *fifth* enlarges on the further development of the great object in the judgment of the saints and the gathering of the ten tribes.

The *sixth* shows the complete manifestation of the ultimate object as *attained*; in the millennial period, the second judgment of the wicked, the New Jerusalem, and the eternal state of the world.

The whole course was commenced by a distinct declaration that the following postulates were to be accepted throughout:—

1st. With regard to the *mode of interpretation*—that it be *literal*, having one plain common sense meaning; God's revelation to man being fitted to man's capacity, and to the capacity of those to whom it was given, as well as those who come after.

2nd. In understanding this *literal meaning* with respect to all things yet unfulfilled, we dare not stretch beyond the limits of what is literally stated, either by inferential additions, or suppositions arising from present conception.



3rd. As we cannot possibly know the whole of God's counsel, we must be content to accept the direct statements, and when the pride of man asks 'Why?' we may answer, 'God wills;' and when it asks 'How?' 'God works.'

At the close of each of these lectures a solemn personal appeal was made to the hearts of his hearers as to their personal standing before God, and their individual interest in these mysteries. The last led him to very earnest appeal for much prayer, on which subject he suggests *system* in intercession for others, and he entreats much prayer for a blessing upon these lectures, and for *himself*. On the following Sunday he preached in the morning on the work of the Holy Spirit, from John xvi. 7-14; and in the evening on the coming of the Lord Jesus, from Phil. iii. 21.

These lectures were truly appreciated by the Christian brethren to whom they were addressed, and a few weeks after his return home Mr. Dallas received a long address expressing their interest in the lectures delivered, and gratefully acknowledging the benefit they had received from his instruction. This address was signed by seventy persons, among whom were some of the most eminent members of the Church of Scotland.

On the great subject of Redemption, Mr. Dallas held the most enlarged view, and received in an unlimited sense the doctrine of the 'full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.' He never allowed any process of reasoning to contract this expression (John iii. 16; 1 John ii. 2), and was decidedly opposed to what is technically called 'particular redemption.' At the same time his view of this subject was always connected with the future Dispensation, and he considered that the realisation of this glorious work would be fulfilled only in the redemption of the body and the 'restitution of the fulness of time,' when all creation would be wrested from the hand of the great usurper Satan, and the whole earth with all its inhabitants be under the dominion of the King of kings and Lord of lords. (Rev. xix. 6.)

The first child of a beloved daughter brought to baptism was an interesting occasion to the grandfather's heart, and he made it a day long to be remembered in the parish. Baptism in connection with the baptismal service was the ground of much

polemical discussion at this time. Baptismal regeneration in its fullest sacramental sense was preached by many of the younger clergy, as a doctrine comprehending that great change without which none can enter into the kingdom of God (John iii. 1-8). That this great work has been accomplished in Baptism is a view which will ever be palatable to those who have not experienced the 'inward and spiritual grace' of the sacrament. The 'Tracts for the Times' having brought forward very defined dogmatic teaching on the subject, led to numberless pamphlets, in which various constructions were put upon the words of the service. It was one which unsettled many sincere minds; and though Mr. Dallas had continually brought it before his people, giving them from time to time what he considered the true Church view, on a Scriptural basis, he felt it to be an occasion for an enlarged explanation, and before the baptismal day he sent round the parish his little tract entitled 'Right Baptism.' In this, after showing the Church's authorised doctrine on the subject of the application of Christian baptism to infants, he adds:—

'Your pastor has, upon several occasions, given you at large the Scriptural grounds upon which it is justified. His object at the present time is to quicken your attention to the particular duty of every member of the Church to endeavour, upon each administration of the Sacrament of Baptism, to afford the full assistance of such faithful prayer as God's grace may enable him to offer up on behalf of the infant. If each spiritual Christian were to strive earnestly to do his part in rendering every baptism in his parish what the Church means it to be, by the virtue of faithful prayer, what a blessing might be expected upon the rising generation! Your pastor points out to you an occasion on which you may manifest especial kindness in thus helping to procure a spiritual blessing for his grandchild. About half the persons in the parish, above the age of seventeen, are communicating members of the Church. How many of these will join in this work of love to their minister next Sunday?'

To many this little tract has been the means of much spiritual comfort in the clearing away of doubts and difficulties as to the Baptismal Service, and especially as to the wording of the prayer of thanksgiving after the administration of the water. To others it has not been considered satisfactory. The author's object is to reconcile the service with the Articles, and to view both as based on the only sure foundation of truth, the Holy Scriptures. He does not hold that the outward and visible sign is *inseparable*

from the inward and spiritual grace, and clearly shows from Scripture that this great change in the heart of man is not effected by the administration of this Sacrament, but by the sovereign operation of the Spirit of God

Mr. Dallas treats the subject under the following heads, taking the Article on Baptism as the true exponent of the Church's teaching:—

‘Baptism is

1st.—A sign of profession, and mark of difference between Christian (adult) men and others.

2ndly.—A sign of regeneration by which, instrumentally, men are grafted into the Church.

3rdly.—A visible signing and sealing of the promises of forgiveness of sin and adoption.

4thly.—A confirmation of faith, and increase of grace, which is effected by virtue of prayer.

5thly.—That while this is applicable to adults, the baptism of young children is agreeable with the institution of Christ; and therefore to be retained in the Church.

6th.—That for all, or any of these effects to be produced, it is necessary that baptism be received rightly.’

The conditional view of the expressions used in the service is that which is given in this tract, and he explains the declaration which has been such a stumbling-block to many earnest enlightened men—‘Seeing now, dearly beloved, that this child is regenerated’—to be *conditional* upon the exercise of a faithful pleading of Christ's promise, ‘taking it for granted that the conditions have been complied with, and that spiritual regeneration has been vouchsafed in connection with this sacrament.’

On this occasion special prayer was earnestly requested, and the first Sunday in February was appointed for the baptism, as being the day on which the members of the Wonston Prayer Union would be specially engaged in intercession for him and his family. In giving notice of this, he requests ‘that every member would add special supplication that the baptism of this child might be a baptism of the Holy Ghost, as well as of water.’ Speaking of his tract on baptism, he says:—

‘I have made this event the occasion of an appeal to the Church in this parish, with a view of settling their minds into a more distinct perception of the benefit of right baptism, and of the value of faithful prayer in connection with its administration.’

This was a year of much public work, and that work was carried on under chastening of no light measure ; but the heavy sorrows which would nevertheless have weighed down even Mr. Dallas's peculiarly buoyant spirit, led him in deeper humiliation to the stronghold in the day of trouble. He was borne up in the Everlasting Arms.

The appeals for intercession are at this time very frequent, the crushings of heart gave that sense of continual weakness which called for entire dependence on the presence and power of the ' Lord and Giver of Life ' in every undertaking.

His private memoranda prove that on the days set apart for fasting and prayer, the special needs of all his praying friends, with humiliation for their sins, as well as those of his parishioners, were added to his own ministerial and personal supplications.

In referring to his personal mercies at this time, he says :—

' Among the greatest of them is that mode of the Lord's dealings with me by which He keeps me in a constant sense of my need and an humbling conviction of my nothingness, through the continual operation of great trial, even while He manifests that in passing through the waters He is with me.'

Among the subjects which are especially mentioned as a source of thanksgiving to God is the working of the Wonston Press, the progress of which from its early beginning appears truly wonderful. He mentions at this time that 23,000 copies of smaller tracts, besides upwards of 12,000 volumes, had issued from it, without including any of the parochial weekly papers ; and ' distinct evidences of usefulness,' he adds, ' have been afforded, such as the most sanguine imagination could not have anticipated.'

In April he was once more invited to meet the clergy in Dublin and to advocate the cause of the Jews' Society there. The study of prophetic Scripture so imbued his whole soul that every public address was characterized by it, and on this occasion he chose as the subject of his lectures ' The events connected with the return of the Jews to their own land.' He preached as deputation for the Society almost daily during this tour. One day of rest at Enniscorthy, where he mentions ' a delightful ramble with his friend, Mr. Dennis Brown,' seems all that he allowed himself from April 22 to May 23. At

Cork, as well as in Dublin, he addressed large meetings both of clergy and laity, giving them, amongst others, a course of lectures on the Second Advent. During a fortnight spent there he had delivered twenty-one different addresses. At the close of this deputation work, feeling quite exhausted, he sought one quiet Sunday at Killarney, but there his intention was overruled, and work given him to do which he did not expect.

In relating the events of this tour he says :—

‘I went to church, and fearing to break my quiet seclusion I took a seat by the door. The sermon pained me. It was a great mistake, from the text “If thou wouldst enter into life keep the commandments.” I longed to get into the pulpit and rectify the mistake. Outside the door a gentleman accosted me, who said that many persons expected me to preach, and that he hoped I would do so in the evening. I did not know the Vicar, but this gentleman was so intent on getting his permission for me to occupy the pulpit that I was permitted to preach in the evening. I took for my subject John xvi. 7–11, and laid open the Lord’s way of enabling a sinner to enter into life, and opened to the audience the only means of salvation through faith in Christ Jesus. On the following morning I left Killarney on the outside of the coach. On taking out my Bible to read, a respectable woman sitting next me said, “That’s a good book you have, sir.” “The best book,” I replied. “I think, sir, you are the gentleman that preached last evening in Killarney church.” “I am.” This led to a long conversation. I found she was a Protestant who felt the value of saving truth. She had a daughter married to a tradesman in Killarney; they were both being drawn into Romanism, and the mother had taken the journey from Dublin to try and dissuade them from it, having with great difficulty got them to go to church with her. The poor woman said, “I prayed, sir, with my soul’s heart for the poor creatures, that God would stop them from being Roman Catholics and save their souls. What you preached, sir, was the Gospel, the very truth of Christ, sir. I could have cried out in the church, but I was silent, only my heart was praying all the while. My Mary, sir, was crying but she hid it; and, sir, praised be God! they said they never had heard what they heard in that sermon; and, sir, they say they won’t go to mass.” These were the poor woman’s words. I ruminated on this Killarney incident all the journey home. The next time I visited Ireland my keenest observations were directed to the Romanists.’

In June Mr. Dallas took a tour in Derbyshire, with his youngest daughter, to visit some friends. In every place he laboured to win souls to Christ and to strengthen the hands of his Christian friends. One day’s work is a specimen of many. ‘*Wednesday, 28th.*—A sermon to the Oddfellows’ Society.

Afterwards, an address to the teachers and children of the Sunday-school. Opening of 'prophetic truth in the evening.' Even when persuaded by his friends to join a party of pleasure to Haddon Hall, he made it an occasion of spiritual edification, which some of the party remember with deep interest.

In October he was again in Liverpool, pleading the cause of the Jews' Society. There were 5000 persons in the amphitheatre on this occasion. The next day there was a large meeting of the clergy for discussion on prophetic subjects. From thence he went again to the North of Ireland for this Society, gathering more of that information which was afterwards put to such practical use.

On his journey home one of those many providential incidents occurred which so often form landmarks in his ministerial life, testifying to the faithfulness of our blessed Lord's word, 'the hairs of your head are all numbered.' In the journey from Belfast to Dublin, the coach being full of passengers, and the harness on that occasion happening to be very insecure, an accident occurred which might have been fatal. One of the horses fell, with the reins so under him as to pull the leaders, which were blind, suddenly round to the side of the road, where was a steep declivity of eight or nine feet, with no fence. The blind horses followed the direction of the pull, dragging the fallen wheeler with them, and before they could be stopped they were over the embankment; in a moment more the coach would have followed them, but the fourth horse saw the danger and stopped short just in time to save them. Mr. Dallas jumped down from the outside of the coach and let out the inside passengers, and seeing all safe he earnestly called upon them to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in their deliverance. After some delay in getting up the two horses which had fallen over, the coach went on its way to Dublin, and arrived in time for Mr. Dallas to sail by the Liverpool packet.

He arrived in Liverpool and was on his way to Leeds, where his daughter was living, and in this journey he was again permitted to trace the guiding hand of his heavenly Master.

He was seated in the train, and on the point of starting, when the signal wire broke, and a message had to be sent to the other end of the tunnel. This occasioned delay, so that

the train did not arrive in Manchester till some time after it was due. He found the Leeds train had left a quarter of an hour, and that it would be three hours before another started. He was vexed at this delay, thinking that these three hours would be wasted. He determined to have his dinner, and inquired which was the best hotel. 'There are plenty of hotels here, sir,' was the answer. 'There's the "Crown," the "Star," and the "Albion," &c.' naming some others. The 'Albion,' thought Mr. Dallas, that sounds well; 'Pray which is the way to the "Albion"?' Being directed, he left his luggage at the station and set off for the 'Albion.' On his way he passed several finer hotels, and the thought struck him, 'Why am I going to the "Albion"? it is very foolish to go so far, when there are many nearer, quite as good.' Still he continued his way, and coming upon a splendid hotel he concluded that this was the 'Albion.' He ascended the steps, and asked a man at the door if he was right. 'The "Albion," sir! no, that is the "Albion,"' pointing to another hotel further down. Mr. Dallas did not like to walk all this distance to the 'Albion,' and not get to it after all. Accordingly he went on, and at last arrived there. He was shown into a large coffee-room, and ordered his dinner. When the waiter returned with the beef-steak, he found that all the tables were occupied except one near the fire, at which there was but one gentleman. The waiter looked at Mr. Dallas, then at the gentleman, put the dinner upon the table, and told him that his dinner was ready. They sat for some time in silence, which at last was broken by the gentleman observing that his meat was very tough. 'Mine is remarkably tender,' said Mr. Dallas, 'and you are welcome to a part.' The offer was politely accepted, and led to more general conversation, during which Mr. Dallas told him he was just returned from Ireland. 'Then, sir, you must have seen a good deal of the Roman Catholic religion, for they are chiefly Roman Catholics in Ireland, I believe.' 'Ah, yes!' said Mr. Dallas, 'indeed I have seen a good deal of popery in every form, and under every light, during my stay in Ireland.' There was a short pause, when the gentleman observed, 'That is a splendid religion, sir, that Roman Catholic religion.' 'Splendid religion!' exclaimed Mr. Dallas in surprise, 'Why, sir, what do you mean

by a splendid religion?' 'Why, in that religion everything you are required to believe is brought home to the senses. You can see it; feel it, that's what I mean by a splendid religion.' 'Are you a Roman Catholic, sir?' inquired Mr. Dallas, 'No,' was the reply, 'I am not, but I happened some time ago to go into one of their churches, quite by accident, and I was so struck with all I saw and heard that I have since been making every possible inquiry concerning them. I have asked Churchmen, Wesleyans, Baptists, &c., and though they all join in abusing the Roman Catholics, I have not heard one satisfactory reason why.' Mr. Dallas now began to see why he was led to the 'Albion' Hotel. He plainly and affectionately warned him of his danger; he then took one by one the errors of that apostate Church, and showed him how entirely they were opposed to the Word of God; spoke of the blasphemy of the Mass, the idolatrous worship of images and saints, the tyranny of the priests; in short, drew a picture of popery in her true colours. The gentleman listened with deep attention, frequently exclaiming, 'How very extraordinary!' When Mr. Dallas stopped, he said, 'Well, this is most remarkable; I only left my wife this morning, and last night we agreed that as soon as I returned we would both embrace the Roman Catholic religion; and but for you, sir, we should certainly have done so.' Mr. Dallas looked at the clock and said, 'I have only twenty-seven minutes more in Manchester. I should never have been brought here at all, had not the Lord sent me to you.' He then told him of his providential deliverance, and how he was detained against his will in Manchester, and finally of his being led to that hotel and to that particular table. The gentleman was much moved, tears ran down his cheeks, and the clergyman proceeded, 'I have now warned you of your danger; remember what I have told you, as though an angel from the Lord spake to you with the voice of a man. Tell it to your wife, and mind if ever you join that idolatrous Church, the responsibility will be upon your own heads; but ill should I be doing my duty as a minister of Christ, which I am, if I warned you of your danger without telling you whither to flee for safety.' He then preached unto him 'Jesus,' entreated him to pray for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and having written a short prayer on a piece of paper, he



handed it to him, begging him to use it constantly. He then rose to go, holding out his hand to the gentleman, who warmly shook it, and they parted.

Mr. Dallas never heard any more of him, but he always looked forward to meeting him at the right hand of his Saviour at the day of His appearing. He felt disposed on parting to ask his name, but a second thought hindered him from doing so. He felt it was so evidently the Lord's hand guiding him to his work that had it been His will, the name would have transpired. He shrank from taking one step of his own to mar by natural curiosity a spiritual interposition.

An extract from a letter to Mr. Sumner, the bishop's son, gives a succinct account of his impression of the state of Ireland on his return from that country :—

‘It may be pleasant to you to have a recent report from the scene of public anxieties in Ireland. I have had a highly interesting journey in the north, and have mixed with some of the most influential people there, whose opinions are worth having. Everything is at present perfectly quiet, and nothing *now* is to be apprehended. The Government knew very well what they were about; they have not struck the blow until they had secretly placed the country in a perfect state of defence. All the barracks have been stored with six months' provisions, and have been quietly so prepared that in a few hours each may be turned into a fortification. The disposing of the troops is excellently spread over the country; and if an outbreak were to take place it could be crushed in a week. This is now known in Ireland, and produces the effect of repressing the efforts of the disaffected, while the loyal Protestants are surprised at the magnitude of the arrangements made, and begin to think that there has been more danger than they had imagined. In the Church there is an astonishing proportion of influential piety among the clergy.

‘My own reception in Ireland was most gratifying, and I trust that a blessing was given in connection with the present acceptableness, &c.’

The following letter to his faithful schoolmaster was written from Dublin :—

‘My dear S—,

‘I am quite overwhelmed with a sense of God's mercy in the great work He is calling me to here. The meetings of the clergy are of the first order in every respect, in spirit, in numbers, in intelligence. I cannot describe the scene I have just left, 500 earnest clergymen with a faithful, bold, pious bishop going in and out among them, stirring them up to every good word and work. My heart is full. I have just addressed them, and have promised them each a copy of “Right Baptism.”’

And again from Liverpool :—

‘ You know how I am employed when the Lord calls me forth. I have never been more so, nor ever more blessed. Continue much in prayer for me. Much trial has come to me in letters ; but the Lord has not permitted it to hinder the working of His instrument for His own glory. They do not allow me an hour even for rest in the day ; but all is evidently for God’s glory. On Sunday evening I had a congregation of 3000. The meeting yesterday had upwards of 500 in the amphitheatre, and this morning, upwards of 100 at breakfast, mostly clergy. Pray much for me. I have not forgotten you, nor my dear people. The way in which I have been enabled to remember them has been a token of good to me.’

At the close of the year, referring to the state of his parish, he says :—

‘ There are some interesting and encouraging features among my people, which, together with the spiritual difficulties of the present times, have induced me to appoint a season for special prayer, with extra opportunities of prayer at the close of the present year and the opening of the next.’

The services of this season were deepened in solemnity of tone by the conviction on the heart of the pastor that many events occurring in the Church and in the world rendered it a period of anxious interest ; in the parish, too, there was much to urge special prayer as an encouragement to united intercession. He adds :—

‘ A vast number of Christians all over the world will be joining in similar exercises with ourselves, according to the invitation of the Rev. H. Stewart, a copy of which is sent with this address.’

Then follow the arrangements from Friday, 29th of December, to Wednesday the 3rd of January, with the subjects for supplication given for each day, the first being for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the parish, and the last day being devoted to thanksgiving and praise. For this the Rector met his people every morning at eight o’clock, previous to special services in the church. He closes this address by an offer to conduct family prayer in any house in the parish to which he may be invited, and he urges the heads of families to express their wish to him at once that he may make arrangements for so doing.

These arrangements were carried out, and the church at Wonston responded to the call of their minister, and united with him in earnest prayer that God would solemnize the minds of the people and carry on His work among them. While they were thus

gathered together it pleased God to visit the parish with sudden death, and in the course of eight days following six souls were taken from this life. Such a fatality had never before occurred in this little flock. The minister called attention to this voice of God in his sermon on the following Sunday, and spoke of his plans for their instruction during the year, specially stating the uncertainty with which he looked forward to the next Lord's day. His strength had been overtaxed by work, as well as by an accumulation of domestic trial. On riding to the station on January 19th, he fell from his horse insensible. He was picked up by a poor countryman passing by, who set him on his horse again, and the faithful creature took him safely home to the stable yard; but he knew nothing of this, and was lifted off in an unconscious state. He was for some days very ill. The sermon he was preparing he was not permitted to preach, and instead of ministering to others, he was taken aside to learn deep and solemn lessons to his own soul. To his praying friends he afterwards expresses this, and adds:—

‘I am able to discover a peculiar providence in the circumstances connected with this event; and while convinced that the Lord has indeed given His angels charge concerning me for the preservation of my life and the prolongation of my ministry, He has not left me without such indications of spiritual mercies as will, I trust, by His grace become the means of rendering me better prepared to enter into His presence whenever He shall see fit to call me, and more humbly devoted to His service while I am awaiting the call.’

Frequent attempts to resume duty only caused frequent relapses. He was, however, so much recovered at Whitsuntide that he was able to arrange for another season of special services, and to conduct them himself. From Friday till the Tuesday in Whitsun week the parochial calendar announces ‘Prayer every morning at eight o'clock, in the schoolroom, for particular subjects bearing upon the state of the Church and the nation, and upon the parish.’ In his ‘Word to the Flock’ he provides an enlarged arrangement of subjects, with a text of Scripture supplying the petition, or the encouragement for it, to help the mind in coming before God.

But his health again gave way. In the spring he was obliged to leave home and give up all mental exertion for a season. As

parochial work was out of the question he engaged his son-in-law, the Rev. Alfred Hill, to be his curate, who came with his wife to reside in the Rectory, and effectually supplied his place in pastoral ministry. A tour in Devonshire with his unmarried daughter occupied the summer months, and Mr. Dallas received much benefit from the advice of an eminent surgeon in Exeter, who discovered the true cause of many painful symptoms, tracing them to mental pressure and overwork. While absent, he wrote to his faithful schoolmaster thus :—

‘Dearest James,

‘July 5th.

‘Rest is absolutely necessary for my tongue, which is only kept better by the use of strong lotion. My general health is improved too, but—well, I ought not to find out the *but*s. One thing I may say with comfort, that my quiet rest of mind I find to be very useful to me spiritually, and I am sure that I needed it, and need it still.’

To his praying friends he writes :—

‘It has pleased God to visit me with an interruption in that health and strength with which He has for many years blessed me. I doubt not that I shall find the weakness as great a cause for thankfulness as I have found the strength, but it greatly impedes me in the exercise of my ministry, and in carrying out those plans which are intended to promote the glory of God and the good of souls.’

Very earnest loving feeling was awakened by the pastor's illness; and on his restoration to some measure of strength, and his return to his duties, there was a proposal by many of his friends that there should be a special day of thanksgiving. They had been earnest in their supplication for this mercy, and they express their purpose to unite in special thanksgiving ‘upon the occasion of so great a mercy conferred upon one whom they love and esteem, and whose ministry has been so greatly blessed; praying that he may glorify God with a double portion of usefulness in extending the bounds of the Redeemer's kingdom.’ A clergyman of advanced age and Christian experience, the Rev. J. Cole, of Womersh, communicated with others, and a large number of members of the ‘Wonston Prayer Union’ united, on a day appointed for the purpose, in special thanksgiving for Mr. Dallas's restoration to health. He was greatly cheered by this token of Christian love and sympathy, arranged unknown to himself, and

his letter to them on this occasion breathes a spirit of grateful devotedness. On his return home he found an expression of grateful love from several of his children in the Lord in the parish, in the form of a great chair for his study, accompanied by a touching letter from them.

On the 1st of September he began some duty again, returning thanks to God publicly in church for his renewed health. There was a communion on this occasion, and it appears that nearly all the communicants in the parish made a point of being present, as 105 (out of a population of 645) were there united at the table of their Lord. He also on this day resumed the evening instruction. But he was obliged frequently to leave home during this year, as change of scene and travelling were most important in his state of declining health. In every place he left the savour of his Master's name, and he not only proved the affection of a large number of friends who felt it their privilege to receive him into their houses, but he added largely to their number. In these journeys he occasionally preached, and constantly opened the Scriptures in a more private way; employing his leisure in writing some of the Wonston tracts, beside many pastoral letters to his people.

At the close of 1844 and the beginning of 1845, those who acted as watchmen on the walls of Zion, and were awake to every inroad of unscriptural dogma, saw in the distance, with much anxiety, the dark clouds of Ritualism and Romanism which have since overspread our spiritual horizon. Mr. Dallas felt that there should be, more than ever, combined action among those clergy who held the truth of God in its integrity; and with his deep sense of the power of believing prayer, he called upon all his brethren to unite in special days of intercession. He also sent forth a protest against these errors.

The following passages from the printed address show the object and the motive of this declaration, to which were attached the names of 108 of the clergy. Among them are those who have been well known standard-bearers in the Lord's army, many of whom have now laid down their arms and won the crown :—

‘ We, the undersigned clergymen of the United Church of England

and Ireland, desire, in the exercise of our Christian liberty, to make the following statement :—

‘We regard with anxiety the present aspect of the times in connection with religion, on many grounds, especially as regards the movement within the Church, which has drawn such general attention.

‘We believe that the essential character of the only true and saving religion may be traced to spirituality and its connection with Christ. Our anxiety arises from the absence of this character—ritual religion having its spirituality taken for granted, in spite of the clearest evidence of facts ; and the prominence in thought and action, due only to the Lord Jesus Christ, being given to an idea called the Church, an idea not in conformity to the definition of the Nineteenth Article.

‘The tendency of the movement in question is towards the errors of the Romish doctrines and the abominations of the Romish practices—the simple sincerity of some persons having led them to embrace both openly, while others place themselves in the doubtful position of openly concurring with them without consistently following their example.

‘Being deceived as to the important principle at stake, they combine with those who substitute *ritualism* and the *Church* for *spirituality* and *Christ*, and increase the danger to the true Church by practically advocating sacramental religion in the place of the religion of the atonement by the blood of Jesus. The movement in question is urged forward with the combined powers of learning and high influence, and the devices of subtle disputation and earnest zeal in its advocacy, with all the advantage of organized arrangement in its operations ; while there is, on the other hand, a security in the minds of many of the true people of the Lord, which renders alike combination and concert extremely difficult. There is one means of defence and security for the children of God which may be more powerful than all the resources of the movement. The promises to faithful earnest prayer are so many and so great, that if a spirit of grace and supplication on this behalf be poured out from on high, the effect made to move the Church Romeward will have no other effect than that of separating the chaff from the wheat. We believe that a combined agreement for prayer has an especial promise of a blessing. . . . In order to obtain the comfort of this scriptural encouragement, we, the undersigned, agree amongst ourselves to set apart a portion of the last day of the present year 1844, and the first day of the ensuing year 1845, on which we purpose, by the help of God, to approach the Throne of Grace in secret prayer upon the points hereafter stated ; and we intend, so far as we can, to induce such of our several flocks as may be able, to devote some part of those days to the same purpose, in the humble hope that such prayers may be made the means of bringing those blessings which may help to avert the threatened danger.

‘We therefore subjoin our names hereunto, that each may know the purpose of all, and feel strengthened in our united approach to the Throne of Grace.’

Then follow the signatures.

The subjects of prayer are given :—

‘ON TUESDAY, 31ST DECEMBER, 1844.

I. Confession of personal failure and shortcoming in manifesting the power of the Spirit of Christ in ourselves.

II. Confession of sin in the professing Church of Christ :—

- (1) In tolerating worldliness, and withholding the plain declaration of the truth which condemns the worldly.
- (2) In affording any opportunity for the influence of ritualism to overgrow the influence of spirituality amongst the people.
- (3) In remaining unmoved under the decay of vital godliness and the decrease of godly discipline.
- (4) In the permission of any advance towards a superstitious use of the Holy Sacraments, or a superstitious regard of the priesthood.
- (5) For the more flagrant departures from holiness, which may have provoked the judgment of God to permit the inroads to error and false doctrine in our Church.

III. Confession of sin in our several flocks in the different points in which we may be able to discover it.

IV. Personal humiliation for these several subjects.

ON WEDNESDAY, 1ST JANUARY, 1845.

I. For the gift of the Holy Spirit in more abundant measure upon the Church :—

- (1) To quicken many with increased spirituality.
- (2) To purify the heart, and enlighten the mind of many, as regards the doctrine of faith.
- (3) To render many more holy, and more bold in their separation from those who follow worldliness.
- (4) To raise up many true witnesses for the simplicity that is in Christ.

II. For preservation from the devices of those who are advancing the ritualism of the present movement in the Church :—

- (1) That the devices may be overruled for good to those who are sincere.
- (2) That the persons who devise them, and those who are their instruments, may be pardoned, and brought to spiritual life.
- (3) That ministers may be raised up to preach the truth as it is in Jesus, and to counteract thus the false teaching of ritualists.

III. For preservation from Romish errors :—

- (1) That the false doctrines of the Papacy may be exposed and rejected.
- (2) That none of those who hold them may continue professing members of the Church, but may be led to see their true position.

IV. For the United Church generally, and for our beloved Queen and her family; that she may be blessed with spiritual life, and be preserved from the influence of principles contrary to the Word of God.

V. For a blessing on all who are joining together in this arrangement for prayer.'

These prayers have been registered on high. We know that the 'effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' The Lord who laid them upon the heart of His servants answered them before the year closed in a way little expected. It was His purpose to visit Ireland with His truth, and bring forth from thence a faithful band of witnesses by an instrumentality not thought of at the commencement of the combined intercession.

It has been often observed that when God purposes to employ His ministers on a special work of enlarged blessing, He first humbles and proves them by special trials. This was truly realized in the deep sorrows and humbling circumstances which crowded upon Mr. Dallas during the course of this year.

Feeling it expedient to let the Rectory, he went to reside at a cottage just outside the garden. This had been inhabited by the gardener and his family, and it required some ingenuity to make it a suitable habitation for a gentleman. Kind young friends in the parish assisted in this work, but still there was much which required his own hand in this new arrangement. The change in the diminution of comfort was very great, and after a week of much perturbation in settling there, he thus writes:—

'*Sunday, 9th Feb.*—A day of wonder to me; very tired the night before; could not collect my thoughts; went into church with a humbled heart, casting myself upon God. Preached the third sermon in the course (Acts x. 33). I found my mind quiet during the prayers, and active in the sermon. The Lord was with me. The word was with power, the people attentive. Praised be the name of God, who alone doeth wondrous things. He can wield a straw, giving it the power of Goliath's spear. The power is in the Hand that moves it. The blessing continued all day. I continued the sermon in the afternoon, as I could not complete it in the morning. The snow falling fast in the evening, but thirty people came to the schoolroom, but the Lord was present to meet them.'

Again, after very distressing events and much work in the parish:—



‘What a blessing that prayer is the voice of the heart, and is not to be measured by the power of words! My heart prayed, but I found very few words to come to my mind or my lips.

‘*Feb. 17th.*—The bag brought me very painful letters. This showed me my weakness, for my mind was dashed to the ground, and I could not raise it all day. My heart went out to God in prayer much, but not connectedly. What a mercy is the confidence in the unchangeable *Mediator*, no variableness nor shadow of turning with Him! Oh but for this what would become of me and of those I so dearly love!

‘*18th.*—I had appointed the district visitors to come at eleven, and a Revelation reading at twelve. I had serious thoughts of pleading incapacity, and putting them off; but they came, and after praying with them I spoke to them of the arrangements of their districts, as if I had no pressure upon me. At twelve o’clock the others assembled, and I lectured on Rev. xii. The deep interest of the subject entirely possessed me, and drew my mind out. The Lord’s blessing! to the Lord’s praise! But it exhausted me dreadfully, and I could have wept when they left me. With a very depressed heart I then went to see some sick people. When I came home I forced myself to attend to important matters relating to accounts, which kept me up till one in the morning.’

After a short absence, on returning to the little cottage, with the natural feeling of such a change from the comforts of the Rectory, he writes:—

‘I thank God that I have *any home*, but most that “He is Himself my Home,” Ps. xci. 1.

‘*Sunday, 2nd March.*—The Sunday Union prayer day.

‘I felt much helped in ministering all day. I always do on the day of the Union, whether from a sense of the much prayer that is made for me, or from the direct answer to those prayers, certainly the result is most commonly attained. To God be the praise and glory for so great a mercy. It was communion, and I felt this, too, very much. It was in truth a *Sabbath*. I felt the rest from the harassing distractions of the thoughts which necessarily press upon me at this time, and while I thought it wonderful that I could put my troubles by, that was almost the only thought I had about them. I had a deep impression of sin. I am indeed sensible of increasing depth in this impression within me, and of an increased realizing of the approaching consummation of the Lord’s glory on Christ’s coming; and I do heartily long to get rid of the trammels of this “body of death,” “this dead body” rather, which makes me unfit for Christ’s glory, and, alas! too fit for dishonouring Him.

‘*Monday, March 17th.*—Dear Al.’s birthday, and mine too, in a sense in which I trust I shall celebrate it in eternity. Called on poor old Mrs. D——, who is dying. I talked with her and prayed with her, to the grateful delight of her daughter. I got to my Passion Week lecture by seven o’clock. A crowded room, and deep attention,

which together with the presence of the Lord's power in opening John xiv., took away all my fatigue. Thank God for His mercies. How great a mercy to be a channel of His grace to souls prepared to receive the Word ! To His Name be glory for ever !

'*March 18th.*—At the Passion Week lecture I carried on the Lord's last discourse. The room was crammed full, and the people seemed to feel it. Went home and wrote the introduction to the "Guide to the Acts of the Apostles."

'*Sunday, March 9th.*—After a day of singular ministerial mercy in the help and quietness, and the power which God has been pleased to give me, I desire to register something of my sense of His goodness. My mind has been grievously disturbed during the preceding week, but the Lord has been with me, and kept me steadily realizing the great work, and forgetting the impediments in myself. Praised be His name ! I have begun my system of hours and arrangements for the Rectory Lodge. In the schoolroom in the evening I invited any persons who liked to come to my morning family prayers ; not, however, urging them, but only offering them the paternal assistance which, as a father in the parish, I am willing to give to any.

'*Monday.*—A nice gathering of old people at the family prayers, who seemed to enjoy it, and cheered me up.

'*Wednesday, March 5th.*—At the lecture I took the personal Scripture of my Calendar (Heb. iv. 1), and preached Christ, the Lord helping me. After tea we got into conversation about Spain, as it is the anniversary of the Battle of Barossa, which I fought all over again for the amusement of my friends.'

Pecuniary embarrassments and domestic sorrow, trials in different ways of no common kind, marked his outer life during the whole of this year. At last, anxiety and sorrow induced symptoms which necessitated his leaving his parish for a few weeks of entire rest. He went to his married daughter in Devonshire, and was somewhat recruited under her care. But his mind never rested. To him rest would have been the hardest work ; and the only rest he knew was work in other forms and other spheres.

Much of that blame which from time to time was unsparingly imputed to Mr. Dallas, arose from the want of acquaintance with the incessantly working habit of his mind. What appeared like the love of change was a continual devising new channels of usefulness, a large grasp for the more extended work which his very fertile imagination portrayed to him.

And as his every step was marked by much prayer, and a very simple trust in his heavenly Master's guidance, an enlightened judgment would withhold any condemnation, and, if unable to

appreciate, would satisfy itself with the apostle's verdict, 'To his own Master he standeth or falleth.'

His mind was fully occupied the greater part of this year with writing his 'Guide to the Acts.' In this he dropped the term 'Cottager's,' as this volume was a compendium of more careful research than the former numbers. It is remarkable to see how entirely in his study he could abstract his mind from the most harassing and heart-rending circumstances of his outer life. This was his relaxation, often taken through the night after days of intense labour.

Later in the year he was engaged in another publication to be called 'The Mental Commentary,' the object of which was to induce a more intelligent inquiry into the expressions of Scripture, instead of that formal careless reading by which so much of God's truth is passed over unobserved. The plan comprised a division of the whole book into portions for daily reading, and at the head of each portion were short suggestions under the following heads:—(1) Remember; (2) Refer to (texts quoted); (3) Observe; (4) Consider; (5) Pray; and, at the end of each portion, six questions for self-examination. The historical parts were harmonized, and marginal readings introduced in brackets. This work was not carried on beyond the two first numbers. Like many other experiments for the edification of others, its purpose was fulfilled in blessing to the soul of the writer in leading him to deeper study of the Scriptures.

The cause of its relinquishment was the pecuniary responsibility the work incurred, which would have greatly increased the trying pressure of his circumstances.

While the heart and all the mental powers were thus occupied, his gracious Master not only supplied faith to enable him to cast all his cares upon Him, but He manifested much tender care of His servant in the little matters of his daily life. Often was he brought to the brink of ruin to be rescued—caught up by the Father's hand in such a way as to show His power and love unmistakeably, and by these deliverances to receive into his heart a fresh spring of consolation and strength.

During his absence in the spring, the Rectory had been occupied by the Rev. Mr. Pizey, who took charge of the parish. In August it was empty, and it seemed very difficult to get a

tenant. Mr. Dallas was in town on business, and walking into the city he happened to pass an agent's office, and, as a mere chance so to speak, he went in and mentioned his want of a tenant for a large country house. The agent knew of no one, and the house was put on the books. On returning through the street a short time after, he was told that a gentleman had called who was looking out for a house for a short time. This was an objection, but inquiries were set on foot, and, as nothing else offered for a longer duration, Mr. Dallas entered into communication with the gentleman, who came down to see the house. The result was his residence with his family at Wonston for the next two months.

The higher purpose of this providence was that that time should be one of much spiritual blessing to all the family. Not only was the ministry a word of power under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, but personal conversations were the means of enlightenment and edification to the young people. Music, in which the whole family remarkably excelled, was a mutual interest which often induced an evening together, and no opportunity was lost of drawing out the hearts of the young, to pour into those hearts the knowledge of salvation. Many interesting expositions of the Word of God at this time are remembered by those who are now advanced to mature ages, and acting out the lessons of childhood. Members of the large family that then first became acquainted with him have ever since found in him a faithful friend, and have felt toward him as a father in Christ. In a letter received since his departure from the widowed head of the family, after expressing her deep sympathy, she adds :—

‘ Deep and sad has been my experience, but the loss of your dear husband has added one more pang—has struck one more chord of distress ; for he was indeed a loved, valued, and deeply valuable friend to me, and though we can pierce the cloud and join in the Hallelujah that has ushered him into the realms of bliss, time only will relieve the sense of desolation he has left behind amongst his personal friends and the Church below. My memory is stored with reminiscences of the happy results to my own family of his ministrations and affectionate intercourse. My dear husband went to Wonston, deeply sensible of his duty to God, and striving earnestly to meet the demands of His law. He left it sensible of the futility of his endeavours, and resting entirely, as he did to the last, on the finished work of the Redeemer.

‘Dear E—— was preserved from falling in with the Tractarian movement, then in its infancy, and at that time deluding so many of his fellow Oxonians ; and to this memorable visit to Wonston, one of my loved daughters could trace those serious impressions which are now, I trust, having their fruition in glory. And though I know not the time, from childhood upwards, when dear S—— was not seeking the Saviour, yet how often has your dear husband been instrumental in clearing his path, solving his difficulties, and encouraging him onward in the way. But testimony after testimony will reach you, dear Mrs. Dallas ; and what a comfort to know that though purchased by the blood of Christ, it is said of His saints that “their works do follow them !”’

The seed of truth sown during these few months at Wonston was watered by affection and rapidly fructified. One son became the faithful and devoted clergyman of a large parish near London, and was soon called to his rest. Two daughters have also joined the family in heaven. Those who remain have continued to show for many years, by assistance to the poor of Wonston, their interest in the parish and gratitude to the minister.

In the review of this year we cannot but observe a beautiful tracery of Providential ordering for the accomplishment of a great spiritual purpose. It was a continual comfort to my dear husband to realize the ministry of angels as the dispensers of providence ; and while recognizing the Holy Spirit alone as the worker in the kingdom of grace, he loved to see all secular events in the hands of the angels commissioned by God to arrange for the heirs of salvation. He also would acknowledge with thankful surprise how that the very evil he deplored was made a channel of good. That want of the true principle of economy which was the cause of so much trial throughout his whole life necessitated the letting of his Rectory and made way for this family. Then again, the walk in London, the sudden thought of turning into the agent’s office, all these steps were beautifully arranged for the gathering of many souls into the kingdom of grace.



## CHAPTER VII.

## FIRST EFFORTS FOR IRELAND.

1845—1849.

ANOTHER subject was gradually expanding in Mr. Dallas's mind, and engrossing his deepest interest. Ireland was then, as it has been ever since, the great problem in the government of the mother country. The great agitator, O'Connell, had left a trail of rebellious disaffection, crushed indeed but not destroyed, and then, as now, continually bursting forth and put down again by the exercise of power. The one panacea for the evil of man, the Gospel of Christ—the written Word of God as the source and warrant of that Gospel—was withheld from the Irish as a nation. The planting of the reformed doctrines by the mandate of Queen Elizabeth, and afterward by the sword and massacres of Cromwell, only left bitter hatred to the 'Sassenach,' and the reaction in 1798 cast such a terror upon the Protestant population as to paralyse all missionary efforts. The Church of Ireland worked for generations under this terror; and though individual efforts were abundantly blessed, and in many bright spots the hearts of the Irish opened to the Gospel, there was nevertheless necessity for caution and restrictions in every systematic effort. The Irish Society, established for instructing the people to read the Scripture in their own language, and others formed for diffusing spiritual knowledge among the poor benighted peasantry, were quietly pursuing their self-denying and efficient labours—labours which received abundant blessing where they could be carried out; but large tracts of country, especially in the West and South, were left in a state of barbarism and darkness which could scarcely be conceived.

Every visit paid to Ireland convinced Mr. Dallas more fully that the minds of the people were prepared for a more open exhibition of the Gospel, and a more extended system of mis-

sionary aggression upon the gross delusions and superstitions in which they were enthralled. Many plans for this were discussed with his brethren, and he worked with earnest zeal for the 'Irish Society,' attending all their committees, and continually endeavouring to lead them to immediate action in this direction. His suggestions were received with kindness and sympathy, but with a cautious suspicion of his enthusiastic notions.

When laid aside from parochial work, plan after plan was continually before his mind, to be in succession dashed to the ground by insurmountable difficulties. Still the conviction that the Irish Roman Catholics were ripe for more controversial teaching never left him. His feeling at this time is thus expressed :—

'If a matter is laid upon the heart the sure test that it is of God will be that openings will occur to render it possible. The trial of patience may be long, but the greater the delay the stronger will be the proof that God's Spirit has laid it on the heart. To give up the desire is to prove that it never was of God. To maintain it in patience and diligence is to secure the accomplishment; and God in His own time proves its origin by granting providential openings for its success.'

Amongst other plans the penny post occurred to his mind as a new channel of communication with the people. If only he could get the name and address of every Romanist in Ireland, a ray of light from the blessed Word of God hitherto kept from them, with an appeal to common sense and conscience, might be sent through the post, and cause a movement among them. He pondered over this thought and prayed, but the obstacles seemed insurmountable. He was in such pecuniary difficulties at this time that to undertake it himself was impossible. He had already applied to his friends for the different Societies for which he was engaged, and this new scheme could not well be laid before them. How to get the plan organized without that publicity which would defeat the object of the appeal was another question. Then, how to get the names of the people? Everything appeared against him; but God was working for him. The earnest desire to gather souls from the apostate Church, to act upon the solemn call (Rev. xviii. 4), 'Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partaker of her sins, and that



ye receive not of her plagues,' grew in intensity, and became a determination to act.

A full view of the difficulties before him seemed only to concentrate the energy of faith, and Mr. Dallas writes thus in another letter:—

'The work is the Lord's, never mind who is the straw that He uses. If it succeeds,—and *it will*,—whatever success comes will be given to Him for His glory. . . . The getting the names and addresses is the high wall in the way, but it does not reach to heaven, where He dwells, whose servants we are; and while we use all means He will make a breach in it that we may pass. I am sure that He who puts such earnest prayers into my heart and into the hearts of all our helpers, means to answer, and to give an abundant blessing to our work.'

The Almighty Governor of the hearts of men, the Sovereign Head of the Church, planted that desire in the heart of His minister, which having for some time germinated under ground, sprang forth watered by His Spirit, to be used by His Almighty hand in bringing many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to Himself. 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.' In a dull little cottage room, without any of his home circle round him, in deepest sorrow, and with every channel of earthly comfort dried up, that seed was sown, and the note in his diary is:—

'*Sunday, Oct. 12th.*—Wrote in the evening "A Voice from Heaven to Ireland," dictated to Blanche. Aunt H—— sitting by in prayer.'

The adaptation of the style of this tract to the tone of the Irish expression, as well as the thoughts thus embodied, so surprised him that, on reading them after they were written, he felt self thoroughly crushed in the thought, 'Surely it is the Lord! It is His work, not mine; to Him be all the glory.' It brought to his heart such a sense of the Lord's power and presence, accepting and concentrating his former cogitations upon Ireland, that it gave him great comfort and encouragement in going forward in this work. One by one were the difficulties removed, and the way was made plain.

On his last visit to Ireland he had been introduced to two valuable ladies, who were fellow workers in the field, and on whose hearts the same earnest desire had been laid. Their advice and experience was at this time of the greatest assistance. One of these, Miss Mason, was the means of supplying a number



of Scripture readers, and of placing them under the superintendence of clergy of different parishes, with the express object of working among the Roman Catholics. This good work is carried on to this day, and the honoured and aged lady has continued evidence of the fruit of her life of laborious effort. The other lady, Miss Bellingham, had long laboured in the same direction, and her powerful intellect was henceforth devoted to the efficient and practical development of those plans which Mr. Dallas devised for the good of her country. The correspondence with Miss Bellingham at this time was the means of sifting and organizing the preliminary steps. All these were arranged, and the 'Voice from Heaven' was committed to God with a strong feeling that it was His work; but as yet there was not the slightest ray of light upon the means of sending it. This apparently insuperable difficulty remained; but here the Lord's hand was again manifested. In an hour of deepest despondency, when the way seemed quite hedged up, a letter was put into Mr. Dallas's hands. It was from Mr. Durant, a gentleman of fortune with whom he had had a conversation about Ireland some time before. In this interview Mr. Durant had expressed his wish to do something for the spiritual good of Ireland, and he now reminded Mr. Dallas of his promise to help in any of his efforts for that object. Truly was God directing this work. To one of His servants He gave the great thought, to the other the means without which that thought could never have been acted out. In the recital of this circumstance, Mr. Dallas says :—

'The promise had faded from my memory, but I felt that it was God's providence that recalled it to him. The letter came to me upon the very day in which I had mapped out my plan.'

This plan was laid before Mr. Durant and, not hastily, but with much consideration and prayer, he permitted Mr. Dallas to draw upon his resources.

The next step was a visit to Dublin, and a consultation with Miss Bellingham as to the means of obtaining the names and addresses of every Roman Catholic householder, in order that the letter might be sent to them, and to them only. A foundation on which to work was already laid. The Government had issued in the beginning of this year a paper of inquiry con-

cerning the state of the crops in Ireland, which was ordered to be widely circulated. It was agreed that the agents to be engaged for Mr. Dallas's work should have the charge of distributing these papers in the districts to which they were sent. They were to journey mostly on foot, or from town to town on public cars, and to distribute the papers, making some inquiries in connection with them. But how were trusty and tried agents to be found? This was the greatest difficulty of all, and could not have been overcome without the aid of Miss Bellingham, who, living in the country, had knowledge of the agents already employed (from whom it was proposed to select those for the work on hand), and who had a clear discernment of their individual qualifications. The map of Ireland was studied, and with her assistance the name of every town was marked, different colours being used depicting (according to the explanation given) the religious statistics, the character of its clergy, its political standing, and other information given by friends on the spot.

Each agent was supplied by Mr. Dallas with a distinct route, *en militaire*, directing the lines of march through every one of the thirty-two counties of Ireland. Knowing the Irish character so well, he counted much on the magic of mystery, and the secret was only committed to a few Christian helpers among his flock at Wonston. The military manœuvre of the soldier was now brought into full exercise in the Lord's work. Humanly speaking, martial order and military tactics were indispensable for carrying out the plan. Any deviation from general orders would have been fatal to success.

In addition to the Government papers already mentioned, blank paper books were given to the agents, in which they were to write the names and addresses as they obtained them. A number of postage stamps and envelopes were also given to them, in order that when the papers were filled up with names they might be addressed to Mr. Dallas. By the end of August, 1845, the arrangement was complete, and the men started on their commission. As enclosures arrived from Ireland they were handed over to the little band of faithful helpers at Wonston, who were engaged to write the addresses on stamped envelopes.

The postage was an enormous outlay. In referring to this, Mr. Dallas says :—

'I, alas ! have no means to carry out my plan ; but I have already found a ready heart to meet the expenses ; and I feel that He who made Golconda will not let His own plan, if it be His own, fail for a morsel of gold.'

And he adds :—

'I can say every possible economy has been exercised. The same God who has carried us on thus far will not fail us, but will do all things for us. My friend's advance is limited. He never thought we should get 20,000 names, the postage for which will be between 80*l.* and 90*l.* I have written to ask him to let us go on to 23,000 or 24,000 more. I daily pray that the names of those whom God purposes to move may be brought by the angels to the knowledge of our informants ; and this prayer will be answered.'

The imposition practised by the Roman Catholic priests in the exhibition of the Holy Coat at Trèves had led to the Protestant movement of 'Ronge' and 'Czerski,' and this gave a fresh thought to Mr. Dallas, and suggested the writing of another little tract entitled, 'A Look out of Ireland into Germany.' This was translated into Irish, and also a few special pointed texts on a separate paper. Thus the contents of each envelope were :—1, 'A Voice from Heaven to Ireland ;' 2, the same in Irish ; 3, 'A Look out of Ireland into Germany ;' and 4, 'A Paper of Selected Texts.'

About twenty thousand of these packets were made up and addressed to so many Roman Catholics in different parts of Ireland.

After finishing the tract, 'A Look out of Ireland into Germany,' Mr. Dallas writes :—

'I am glad you like the "Look." I think it was given of God, for really I felt unlike myself when I was writing it, and seemed to be taken quite to the Upper Lake at Killarney, and to see Carran-tuel, &c., and then after it was written I forgot it all again.'

The postage of these letters had to be so arranged that every one should be received on the same day. To secure this, it was necessary that they should be sent on different days ; and Bristol, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, and London, were selected as points of departure. A great work of preparation was called for, but the greatest work was prayer. When the whole was settled and the letters packed and directed, they were to go forth by the luggage train from the neighbouring railway station. A cart was brought to the door of the cottage which had been the depository of the work as it grew to completion.

It was now so filled with the closed parcels, that the whole floor was covered two layers thick with them. The whole of the seven persons who alone were in the secret assembled in that little room while the cart was waiting at the door. They knelt down upon the very parcels which left no other foot-room, and solemnly delivered them to the Lord, with prayer that He would so guide the way of each of those thousands of letters, that His own glory might be magnified in the salvation of the souls of unhappy Romanists, and that many might be brought 'from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.'

Wafted by this prayer, the parcels were put into the cart, and conveyed to their several starting-points. The day on which the letters were delivered at the doors of those to whom they were addressed was the 16th of January, 1846.

The necessity for secrecy in the arrangement of this plan for the diffusion of scriptural truth throughout Ireland, seems to have raised doubts and difficulties in the mind of his friend, and in Mr. Dallas's reply he writes :—

'It is the Lord's work to try to disabuse your mind of the confusion with which the enemy seeks to bewilder the weak instrument which the Lord is wielding for a great blow against that enemy's power. While the Lord gets more glory by the weakness of the straws by which He moves the world, the Devil endeavours to mar the work by crushing the straw ; but the crushed and flattened straw only becomes more fit to be *the nothing*, "the thing that is not, to bring to nought the things that are" (1 Cor. i. 27, 28). So shall it be with you, dear friend. I earnestly pray that the Holy Spirit of Christ may guide my mind and my pen while I write to you.

'1st.—There would be no wrong if the work of the Lord were kept secret, provided it really is the work of the Lord ; and 2nd, this work in which we are engaged most assuredly is not intended to be a secret work. Then, we are in a lost world, *waiting for the restoration of all things*, until which all God's work is secret from the world, and much of it must be kept secret by those who have learned the secret of the Lord by His grace (Deut. xxix. 29 ; Psalm xci. 1). I only suggest thoughts (Psalms xxv. 14, xxvii. 5). But the fallen nature of man is so blinded and perverse, that in order to bring the things of God to the heart effectually, the Spirit of God teaches us to be "wise as serpents," and St. Paul caught with guile those whom he converted, which may involve concealment and caution for a season in God's work. The conduct of our Lord Himself comes precisely to the point of our present case. Christ did not wish that the rage of His enemies should burst out in an untimely manner ; therefore, when He was doing what would have excited this rage, He desired that "no man should

know" (Matt. xvi. 20, and many parallel passages). That concealment is not wrong, is evident from the fact that, to lead His disciples to a clearer faith, our Lord concealed Himself for a season. Read carefully John vii. 1-10 (comparing verse 8 with 10), or, as another case, read Acts xxiii. 16-18. Why did not St. Paul tell the centurion, and the gaoler and his fellow-prisoners, of the good work which his nephew was about in going to the chief Captain? Just because he would thereby have marred the good work.

'But the work in which we are engaged is *not* a secret work. I hourly pray to God to give us the means of making it as public as the length and breadth of Ireland. We want a "Voice from Heaven" to be heard wherever there is an Irish heart that has an ear on the top of it. No secret this; but the Devil wants to make it a secret by stifling it if he can, and he has bothered your conscience by confusing the difference between the preparation for an act, and the act itself.

'We want to make a fire that will burn up sin and blaze for the glory of God, but we must screen the tinder and the first faggot from the blast of wind that would blow it *out* now, though it will blow it up by-and-by. The work is no work till the letters are all in the post—the putting them into the post will be the last secret, because it will set the finishing stroke. Will the breaking of the seals be a secret? What are you and I in the work? If you think yourself to be *anything*, don't touch the work again, for you'll mar it. The work is the Lord's. Never mind who was the straw He used; if it succeeds (and it *will*), whatever success comes will without any secrecy be given to Him for His glory.'

Some extracts from Mr. Dallas's correspondence with Miss Bellingham, during the time here referred to, may be interesting in this place:—

'Wonston, November 1st, 1845.

'My dear Friend,

'The Lord seems to be making use of me just now in a way which overpowers me with thankfulness and with wonder. Only my powers cannot keep up with the claims which His calls to work produce. Praise Him with me, and pray diligently for me, that my weakness and sinfulness may not mar any of the fulness of His work.

'The thought of the blessing which may be waiting to go forth with "The Voice from Heaven to Ireland," quite swells my heart, and there are encouragements growing up with every thought, specially the Providential concurrences which have brought even me to be an instrument for the work.'

In the next letter, after successfully combating many impediments which had been proposed, Mr. Dallas adds:—

'Now, as to the more gigantic difficulty—nothing less than twenty thousand lay names, in all parts of Ireland, ought to satisfy us. "The

Voice" ought not, by any accident, to be sent to a Protestant'—(and by the most martial order it was so arranged that it did not reach one).—'I do see God's hand in the thought He has laid upon me, and feel overpowered with the greatness of its possible fruits. They are so great, so full, so blessed that I can find no spot where I can stand to bear the overpowering thought, except at the very foot of the Cross. I remember nothing, even in all my deep trials, that has kept me so continually *there* as this pregnant thought, since I have seriously set to work to carry it out; if I dare acknowledge it, I would gladly meet the martyrdom of a Tipperary bullet, if the furtherance of the cause required my authorship of "The Voice" to be proclaimed at the door of a Catholic chapel.'

'Wonston, 10th November, 1845.

'My dear Friend,

'I have just risen from my knees, and from expressing most faintly what I feel most powerfully—praise, thanksgiving to our gracious God for His unspeakable mercy. All the little links in the chain that He is forging out of the materials of His Providence by the fire of His Spirit are so beautifully fitted. The whole plan is formed out so marvellously in mosaic work; every little morsel of the stone tells. Praise—praise and glory be to Him who alone can work the greatest works by the very least instruments, you and me. Are they not least? Yea, less than the least, but therefore more specially the instruments to show the power of the Hand that moves the mountains by the touch of a straw. Yes; the Lord is with us. The motto must be His own word to the crowd at the brink of the Red Sea, "*Go forward!*" At that word we go on; and be assured, my dear friend, the sea will divide before us. I am overpowered with calls to work, all interesting, all for the Lord; but this is most interesting of all just now. I go thinking all day long and most of the night about it, always with prayer.'

To the same:—

'22nd November.

'The Lord is with us, let us take courage. I have a thousand tokens of it. He says to us, as He said to Moses at the Red Sea, "*Go forward.*" We assembled four of us here this morning after family prayers, and we knelt together before God and put the manuscript in His hands. We hope to do the same every day while the work is proceeding, to keep us all diligent in our hourly cry to the Lord.

'I am largely encouraged by the comforting witness of God's Spirit, speaking altogether encouragement to me in the matter.

'The penny weight will include a morsel more, and the thought has been suggested that a little more of God's own Word may be thus placed before the eyes of thousands of Roman Catholics. This is an opportunity not to be lost. If nothing else were done, but getting the precious "Word able to save the soul" scattered among so many lost souls, this would be of important value.'

Later in the year, Mr. Dallas writes thus:—

‘I have a volume in my head to write to you, and a whole library in my heart, but time presses. What joy when we can have eternity in which to express our love of Christ and our yearnings for His glory! I quite agree with you, that the plan which throws it most upon God alone is the best; but I do *not* agree with you, that the least use of means is the best evidence that we throw it all upon God. He that casts a matter upon God and uses no means, is not so scripturally faithful as he that diligently uses all means and, with them all, casts the work wholly upon God. You will acknowledge this.’

Then, after stating the arrangements for the dissemination of these packets, he adds:—‘Let a union of prayerful hearts be formed at once, to give God no rest, in prayer for His blessing.’ And on the eve of their dismissal—

‘My dear Friend,

‘14th January, 1846.

‘We have been working all night to get the parcels ready, and the first of them are now going off, but though tired I cannot feel that the matter is done unless I send you one line to tell you that the work is really begun,—a signal to you to go abidingly to the throne of grace, and to give God no rest until He bless it. We had very much comfort and unction at our meeting for prayer last night. I am sure you were with us in spirit.’

Miss Bellingham was the energetic agent in Dublin, carrying out the purposes of the mind working at Wonston, not only supplying much congenial talent, but also calm judgment to soften down the enthusiasm which such a work naturally engendered.

There is a common cry against enthusiasm in religious action; but what great work was ever accomplished without enthusiasm? If the letters at this time are warmed up by that powerful engine, they also show the true secret of its movement, and that every step was taken in communion with the skies—seeking the wisdom which is from above:—

‘January 21st, 1846.

‘My heart was with you all day yesterday, my dear friend, after receiving your letter of sorrow, but I could not write, I had a heavy headache and a great deal to do. What a mercy it is that the rod which falls and lacerates poor shrinking hearts like ours, is held in the right hand of love! I take up the hope that Death had died to your brother before he had to meet him, and yet I dare not ask you, was it so? and I know what parents’ hearts are, and what an illogical thing a Christian mother’s judgment is. Read my little tract, “Pleading in Prayer,” as a letter from me. Remember that He who put the pressure of a weight upon you, or on Mrs. B.—, puts His own arm underneath; and let Him put what weight He will, if it makes Him embrace and support us the more firmly. It will be all over soon—all,

all, what a joy ! Don't you remember the talk that you and B—— and I had in the little drawing-room ? Think of all I put before you then : it is all true, and we are touching on the time when we shall be at the great gathering of God's people, and neither the grave nor the body shall keep back one soul, but we shall all rise at the summons and ever be with the Lord, and that is hastening on — what a joy ! I sometimes can understand a kind of satisfaction rising up at hearing of the death of one in Christ, because it tells of a step towards the glorious end.

' Well, my dear friend, what a bustling world this is, and how hard it is to do the Lord's work in it ! How weak the body is, and how much weaker the spirit that cleaves to the body. Oh, how good it will be when the Lord seizes the spirit and shakes off this incumbrance body, that we may be *clothed* upon with our house which is from heaven. I have got a lowering cold, and four hours' constant talking yesterday made my whole chest feel raw. And you are ill too ! What a *Trinchinopoly chain* of splendidly dovetailed workmanship do the angels work, in linking events together for the Lord's people ! The little that we did do could not have been done had you been ill when I was in Dublin, or had I been ill before returning home. The Lord strengthen you, especially in your spirit.'

Then, referring to one of the Readers about to enter College, Mr. Dallas adds :—

' I told him distinctly, that if he was actuated by the desire for a position, God would not bless his plan ; while if he is really actuated by a desire to be an instrument for God's glory, that motive would make him satisfied with whatever position God assigns to him. I bade him diligently examine his motives for a long time, in order that he might see whether he is in God's way in seeking to go to College. As regards himself, he may not find his position what he expects.'

To the same friend in dangerous sickness :—

' Look up, dear friend ! You are in great depths ; but out of the depths the Lord loves to hear the heart when it is weak past speaking or even thinking. Was there ever a sickness on any one of the people that He himself did not place on the body that He might be altogether the *health* of the soul ? Look up, dear friend ! You belong to Jesus, none can pluck you out of His hand. I have had much freedom and frequency in prayer for you. This is a gift ! Has it been given in vain ? Assuredly not. I have not asked for your continuance here as though it were a blessing to you. I could not do that, for I should desire to go myself to my Lord, " whose I am, and whom I serve," but His service and our poor weak hearts have been the motives of my prayer. I earnestly pray that the comfort of His Holy Spirit may make all your bed in your sickness.'

The excitement, the surprise the mysterious letters produced in Ireland, it is impossible to describe.



The people were greatly moved, and such encouraging tokens of blessing were received that a few months afterwards another flight of letters was sent from Wonston in the same way, entitled 'Irishmen's Rights.'

The state of the Roman Catholic priests also awakened compassion and interest in Mr. Dallas's heart, and he wrote a letter to them in a tone of anxious love for their souls, mingled with respect for their position. On St. Patrick's day all the priests in Ireland received this letter, urging them to head the movement, and lead forth their people to light and liberty. The Easter day was at hand, and they were entreated to make it a festival of joy by bringing before them the truth of God, and setting them free to read His Word. The second flight of letters threw more light upon the effect of the first. Many were of course refused and returned; but thousands were read, and the reports sent home from those who were watching the results proved that God was working, and granting a shower of blessing upon the broadcast seed.

After sending forth an appeal to the priests, Mr. Dallas writes:—

'I feel so light and clear in my confidence and in the prospect before us that my heart rejoices, though I am in other matters very low. The Lord has given me a thought which may be an immense step in preparation for the shower of the Lord's leaves (the passages from His Word) which are going to fall over Ireland. It will enrage some, alarm some, puzzle all, and by the blessing of God make some awake and bestir themselves.'

Again:—

'The letters are flying along the roads, and the angels are managing all the matters as to their delivery to the proper persons at the proper time. What a lovely thought! and how much more lovely the sight if our eyes were opened as were those of the prophet's servant at Dothan.'

On the 21st of April, another severe blow was to fall on the heart of the tenderest of fathers. He received a letter from his eldest son to tell him of the death of his beloved Harry. He was on a forced march from Sholapore with his regiment, and was attacked with cholera, which proved fatal in a few hours. But this dark dispensation was not without a bright light in the cloud. For some time previously his son had lived a

Christian life, and he was found by this sudden messenger with his loins girded and his light burning. The following extracts from letters communicating this painful event, mingled praise with the sorrow of a father's heart.

From a brother officer :—

‘Our dear friend Dallas was attacked yesterday morning, and held out twenty-four hours. He was beautifully prepared to meet his God. He said to me yesterday when the disease was at its highest, “Hutchings, my dear fellow, I don’t fear to die. I know there is One who died for me, and carried all my sins away. I know for certain ; it is not a mere hope ; but I know He will receive me when I go hence.” After I had assured him that I would do all I could for his dear wife and children, if it should be the Lord’s will to take him, he thanked me, and said, “Now I should like to see my brother officers ; a word from a dying man may do good.” I immediately sent word to all that our brother wished to take leave of us. In a few minutes all were congregated in his tent, and I trust will never forget what they there heard. I had taken the first watch, and had just been relieved by Ommanney (who himself, a few days after, fell a victim to this fatal malady). He soon recalled me to witness one of the most painful, at the same time most interesting, scenes I ever witnessed—the quiet, sweet transition the dear young man made from a sinful world to everlasting glory.’

The testimony of his life given in a letter from Mrs. Alexander, wife of the Adjutant-General, was no less comforting to his father’s heart :—

‘I was much pleased to hear from our friend Captain Rowlandson yesterday, that when young Dallas was last at Madras, hearing he was the son of a pious clergyman, he sought him out, entered into conversation with him about his father’s books, and got him to spend an evening with him, and he was very much pleased with his tone and conversation.’

Another Christian friend, Colonel Browne, bears the same testimony.

Mr. Dallas thus writes on this occasion :—

‘We are feeling deeply, but the Lord is at the depth. My son was in Christ, and now he is before Christ’s glory, waiting till we all meet at the manifestation of that glory. It has been a sudden blow, but its tendency is to make my heart feel more earnest in the Lord’s work to hasten His coming.’

Anxious to judge for himself of the results of his first efforts for Ireland, Mr. Dallas went there in August on a tour of personal inspection. He engaged the sympathy of many of the clergy,

though some stood aloof, dreading the effect of more open aggression, with not unreasonable caution.

From Dublin he went to Limerick, and thence to Dingle, visiting all the stations of the Irish Society, and encouraging all those earnest Christian workers who were in different places endeavouring to instruct and enlighten the Roman Catholics. In this journey he entered into conversation with the drivers, and every one he met accidentally, drawing them out into discussion, but never leaving them without directing them to Jesus, and giving them 'the little prayer.' His tour continued through Enniskillen to Belfast, where he had a warm welcome at the house of his friend Mr. McNeile, at Park Mount. At Tandragee he had much interesting intercourse with the late Duchess of Manchester. With her he paid a visit to Lord Roden, who gave him great encouragement in his projected plans, and always strengthened his hands with the warmest sympathy. At Dundalk his friend Mr. Wynne had arranged for a gathering of all the teachers and readers of the Irish Society, and Mr. Dallas addressed them on the importance of their work; urging them to a faithful exposition of Roman Catholic errors, feeling strongly that to preach Christ in scriptural truth must lead to the controversy with Romish doctrine. On his return to Dublin, invigorated by mountain air, and with expanded heart, and with thoughts more fully grown into purposes, he assembled the agents he had sent forth, and opened to them all the results of this tour of inspection. On this occasion he again sent forth eight well-tested messengers, to go two and two throughout the length and breadth of the land to examine into and report on the results of the different letters. The country was divided into four routes, and each pair of messengers had their appointed directions, the places where they were to sojourn, the time they were to remain, and the exact period when their reports were to be sent in. Mr. Dallas commended them in prayer to the Lord in a solemn manner, and gave them very detailed instructions. The concluding paragraph of his address shows the spirit in which all these arrangements were conducted:—

'These soldiers of Christ are solemnly committed to the care and direction of the great Captain of our salvation, with the humble

petition that they may be filled with the spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind; that they may be strengthened and supported in every step of their way by the power of the Holy Ghost, and blessed with the fullest success to the glory of the name of Christ Jesus the Lord.'

At Castelkerke Mr. Dallas was introduced to a devoted Christian lady, whose beautiful place on Doone Hill, overlooking Loch Corrib, was his resting-place for some days. The mountains in all their varied hues, with the endless variety of splendid scenery as on every new turn the Lake and the Killeries stretched out beneath them, captivated his natural love of scenery in no small degree. But while for a day or two strolling amid these mountains, he never forgot the high object for which he had been directed there. The souls of the poor benighted Romanists were upon his heart. Every step of the mountain track was consecrated by prayer. One of his first walks was to the school, where he conversed with the children, and taught them the little prayer in Irish. On his return after a quiet walk alone on the ridge of the mountain, he gathered the labourers round the house, and explained to them what Romanism was. On Sunday, the 13th of September, he preached for the first time in the little schoolroom at Castelkerke. There were fifty-two present—eighteen Protestants, and thirty-four Roman Catholics. The simple Gospel was offered to them. The Communion was afterwards administered to eight persons, and several Roman Catholics stayed to witness this service. In the evening he preached in the house on Acts iv. 1-12. Mrs. Blake was labouring alone under much pressure of personal affliction, and through great opposition.

On his return, one of the first things Mr. Dallas did was to write an 'Appeal for Castelkerke,' and to send it about among all his friends. His desire was to make this school purely missionary, and to commence a work there, which would be a sample of what he designed to accomplish throughout the whole of Ireland.

He made a point of attending the Committee of the Irish Society, and his influence was employed extensively in urging upon English Christians the great spiritual need of Ireland, and the importance of supplying that need with enlarged missionary

agency. At the Bloomsbury Prophetic Meetings in November he pressed the subject very earnestly on the minds of his clerical brethren who assembled there, opening to them fully his projects and prospects for that country. This was not all: he wrote a small pamphlet, which he got widely circulated, entitled, 'What shall we do for Ireland?' the object of which was to awaken all Christians to earnest prayer for their suffering fellow-subjects, especially for their deliverance from the bondage of Rome, and for a dissemination of the true light of the Gospel of Christ.

A passage from this tract not only shows the position of the Irish Church at that time, but suggests thought for her present state in her character as a witness for God's truth:—

'It has pleased God to raise up in Ireland a body of spiritual men, amongst the ministers of His Church, larger than at any previous period in the Reformed Church, and equal in spiritual fervour and faith to those of any past generation. These excellent confessors of Christ's truth are placed in the fore-front of the battle of His Church against the reviving apostasy of Rome. The struggle they are maintaining at the outposts is for the preservation of the whole body. Not more surely did the British army fight the battle of all Europe on the plains of Waterloo, than do the spiritual clergy and laity of the Church in Ireland fight at this moment the battle of God's truth against the apostasy of Rome for the Christians of England as well as for themselves. And it seems to be a bounden duty, that all who are alive to the importance of the contest should aid them by every means in their power at so critical a juncture. There are several means by which God's true people in England may contribute, instrumentally, to the success of their beloved brethren in Ireland. But the most effectual of these is that which lies more easily within the reach of every one who belongs to the true Church of Christ;—that mean is earnest, and persevering, INTERCESSORY PRAYER.'

Another step was also taken in the deep conviction that in English society generally, the state of Ireland was utterly unknown. He wrote two letters to the 'Morning Herald,' which, after appearing in that paper, were published as a pamphlet on 'The Real State of Ireland.' In these he gives the experience of his tours, disclosing startling facts gathered in intercourse with the common people with reference to the state of the country generally, the struggle to get free from the trammels of Rome, the desire for education, and the preparation in the minds of great numbers for the reception of those



glorious truths which had been withheld from them; the true remedy for all their ills in the dissemination of spiritual instruction being strongly urged.

Mr. Dallas also circulated among his clerical brethren a paper entitled 'What shall we do for Ireland?' the object of which was to awaken Christians to more earnest prayer, and a special remembrance of their suffering fellow-subjects; the point most upon his heart being, that they might be set free from the bondage of Rome.

The autumn was advancing, the mysterious blight upon the potato had appeared. The principal food of the Irish was taken away by the hand of God Himself. It was an awful scourge. A winter of famine and death was the only prospect before them.

In December, another letter from the Rector of Wonston appeared in the 'Morning Herald,' the subject of which was the 'Practical method of immediate assistance to Ireland,' containing important suggestions for systematic benevolence to be speedily applied through the clergy.

These suggestions were adopted by great numbers all over England; and the proposal that each parish in England should be in communication with one parish in Ireland, sending them collections and assistance through the clergyman, was responded to largely. The weekly offerings of his own church were not small, and many hearts in Wonston shared in the earnest interest of their pastor. In the middle of this winter a sudden rush over to Ireland is noted in Mr. Dallas's diary, when he preached in the schoolroom at Castelkerke, on Acts iv. 12:—'A large attendance in spite of snow, which covered the mountains.'

He had on this occasion the great comfort of carrying the offerings of love from his own people to the poor starving converts there.

He returned home for a day set specially apart for humiliation, under this awful judgment, and to close the year in his own parish, with the usual services.

The work for Ireland, added to home duties, often crowded into one day what would with most men have filled a week, and not unfrequently after the detail of one day's work is the entry in his diary, 'Wrote letters till 2 o'clock in the morning.'

A few extracts from the letters to private friends, which have been kindly supplied, are here given.

To a young friend on her birthday :—

‘I pray for you, dearest C——, when I cannot write to you, and that is the better of the two where both cannot be, and to-day especially, I pray that the abundance of the Lord’s mercies may be showered upon you and yours on the new year of the life you are beginning, so that it may be one during which your spiritual life may deepen in its current. That is what I am often praying for you ; spiritual life wants a deep current, a quiet, strong flow that passes by the rocks and rushes of the world as though they were not there, noiselessly and unchecked. A shallow current of spiritual life frets and foams over every pebble of the world, as though each were a mountain, and sometimes it dries up, or is stayed by a sandbank. I often think of 2 John, 8 verse, in connection with you, dearest C——; and now on your birthday, I pray that you may so look to yourself that “I may indeed receive a full reward.”’

The office of sponsor was always accepted with great interest and feeling, and the following letter to the same friend evinces this :—

‘I have been tardy in telling you with what real satisfaction I shall undertake the office you so kindly propose. In the case of your child, it is a considerable convenience to me to be his sponsor, for *my heart would lead me to pray for him*, and my habits of arrangement are greatly helped by having a proper niche in which to place his name in my memorandum for prayer. It will be a great comfort to me to be thus bound to your dear child, and to feel him to be thus bound to me. I want to be at the baptism in person.’

The individual ministry at Wonston extended to those who are not always sufficiently cared for in a parish, ladies engaged in tuition, visitors, as well as the servants of families. Several cases of very distinct spiritual blessing were manifested among the visitors. One lady, who has to old age brightly adorned the Gospel of Christ, traced all her spiritual light to the teaching she received during a short visit to friends residing in the village ; and till her death, above twenty years after, the tie of grateful affection to the minister of Wonston was manifested by daily supplication for blessing on him and his family. Another lady, who was engaged in tuition, was led at Wonston to seek her happiness in God, and to live to His glory. She continued for many years to correspond with her pastor, and seek his counsel in all the difficulties of her path. She writes thus of the time she was there :—

‘In peculiar sorrows and difficulties, his kind, judicious, and Christian advice was invaluable. I know not how I should have borne up under



the pressure I was then under but for him, so that if I have ever been able to look back without any self-reproach, or not to wish I had in any respect acted differently, I owe it to him. While in the neighbourhood of Wonston, I was in great distress and perplexity. He entered into my case in all its bearings so wonderfully, as to aid me to meet conflicting claims, and to wait patiently the time of the Lord's deliverance. The earnest interest he took in my difficulties, I shall never forget; it was feeling *with* me, not only for me.

In every case in which Mr. Dallas was consulted, whether on things spiritual or temporal, he made the subject one of much prayer before giving advice. His lips were always sealed on the affairs of others. Nothing induced him to betray confidence. In this way he was the helper and guide of many young Christians, without encouraging for a moment the fearful practice of auricular confession.

Another interesting remembrance of personal ministry is communicated by a lady with whom the affectionate intercourse of early years was resumed at Brighton, where she was again permitted to receive the ministerial visits of her aged pastor. She writes in the deep feeling of loss, and in true sympathy:—

'Oh! it is not for long; and what a reunion in Christ for both! I often have in remembrance the sweetness of your dear husband's last visit at my bedside. I think it was in 1839 when first I knew him, and his first words addressed to me then, from Rev. iii. 17, were a blessing to me. The Bible was lying open at this chapter at my cousin's house, at Southampton, where he often visited, and the pointed address to me, "Do *you* know that 'thou art!'" &c. opened my spiritual vision wider than theretofore, in a clearer view of our real standing before God as sinners. But what a glorious hope we have in the love of our Father and our God, and love indeed it is from the beginning to the end—there is no ending to the love of our *Triune God!*'

The famine in Ireland increased during the winter, and the appalling reports which reached England in the beginning of 1847 were such as to turn every eye to that unhappy country.

A day of fasting and humiliation was appointed by the Government, and it was kept with special solemnity in the parish of Wonston. Having prepared his people by his addresses on the previous Sunday, Mr. Dallas preached on the appointed Wednesday, the 24th of March, on 1 John i. 9, and on 1 Samuel iii. 4. There were crowded congregations, and it was an affecting occasion, as he was able to speak as an eye-witness of the awful scenes. At the Communion afterwards, seventy-five kneeled round the table of the Lord. His next visit to Ireland presented to



him horrors of starvation never to be forgotten. While walking in the street in Galway, a poor girl fell down before him. On going up to her he found her a human skeleton, with but one garment; and in a few minutes she was dead: this was only one of many heartrending scenes.

The suggested mode of temporal relief opened larger channels for spiritual work, and united the clergy of the two Churches in stronger bonds of sympathy, for the Irish clergy were deeply involved in the distress of their people, and their sufferings were at this time very great. The moral and religious state of the Irish poor was brought to light by this heavy scourge, and an important evidence of their great need was given in the fact that out of 250 clergy who responded to the communication of their English brethren, gratefully accepting help for their starving poor, no fewer than 124 asked to have the greater need supplied of the services of a Scripture reader for missionary work among their Roman Catholic parishioners. Distress and want, while it loosened the fetters in which they had been held, seemed to draw them nearer to the Protestant clergy. Every fresh communication during this winter of awful woe opened the door for scriptural instruction in more direct antagonism to the doctrines of Rome; but the Committee of the Irish Society could not be induced to extend the basis of their system. Distinct ground was at last taken up, and Mr. Durant and Mr. Bickersteth united with Mr. Dallas in establishing a '*Special Fund for the Special Exigencies of Ireland.*' To this many eminent persons gave their names and their influence, and the result was that 10,000*l.* was gathered in two years for direct missionary work among the Roman Catholics. This was managed by a Committee appointed by the Irish Society, and the Rev. Edward Bickersteth and Mr. Dallas were the acting agents to superintend the employment of the funds thus entrusted to them in the way most conducive to the great object. This necessitated frequent visits to Ireland. On one of these visits Mr. Dallas was introduced to Mr. D'Arcy, who was living at Clifden Castle, a beautiful place on the shores of the Atlantic, his ancestors having for many generations possessed large property in West Galway. As a magistrate and a country gentleman, he was respected and honoured by all the country round. It pleased God many years before to awaken his heart to eternal realities, and by means of

personal trial to give him a new spring of action. He became earnestly desirous to introduce the light of the Gospel among the poor around him, but the darkness seemed impenetrable, and believing prayer was for many years his only resource. The meeting with Mr. Dallas was, as it were, the confluence of two streams of prayer and effort. While Mr. D'Arcy and his little band of friends in Connemara were thus praying, guided by the same gracious Spirit, unknown one to the other, Mr. Dallas was bringing the same inwrought desire before God. The work which was being carried on at Castelkerke was a point of interest for both, and the one desire for the extension of missionary work knit these two hearts together in the cause of their Divine Master.

The great object aimed at by Mr. Dallas was a direct mission to Roman Catholics. He foresaw the expenditure this would call for, but the friend who had come forward so liberally in his first effort, was again ready to help. In the 'Story of the Irish Church Missions,' Mr. Dallas thus relates his interview with this friend:—"Mr. Durant proposed an experimental mission, adding, "Who will undertake it?" I quoted the words of the Prophet, "Here am I, send me." The next question was, "Where such a mission should begin?" The Blue Book of the last census was on the table. I was about to open it, when Mr. Durant said, "Stop, let us pray." We knelt down and earnestly implored the Holy Spirit to point out the direction in which we were to move, and give wisdom and grace in every step we took, that it might be to the glory of Jesus Christ in the salvation of Irish Roman Catholic souls. Mr. Durant's fervent "Amen" gave a confidence in the promise, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." Turning to the map of education where the light which distinguishes Ulster grows very dark in the west, he put his finger on the deepest black part of the map to the west of Galway, where we found the proportion of those who could read was very small. Subsequent statistics proved that this was indeed a land of darkness. There were only two churches in a journey of sixty miles. Three clergymen ministered in the Protestant Church over a district which contained 40,000 souls. This, then, was the place for the first missionary effort on the new principle of open aggression on the errors of Rome.

This was the answer to Mr. D'Arcy's long delayed earnest supplication.'

It was a great principle with Mr. Dallas to act according to the order of the Church. With a true love for all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, he never joined in any religious movement not in accordance with the discipline of the Episcopal Church. He had long felt the importance of having an ordained missionary to watch over the rising spiritual church at Castelterke. The Incumbent of the parish to which this district belonged, the Rev. L. Moore, residing at Cong, on the other side of Loch Corrib, earnestly joined in this desire, though quite unable to undertake the work. Mr. Dallas determined to go himself to the Bishop of Tuam and state to him all the circumstances of the case. Consultation with the Incumbent and with other friends presented apparently insurmountable difficulties. An ordained Missionary was an impossibility. The Bishop, who was for so many years the nursing-father of the missions, at that time knew nothing of the work, and would have been opposed to every movement which might raise antagonistic feelings among the Romanists. No Irish-speaking clergyman could be obtained, and objections arose on every side; still Mr. Dallas was determined only to work in Church order. The motto of his boyhood gave *daring*, but the Lord of the vineyard, to whom His servant referred everything, gave the *power*. There was no time to be lost. In the dark dawn of a September morning, accompanied by the Rector, he mounted the car in a down-pour of rain and travelled from Doone to Tuam, thirty-six Irish miles. Mr. Dallas was engaged to be in Dublin that night. He says, 'The rain damped the desire for conversation, and I had time for much secret prayer in the seven hours which elapsed before we saw the tall tower of St. Jarlath's. I was wet to the skin, as I told the driver, who replied with Irish humour, "Only to the skin, sir! sure I'm wet through to the bone."'

The Bishop's reception was most gracious. He patiently listened to all Mr. Dallas had to say, and stated the difficulty of getting the right man, to which Mr. Dallas answered that he had one in his eye who could speak Irish, well knew the controversy, and had been some time employed as a Scripture-reader. The Bishop sent two clergymen to inspect the district and report upon the work. Mr. Dallas's statement was so fully confirmed,

that the ordination of the agent, after satisfactory examination, was promised. Various preparatory circumstances deferred this event till the beginning of the next year, when Mr. Dallas was present, and preached the ordination sermon in Tuam Cathedral. From this commencement the Bishop threw his deepest interest into the missionary work, and Mr. Dallas took no step in his diocese without communicating with him. His growing love for the work, his joy in its success, his sympathy and ready help under any discouragement, led to a higher and holier tone in his own ministry. The most affectionate intercourse was maintained between him and Mr. Dallas till the day of his lamented death, eighteen years after this.

A few extracts from letters to Miss Bellingham at this time show that all this encouragement was not given without much anxious trial of heart :—

‘April, 1847.

‘How I wish I could write as fast as I think a letter ! Shall we ever come to an electric telegraph for thought ? To be sure we shall. In that dispensation in which Jesus shall be the centre of thought as of love. Oh, how I long for that time ! so that I can hardly find it in my heart to quarrel with a Nenagh bullet.’

‘April 29.

‘Late at night I take up my pen with a loaded head, and I may say also with a loaded heart. Yet I feel sure that one needful penalty of the joy and blessing of real usefulness is to be kept low, *down, down* ; and what can keep a human heart down but pressing on it ? So welcome pressure whatever the load, if the Lord’s hand is on the top of it ! He never sinks a heart *too* low. But all will be well—only pray. All is *ordered* ; and what a dark, blind wretch should I be, after seeing the ordering of so many *great* things, to doubt about the ordering of every little thing. “Be not afraid, *only believe*.”—Now for business. R—first. Thank God, thank God ! How wonderful have been all the workings about my *not* seeing him and about my *seeing* him, and at the right time, everything at the right time ! I have written him a long letter of advice to-day—how to manage himself, and how to manage the cause.’

Again :—

‘Severe trials have been apportioned to me, but I have not been left without the merciful presence of Him who has seen fit to chasten. In the midst of all, I have had the spiritual welfare of Ireland constantly brought before me, and your name has been connected with these thoughts in the hope that it may please God to make you an instrument of furthering those plans for the object which He has put into my heart.’

In another letter, when for a time the way seemed completely hedged up, he thus writes :—

‘I have so often found that the Lord seems to allow us to think we have His way before us when He only means to try us, before He turns us into a path very different from what we thought would be that by which the end would be accomplished. I am willing to give up my plans, and wait for the more certain directions. In the meantime I think the work is progressing all the better because it is secretly. I am at this moment in private correspondence with several priests. May God give us wisdom to gather His people even out of these unhappy ones.’

One of those priests mentioned as being in communication with him was the Rev. R. Ryder, who had been brought up at Maynooth, and had been most earnest and laborious in the village of Rooveagh, where all his friends and relations lived. He had been brought to see the errors of his Church, and his conversion had subjected him to much persecution. Mr. Dallas felt that if this man was really to be trusted, he would be the very agent which was needed to carry on the work. One who knew by experience and by training the doctrines of Rome would possess a power in the controversy he was engaged to carry on. He determined to give him the severest test of his sincerity by offering him to undertake the mission in the very parish in which he had acted as priest. He put before him the great work to be done, and the example of the Apostles and Prophets who loved not their lives unto death, adding that he would himself go with him to support him in the entrance on his work, that he would give him two readers to assist him, and visit the mission himself at every emergency. Mr. Ryder took a night to consider the proposal, and after the natural struggle which such a prospect of trial and persecution gave rise to, consented to cast himself upon God and undertake the work, on a full conviction that His Almighty arm alone could save him from death.

Mr. Dallas accompanied him to Rooveagh in April. He settled down there as a reader, and six months after, when Mr. Dallas visited this mission, he presented to him between forty and fifty persons who were willing to learn the Scriptures and receive his visits. Mr. Dallas requested to see them all together, and about forty assembled in the loft of a barn, to which a ladder was the only access. They answered well the questions that he put to

them, and after questioning and addressing them for more than an hour they went away. On this occasion his own courage was tested, as well as that of the convert priest's. They stayed behind talking together a few minutes in the loft, when a man came back saying 'the priest is down there in the road terrifying the people.' He was indeed scolding his flock, and with a hunting whip in his hand, which they knew the force of. His special victim was a poor man standing with his back to the wall. Mr. Dallas went forward, and taking his position between the man and the priest, told him he need not be ashamed of coming to hear the Word of God, and then began to open to them both the way of salvation. Upon this the priest turned his horse's head and galloped off at full speed. Mr. Ryder had got into discussion with a party at a little distance. There was evidently great animosity in several who had collected round him, and when Mr. Dallas went up to them, one man who had a scythe over his shoulder, and who was the one that excited the others, advanced with a countenance of rage unmistakeable, placing his scythe in the attitude of mowing. It was an instant of danger; an instant of prayer also. Mr. Dallas stood firm and looked the man full in the face, eye to eye. An instant's pause—then the man's eye and his scythe dropped together, and he walked away. In speaking of this incident, Mr. Dallas says, 'I thanked God for what I felt to be preservation from serious danger. I feel sure had I shown fear or moved away, this excited man would have cut me down. Impress upon an Irishman that you are not afraid of him and you are safe with him.'

With a few gentle words the people were all quieted, and this rencontre tended greatly to strengthen Mr. Ryder's hands.

The following letter from this Missionary describes his first introduction to Mr. Dallas:—

'I well remember the day when I saw him for the first time in Trinity Church, Dublin, where he preached to a congregation of over 2000. The effect was very powerful, and I remember the remarks made by the people on coming out of church. A few days afterwards I was invited by Lady Harburton to meet an English clergyman, and to my surprise she introduced me to Mr. Dallas. After several interviews, which were always concluded with prayer, I was engaged by him to go back to the parish where I had acted as a priest, and to preach to the same poor people the pure Gospel of Christ. On his

first visit to me in Rooveagh we had a meeting of fifty-six converts and inquiring Romanists who heard his address, as well as 116 children. The priest came with a large crowd to terrify us, awaiting our coming out from the house. Mr. Dallas walked out firmly to meet the priest; and then walked through the crowd, about 200 in number, erect and fearless. They seemed paralyzed at his appearance. The priest walked on before, holding a heavy stick called in Ireland a skull-breaker. Not a word was spoken, except by Mr. Dallas, who talked to me aloud as we walked on, about the errors of Rome, and the sad condition of those who looked to man for salvation and ignored the glorious Saviour and His finished work. "Ye do err, not knowing the Scripture nor the power of God," was uttered audibly with an earnest application of the words to poor benighted Ireland. He carried on this address for nearly a quarter of a mile. Not a word was spoken by the priest. Then, the road Mr. Dallas had to go diverging from the main road, he stood still, took off his hat, and looking up to heaven, raised his hands in prayer, and prayed aloud for the priest and the people around us, for Ireland in her poverty and degradation, that the bread of life might be given to them! The priest remained at a short distance, the crowd stood still, and some hats were raised from the head—no voice was heard but the voice that prayed. That was a day never to be forgotten by those present. "I never heard such a prayer," said one; "I never saw a more noble-looking man," said another; "I could not help taking off my hat and saying Amen to all he said," replied a third. When I took my leave of Mr. Dallas, I asked him if I should go back and defend the people who had attended the meeting. He said, "By all means do so, Ryder; it would not be right for us to desert them." I returned and found the priest addressing his people, and urging them to oppose our teaching. I spoke to them in Irish; they heard me with great attention. The result was that the priest mounted his horse and rode off quietly. The next day he left the parish and emigrated to America.

'This was the last visit Mr. Dallas paid to Rooveagh. He sent for me to Wonston in 1848. I remained about a month, receiving daily instructions both at the Rectory and at the schoolroom. I returned, refreshed and invigorated, to resume my missionary work. To Mr. Dallas I owe the happiness of the knowledge of the truth, the peace of mind, and the assurance of acceptance in Jesus, so far as human instrumentality is concerned. I can truly say, he never visited us for the last twenty-two years without giving a new impulse to the mission work, and cheering and encouraging missionaries and agents to go forward in the Lord's strength. Thousands who have been rescued from the false system of Rome will bless him when they meet in their Father's house above.'

The reports received from the agents sent forth, were deeply interesting and encouraging, but it was necessary that Mr. Dallas should thoroughly investigate them. A tour of personal

inspection undertaken during the summer was full of interesting incidents. His plan was suddenly and unexpectedly to light upon the places to which he had directed the agents, to test the correctness of their reports. At Castelkerke the school-house presented a sight which filled his heart with joy. A hundred and sixty adults, and a hundred and forty-seven children, all Romanists, occupied the room, and listened with eager attention to the sermon he preached to them; and a little band of converts afterwards joined in the Holy Communion. The 'Cead mille failthe,' the Irish for 'a hundred thousand welcomes,' was given in every place, to the man who had come so far to bring to them 'the story of peace.' Not unfrequently was the car stopped on the way by the farmers coming across the mountains to beg that 'his honor' would give them a school for their children. The warm welcome often given was on one occasion thus expressed: 'Oh, long life to your Reverence! sure that's from the depth of my heart—*here*,' pressing his hand upon his breast. 'Thank you, Tom, that's the kind of love that's worth having.' 'What would I be if I didn't love your Reverence like that? Think what I was before you told us of Christ, and the mistress read the book and made me take in what you had said; why, I was like ——' he looked round for a simile, and the tears rolled down the poor fellow's cheeks, and spoke more than words.

At Clifden Castle much important arrangement was concluded, and Mr. D'Arcy was the judicious Christian friend, as well as the zealous fellow-worker in all the missionary work in Connemara.

In company with him and with one of the agents, there was scarcely a village in this whole district, it might be almost said in the whole of Connaught, unvisited by Mr. Dallas, or a mountain tract that he had not explored. These visits to Ireland were often short; and to pack as much as possible into his pre-arranged plan, he travelled by night as well as by day, defying storm and tempest. Such journeyings across the mountains and wild districts of the west, in an open car, called for no little power of body in addition to energy of mind. On one of these expeditions, in crossing a bog from Loch Corrib to Inverne, the road was a mere causeway for some miles. It was a very dark night, and in the middle of the bog their one light went out. It was impossible to proceed; an inch



out of the direction would be a deep quagmire. They had matches, and tried to light their lantern, but the rain and storm had got through to the matches. They tried in vain; the last match was in their hands; they both saw the extremity, and said, 'Let us pray about this.' They united in lifting up their hearts to God, and it lighted. They went on their way in this heavy rain, arriving at their destination in the middle of the night. Often have the dangers of the lakes, which in foul weather are dreaded by the country people from the number of currents caused by the little islands, been faced by these explorers. On one occasion, a sermon on an important point of doctrine had been advertised at Oughterard, and Mr. Dallas, who was at Cong, determined to keep to his engagement, though warned by all who knew the lake that it was a risk *they* dared not encounter. Three times had the boatmen to bale out the water which filled the crazy boat, and refuge upon the little islands was necessitated from the violence of the storm. On landing, the congregation, who had waited some hours, were just departing. But the sermon, though deferred to another day, they did not lose.

Though success seemed to attend every step in Ireland, the path of this missionary enterprise was not so smooth in England. The Committee in London were fettered by many diverging judgments, and the 'Special Fund for the Spiritual Exigencies of Ireland' called for appeals and immense efforts for its maintenance. Full of ardent hopes, with the energy that grasps the goal before the race is run, Mr. Dallas often came back to have a cloud of discouragements overshadowing his bright thoughts. Many of those who had longer experience in the field opposed his schemes and mistrusted his enthusiasm. Nevertheless, the work was of God. Starvation and death were hurrying thousands into eternity, and in many ways, under severest chastening, the minds of the people were being prepared to receive the Gospel. He was at the same time training His instrument, by showing him that his own way must be thwarted, and his own will subdued. To use Mr. Dallas's own words, 'At a very early period of this effort I was made sensible that the arrangements of Providence were wiser and better than my plans.'

There was much in his family circumstances at this time to keep him anxious and unsettled, and in October the chastening Hand of God was stretched out on His servant in no common visitation. The sudden and unexpected death of his wife, while on a visit to her daughter at Boulogne, was a painful interruption to all his work, and it was some time before he was able to collect his thoughts and resume his ministry. The illness was so rapid that the first intimation he received was that she was gone. He immediately started to go to Boulogne. There were singular Providences connected with this painful journey which have been noted down by his youngest daughter, thus:—

‘On Friday morning, October 8th, Papa received a letter from the Consul of Boulogne stating that my dear mother had died on the 6th, after a short illness. The news completely stunned him. He could not realize the fact, but felt utterly bewildered. He started instantly for Boulogne. At the station he saw a lady whom he recognised, and feeling quite incapable of talking to her or to any one else, took a second-class ticket in order to avoid her company without giving offence. In a second-class carriage he sat down in a corner without observing any one, closed his eyes, and with a heart overwhelmed and distressed tried to get more quiet and composed. Being quite unable to collect his thoughts, he took out his letters, which he had just got from the post-office, and read them. As he was putting the last letter back into his pocket, a young man who was sitting by his side put into his hands “*Milner’s End of Controversy*,” and said, “Do you know this book, sir?” “Yes, sir, I do.” “It entirely settles the question.” Papa said, “Sir, every page of it is a lie.” This he said rather sharply, being annoyed at being interrupted and drawn into conversation against his will, and when his heart and mind were so deeply and painfully occupied. The young man did not seem to understand Papa, and said, “How do you mean, sir?” “Why, it completely neutralizes truth, it is written in direct opposition to the book which is essential truth, and therefore every page is a lie.” This led on to a conversation on the different Romish doctrines—purgatory, transubstantiation, church unity, &c. This lasted till they arrived at Farnborough, and as the train stopped there was a little pause, and a gentleman who was sitting opposite, and who had been listening attentively, said, “I hope you will excuse me for interrupting you, but I have heard all this gentleman has said, and I must tell you that I know that *every word* he has said is perfectly true, but you will never be able to understand it till you have felt it. You must have tasted the preciousness of Christ before you can understand these things. Now, I can tell you that from my own experience of six years I have found all this to be true.” He then went on in the most earnest way to speak of all he had felt since he had been called out from superstition to know what true religion was. After

he had spoken at some length, Papa turned to the young man and said, "You were speaking, sir, just now of the Unity of the Church—now here is true *unity*. This gentleman and I have never seen each other before, yet we have both felt the very same feelings and have both gone through the same experience—he for six years, and I for thirty." He went on speaking in this way, and said incidentally, "You Romanists think—" upon which the young man said, "I am not a Romanist, sir, I am a member of the Church of England." "You ought to be a Romanist, having talked as you have, and you must excuse me for treating you as such." "No, sir, I am not a Romanist *yet*; I have lately taken my degree at Cambridge, and I am thinking of giving up my station and family, and I have been long searching for truth, and I seem to have found it in the Church of Rome. This very journey is taken for the purpose of deciding me. I am going to my old tutor to ask his advice, after having earnestly prayed to God for direction." "I see, sir," said my father, "from the way in which you have conducted this argument all through that you are a serious-minded person, and you are not thinking lightly on this subject. You say you have prayed to God for direction, and you are taking the means you believe to be right, in order to do what is His will. Now God has answered your prayer. He has sent us to speak the truth to you before you take this important step, which if you take after having heard all that we have told you to-day of Scriptural truth, you may repent of it too late. God Himself has sent you the answer. And did you know, sir, the exceeding effort it was to me to speak to you to-day, you would indeed wonder. I had no intention of entering into conversation with any one, and it vexed me to have to do so; and I take this opportunity of begging your pardon, sir, for speaking so hastily at first." There was then a pause, till they arrived at the place where the tickets were taken, during which time the young man looked very serious and absorbed in thought; at length he said, "Sir, I will not take this step without consulting you further, I promise you." Papa again solemnly told him that such a step was decidedly opposed to God's will, and if he discovered his error in this life, he would have to pass through a fiery trial before he came back to the truth, and he might have to repent such a step throughout eternity. The young man thanked him very much, and all three exchanged cards, and having arrived at the station, Papa shook hands warmly with the young man and gave him his parting blessing. The other gentleman who was in the train asked Papa if he was going in the direction of Bedford Square, and proposed taking him in his cab. Speaking of what had passed in the conversation with their fellow-passenger, Mr. A—— mentioned Papa's name. He said, "Sir, do you know me?" "Know you, I should think I did. You are the great friend of the Jews." "Yes, I love the Jews." Mr. A——, "I thank you heartily for all your love to the Jews. I am a Jew." He then told Papa his history, and that he had been led to search the Scriptures and to receive their testimony and become a Christian, that he was turned out by his parents who were greatly enraged, and was



providentially led to some kind friends who had sent him to college where he was now studying. Before they parted they agreed to remember the young man in prayer every day, and their prayers were answered, for he afterwards became a sound and faithful minister of the Gospel.'

Before this eventful journey came to its close, another special manifestation of the tender care and love of God was given to His servant. On arriving at Dover he found the packet did not sail till the next morning. There was a great rush of passengers to the hotel for a night's lodging, and Mr. Dallas found every room occupied. He was offered to share one with another gentleman as the only alternative. He did not go upstairs early, and when he did, his agitated state of mind made him indisposed to go to bed. He took out his Bible, read and prayed till two o'clock. The next morning there was an eclipse of the sun, and while Mr. Dallas was thinking that, after the occurrence of the day before, he ought to say something for the edification of his companion, the same thought passed through the mind of the gentleman, and he made a profitable reflection on the eclipse. They were both taught by the same Spirit; and a conversation ensued which drew their hearts more closely together. This gentleman was a barrister, travelling for health and rest. He was deeply interested in the afflicting circumstances of his new friend, and offered to accompany him the remainder of the journey. He was exactly the friend Mr. Dallas required—the man of business to act for him in difficult circumstances, the sympathizing Christian friend whose presence soothed his sorrow, and whose wise counsel he always depended upon to the close of his eventful life.

Though the opening of the Irish work necessitated an immense correspondence, more private calls of ministry were not neglected, and when any of those whom he regarded as his children in the Gospel sought his advice and help, Mr. Dallas's heart was quick to respond to the call.

The following extracts are from letters to a friend in circumstances of trying perplexity:—

'My heart swells with sympathy in all your conflict. I have turned the flow of its feeling up to the Throne of Grace, towards which it flows freely, and I trust by God's grace it will go on flowing. It is to that point you must direct all the deeper current of your own feeling, and as soon as the vent in that direction is fully opened, all

will become calm and smooth, however deep it may be. The difficulties are not so great as at first appear. Above all, it is evidently God's will and therefore there are mercies under it. "And now men see not the bright light in the clouds, but the wind passeth and cleanseth them." This was the word for Job, and is the word for C. M——. Wait a while, and see all the blessed fruits of the discipline upon your own soul and upon your husband's; keep on calling down the dew of grace on the work by prayer (may I have grace to help you!), and then in the Lord's day, if not before, you will sing for joy at this sorrow. The present point in the prospect to which your eye must be turned, is to discover the path of duty, and though in the tangled scenes before you you have to trace the road up some steep hill in the distance when it looks like a perpendicular line up the landscape, remember that all hilly roads look so in the distance, and when you have got so far, that which looked unclimbable is but a gentle ascent. . . . Where lies your path of duty . . . pray about it, and all will be well. . . . I greatly desire to see you, to know how in these momentous times your spirit ripens for the Lord. Think with what earnestness I feel this when I bid you read 2 John 8, as a word addressed to you from

‘Your ever affectionate father in Christ Jesus,  
‘A. D——.’

The children of this dear friend were always remembered with deep interest. The infants that my dear husband had stood as sponsor for, though very numerous, were not forgotten in his prayers, and the following is one of many touching allusions to his love for them :—

‘If you could know how I have pondered over your babe's prospects to-day, on this first birthday, and prayed that they may be brightened ever by the beams from the Sun of Righteousness, you would be doubly sure that I had no lack of affection for her mother. May the fulness of the Lord's blessing in Christ be ever upon the dear child!’

To the same friend on the birth of her child :—

‘I thank God for you, for your rapidly renewed health, but much more for the tone of spirit in which you express your feeling under these mercies. Indeed, dearest C——, with all the buoyant feeling which dances in young hearts, and young mothers' hearts especially, there is nothing which affords such solid happiness as that arising from the constant anticipation of the great result to which we are hastening. To be honoured of God by having the charge given you of the earliest germinating of thought and feeling in an immortal soul, this is greater happiness than the enjoyment of all the luxury of maternal fondness, which is perhaps the sweetest tasted variety of human love. Think how you may plant heavenly seeds in the fresh moist soil of your infant's heart, and how you may draw up the roots of the pretty

weeds, which so many mothers cultivate for flowers because they grow fast and blossom soon. May God bless you in this work ! I love to think of claiming you for my child in the gathering of the eternal family ; and when I present you before the Lord, I hope to see you presenting the children that God has given you. May the Lord bless you !

Family affliction necessitated many journeys, and led to a painfully unsettled state of mind ; and while those who most valued Mr. Dallas's ministry made many excuses for his absence from his parish, there were others who raised a clamour, and many of his clerical brethren felt that a scandal was thus thrown upon his ministerial profession. One of his most esteemed friends wrote to him a letter of faithful reproof, and Mr. Dallas in answer writes as follows :—

‘ I am not sorry that such a report reached you, because it enables me to write at once to you with the frankness of a brother's feeling, to disabuse your mind of any imaginations of the kind which may have been placed there, and which are entirely false. It happens that I have a means of doing this without the necessity for a mere vague assertion on my part. I have for the greater part of my life been in the habit of keeping a diary, in which I write every night a statement of my daily doings. I have this morning, in consequence of this report, taken the pains of going over every page of my diary for this year. I find that, with the exception of one occasion, the whole number of nights in which I slept out of my own home was exactly seventy-one ; and that this number included only five Sundays. Of the seventy-one there were seven which were isolated occasions, on which I slept at a friend's house after dining out, leaving only sixty-four nights unoccupied in occasions of more lengthened absence than a single day. By the law I am permitted to be absent from my living ninety-one days, including thirteen Sundays, and you are well aware that by many incumbents that limit is taken as the practical rule to guide their own conduct, however they may judge of the conduct of others. But I have alluded to a particular occasion of absence not included in this statement ; this occurred towards the end of the year, October and November, and it was rendered necessary by the sudden and deep affliction by which it pleased God to try me in the removal of my poor wife. By this blow of Divine Providence I was called to France, and the whole length of my absence thus produced was twenty-three days, including three Sundays. . . . As a probable cause of the report, I may observe that my habits have always been active, and since it has pleased God to show me the importance of time and opportunity, with reference to the approaching crisis to the Church and the world, my natural and habitual activity has received a direction which I trust has been given from above, which specially includes the gathering of God's

elect individually, as the highest point upon which the power of a Christian minister can possibly turn. It results that I never willingly leave my parish without a distinct object towards this end, which has generally been a public one, and therefore known to multitudes, while absences for mere necessary relaxation or pleasure would never be heard of. One single journey of ten days' absence to see my daughter in Devonshire is the only one I have taken in 1847 which could possibly come under this description.

'I have taken no notice of the impertinencies of the world, to which a long course of trial has accustomed me; but I feel it my duty to rectify the mistakes of my Christian brethren, therefore I have written thus fully to you.

'I remain, my dear friend, your faithful and affectionate

'A. R. C. DALLAS.'

Though the parish was not neglected, it was quite evident that Mr. Dallas could not go in and out among the people as he had been accustomed to do. To carry on the work in Ireland which he had undertaken, it was absolutely necessary that there should be an efficient helper in the ministry at Wonston. A large sphere of labour was opened to him, with an evident call from the Lord of the vineyard that he should be engaged in it. That call was not audible to others, and so little did many of his clerical brethren, still less his parishioners, understand his motives for new work, that their view of what was his duty often militated strongly against his line of action. To a sensitive mind, the adverse judgment of those he esteemed and valued was a trial of no light nature. Had his parish been neglected, the comfort with which he went forward on the missionary work would have been greatly marred. Thankfully therefore he accepted the means of supplying a faithful, devoted pastor to his flock. The Rev. Thomas Lingwood at the commencement of this year undertook the curacy, and carried out all the parochial arrangements. From this time the systematic visiting was deputed to the Curate, but the Rector always reserved for himself cases of sickness and affliction, and special occasions of spiritual edification; and when he was at home, he always preached in the morning, and gave the evening instruction at the schoolroom.

The Curates were chosen with anxious care, and in several cases they have expressed with grateful and loving remembrance the blessing that they have felt in being connected with their

Rector, and in working out his parochial arrangements. The Rev. T. Lingwood, now himself occupying an important post in the Church, thus writes of his 'much valued friend and former Rector:—

'I shall ever look back to the time when I was associated with him in the work of the ministry at Wonston, as a time most profitable to my own soul, and I am sure his friendly counsel and advice will ever be remembered by me with pleasure and profit.'

The state of Ireland during the whole of this year was most appalling: disease, in the shape of fever and cholera, had followed on starvation. Many hearts were thus being prepared to receive those consolations which the glorious Gospel of God can alone impart. The oil of this joy was to be poured in by His missionary servant, and his tours there, were full of encouragement, speaking as he did beside the dying and the dead with the full realization of eternal truths. During this year of distress, the foundation was laid of several of those mission stations which at the present day cheer the heart of the Christian traveller in Connemara, each comprising a church well filled with worshippers, a school under the very best teaching, and a parsonage-house for the clergyman and his family. As it would be impossible in one volume to recount the stories of these missions, one alone must suffice as a specimen, and that shall be Derrygimla, the present scene of the Rev. R. Ryder's labours. Connemara comprises many long narrow tracts of land divided by the bays of the Atlantic, which run far into the country. These districts were then thickly inhabited, but hundreds were dying daily. Mr. Dallas was one day addressing a group of men, women, and children at Errislanon, when a man came running up and put a paper into his hand. It was a petition from the inhabitants of Errismore, asking that their children might be taught as those in Clifden were. The petition is singularly well expressed, though the writing is not first-rate. It contains the following sentence:—

'We are willing to submit to a course of education based on the Scriptures, therefore your kindness to afford us such facility for the improvement of our children shall be thankfully received and anxiously attended to, no matter what the opposition may be.'

To this were appended 163 names, with the number of their



children opposite, amounting to 439. After making many inquiries as to the genuineness of the signatures, Mr. Dallas told the man to go back to the village and say he would himself cross the bay and visit the spot. The man bounded off at a hind's pace round the road to tell the people. Mr. Dallas thus relates his first landing at Derrygimla, the chief village of Errismore, with Mr. D'Arcy and Mr. Lynch:—

‘We walked across to Mannin Bay, and on our way we saw about a dozen poor famished creatures attempting to work, but too weak to do anything. It was impossible to lose the opportunity of telling the Gospel to these apparently dying men, as they stood or sat around me like living skeletons. They listened with fixed attention, as if they were pausing on the brink of the grave to receive a message from heaven as to their journey beyond it. I never set forth the salvation of Christ under so strong a feeling that my hearers would be soon called to experience the truth of my statement. As I stepped into the boat I prayed for them as for those who had heard the call of the Gospel probably for the first, still more probably for the last time.

‘We landed at Derrygimla, on a lovely beach of coral sand, and I went forward to the village. There was an expectation of the Relieving Officer, and a considerable number of people were collected, waiting before the house to which he came to distribute the scanty pittance. I found my way to the highest large stone in the place, on which I stood, asking in a loud voice what they came there for. “For relief,” was the reply. “I have got relief for you,” I said; and the words brought the scattered groups into a closer crowd around me. Speaking plainly and slowly, I said, “Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God”—that is God’s own Word. I then went on to explain the power of the Scripture when applied by the Holy Spirit, told them that Christ was the bread of life—not the wafer of the Mass. Their messenger having come up, I then put it to the whole of the people whether, if a schoolmaster were sent, they would take advantage of the instruction. There was a general and hearty consent. Two men were selected to arrange with me as to the place, and a large cabin not now used was offered by its owner. Then came the difficulty of finding a schoolmaster. “We must pray to God to send us a proper man,” was the conclusion to which we came, and during our drive back to Clifden the hearts of all three were lifted up to the Throne of Grace for this object. On arriving at Clifden a note was put into my hand from Colonel Thompson, the proprietor of an estate eighteen miles off, recommending a man whom he had employed as a schoolmaster and was obliged to discontinue. The arrangement was made for his commencing school at Derrygimla. Here was an answer to the earnest prayer offered on the car which reminded us of the angel’s word to Daniel, “At the beginning of thy supplication the commandment went forth;” and it was to us a token that the blessing would be given—a token

that has been abundantly fulfilled. The schoolmaster did not begin his work without an assault and a severe beating. This, however, only made the people more eager for instruction, and 420 children were packed into the cabin waiting his arrival. A large schoolroom was built here in 1852, and many well-taught Christian men and women have been sent forth from thence.'

The commencement of the school at Sellerna was at the same time, and under very similar circumstances; and eight years after, when Mr. Dallas had the great happiness of administering the Lord's Supper to a number of converts, the missionary, after service, pointed out eight individuals who were among the most consistent of his flock, and said that every one of these traced the beginning of the light which brought them out of the darkness of Rome to Mr. Dallas's first address to them. Here also is now to be seen a beautiful church, school-house, and parsonage. What has God wrought! To Him alone be the glory!

The friend who had been so helpful in all the arrangements of the missionary work was at this time laid aside in sickness, and Mr. Dallas thus writes:—

‘ORDERED IN ALL THINGS.

‘My dear F——,

‘I am grieved at your illness, and yet this is only the natural grief of the heart, for the motto at the top of this letter is the one word which settles all in quietness. Do not, I beseech you, worry yourself about undone things. The Lord will leave nothing undone, and the anxiety which helps to weaken the poor body is part of the frailty of the flesh. If you have “Ordered in all things” ever plain before you, you would do all you properly can, and be able to do all the more by not being flurried at the thought of what you cannot do. The Lord will not take you yet, I feel. He loves to make His strength perfect in weakness, but your very fainting is all the more powerful work for Him. “Faint, yet pursuing.” I feel just the same worry when I leave things undone, not from bodily weakness, but rather from incapacity to work with the mind all that the heart feels to be the work to be done.’

The following letter to the same friend at the close of the year mentions the sudden removal of Mr. Durant:—

‘I have had great difficulties in the work, and deep distress at the death of Durant, and all its consequences. I have had all my parish work upon me, because my Curate is away for some weeks, and much is stirring in the parish. I have had a combination of

crushing crosses ; but then, dear friend, I have had the Lord with me. With many hindrances, I have yet had God's blessing in many arrangements in the Irish Committee, much more in the Special Fund, which after many discussions I have got at last settled as a permanent Society. Above all, God's blessing has followed the effort with the Bishop of Tuam, who has consented to ordain M—— and C—— as deacons, with a promise that they shall go on in College until they graduate, and then shall apply for priest's orders. We must be wise. I have written to each, but how I have got on I have no idea ; only the Lord is with me ! It would be utterly useless to attempt to tell you my feelings of thankfulness at the encouragement which God affords to our effort. Your last letter, although it gave me but the crumbs of a meal you had from all the readers last week, yet it raised my heart to God, specially for the quietness with which He works, and for the absence of interference. It gives me new impulse to go forward.'

The year 1849 was commenced, as usual, with very solemn services in the parish. The new year's sermon was on Matt. xiii. 13, and the watchword given to the people was 'Endure,' connected with the whole verse, James v. 11. The custom of giving one word as a motto for the year is still continued in all the Irish Church Mission congregations. At the morning prayer meetings, the subject added to those of local interest which he commended to the prayers of his people was 'the great openings in Ireland, and special wisdom to their minister in the part which Providence assigns to him with reference to them.' The Irish work again called for his presence, and on the 29th of January he writes from Oughterard :—

'Oh, such a day, my dear F——, too much to tell ! too good to believe ! except by those who can take in all His goodness whose name is Love. I assure you yesterday was the most encouraging day I ever had ! Forty-six communicants at Castelkerke.'

This tour was taken in company with the Rev. J. Lynch, and with two readers. One special point was to ascertain the feeling of the clergy throughout the whole country, and for this purpose Mr. Dallas got clerical meetings convened at different places, and had personal intercourse with 170 of the clergy. The question proposed at these clerical meetings was, 'What are the most prudent and efficacious means, consistently with the discipline of the Church, of bringing the truths of the Gospel to bear upon the minds of the Roman Catholics of Ireland ?' This subject was discussed with much united prayer. Great



readiness and earnest desire was expressed by them all to act promptly in carrying the Gospel to the Roman Catholics, and messages were sent through Mr. Dallas to the committee, requesting assistance for this object. A large meeting of the Dublin clergy were assembled in Dr. Singer's rooms, in Trinity College, at which the Bishop of Cashel presided; and here and in other places, 'Local committees' were arranged. On these occasions Mr. Dallas had the comfort of giving most encouraging accounts of the Connaught missions, where the converts were increasing, and he was able to report that Divine Service in the Irish language was performed at Errislanon, Ballyconree, Sellerna, Glan, and Rooveagh, with increasing congregations of converts and inquiring Romanists.

A letter from Mr. Bickersteth at this time shows how these good men were united in this great work:—

'The Lord grant all the twelve things for which you ask our prayers. I feel the solemn responsibility of our work, and desire to glorify God in faith and in prayer for a full blessing.

'The Lord especially be with you on Sunday, and multiply blessings on the Bishop of Tuam for his straightforward and honest support of this great work.

' Affectionately yours,

' E. BICKERSTETH.'

In the midst of his soul-absorbing work it pleased the Divine Master to show His servant that all his great designs might be stopped in a moment; and to give him a solemn lesson that he was only an instrument to be taken up and laid aside as God pleased. He writes the account of this to Miss Bellingham:—

' London, Feb. 17. 1849.

'Here I am, my dear Fanny, through very much mercy which has been shown me, first, in the delay of a serious accident till my work was all but done, and then, in my preservation from death, and capacity to attend to the great meeting yesterday. Having passed a day with my beloved children, I set out on Thursday evening at seven to go in a gig to the station at Tiverton. Two hundred yards from the station, the horse shied viciously, first into a ditch, then up a bank. I was thrown out violently into the road, where I lay senseless. When I recovered I was in the station sadly bruised. I soon after got into the train for London, but I could not proceed further than Swindon, where I was taken to the hotel and put into a warm bed. I was so far recovered the next morning as to go on by the express to London, where a warm bath screwed me up for the committee, and afterwards the great meeting, where I spoke what was wanted. I am

very stiff still, but thanking God for this crowning mercy of my journey. Praise God with me, and pray for me.'

Again :—

' Wonston, Feb. 18.

' I managed to preach to-day, though I limped sadly to get into the pulpit. I am getting well, and have only to thank God more earnestly, and to ask Him for more work, since He has let me live, and more success for His glory.'

In another letter to Miss Bellingham he opens the difficulties of his work :—

' Feb. 23, 1849.

' It's hard work, my dear Fanny! hard work! It is true that there is a great door and effectual "opened to me in Ireland, but it is also true that there are many adversaries." Nothing but God's grace can overcome all the difficulties that lie in the way, *but that can* overcome them, and therefore cease not to pray that I may be empowered by that only power. During my absence discussions have arisen which threaten to impede the work very seriously. A conference between the two committees is arranged for the 29th of March. Don't talk about this in Dublin, but talk about it in heaven, and go there, as often as you can on purpose, and mind you are sure to be at the Throne of Grace when I am at the committee board.'

The resources of the Special Fund were largely called upon by new openings for missionary work. At the close of the last year its supplies diminished, and the means of carrying on the work became a question of serious anxiety. The occasion which called forth this charity had passed away with the worst days of the famine, and the friend whose purse had been so freely opened for Ireland, had been suddenly called to his rest. Many difficulties arose in the working of the Irish Society; and while Mr. Dallas felt it his duty to go forward, the prudential restrictions under which he was bound exceedingly fettered his operations. Many excellent men whose judgment was worthy of confidence felt that a new Society was called for to carry forward a work which had been so proved to be *of God*; and on the 20th of March, 1849, a Special Committee of members of the Irish Society met to settle the constitution of a new Society. On the 29th, the 'Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics' began its existence as a Society; and in May a large public meeting was held, when the officers and committee were finally appointed. Mr. Bickersteth remarks on this day :—

‘How good is the Lord to me a sinner! This is my daily surprise. On Tuesday we had a large gathering in London to form the Society, or rather to hold its first meeting. It was a very blessed occasion. The large room in Hanover Square was filled, and much sympathy called forth. I have since been to Hadlow preaching for the Society, and forming an Association. We have had many difficulties, and shall doubtless have many more; but, O Lord, do Thou give wisdom, boldness, and fidelity!’

This holy man joined in all Mr. Dallas’s work with the love and sympathy of a brother, and the Irish Missions engaged the last energies of his useful life.

In April Mr. Dallas went again to Dublin with Mr. Bickersteth, where most interesting journals were inspected. The agents had increased to seven ordained missionaries, sixteen Scripture readers, and twelve schoolmasters and mistresses.

One of the first large handbills announced at this time that ‘the Rev. Alexander Dallas will address the Roman Catholic inhabitants of Newmarket on the subject of the Gospel, at the Court House, on Monday, at twelve o’clock, and the Roman Catholic inhabitants of Kanturk on the same subject at five o’clock.’ In some places there was fierce opposition, and the old soldier would scarcely have thought it real action without a little skirmish, but he knew the power of the sword of the Spirit, and it was tested on this occasion. The following week he thus writes to Miss Bellingham:—

‘My dear Fanny,

‘May 15.

‘Too much to tell, too much to tell—more success than I had a measure to receive it in! This is only to call upon you to praise God, and to say that I mean, God willing, to be in Dublin to-morrow. I will drive to the Northumbrian baths to get some suppleness, after being thoroughly stiffened with hard work and long travel. I have had nineteen congregations of Roman Catholics, and addressed them on the Gospel since Monday (one week). Let much prayer water this seed.’

The new Society required many arrangements in Ireland, and Mr. Dallas having undertaken the office of ‘Honorary Secretary,’ threw all his mind into this work. One of his first plans was the appointment of ‘*Local Committees for Missions*’ in different parts of the country. He always found the clergy quite ready and anxious to go forward in efforts for the conversion of their Roman Catholic parishioners, but crippled by want of means and of an agency suited to the work. In many, the influence of fear and the

entanglement of local circumstances weighed down the sense of that duty, by all acknowledged, to regard the Romanists as a part of their flock from which they were 'to drive away false doctrine.' The plan now suggested of forming committees to be placed under the General Committee, and of their being thus supplied with proper agents and with the means of carrying on missionary work, was tried with success in Balinasloe; and he wrote a letter, offering the same assistance to all the clergy in Ireland. Many cordial responses were sent to this invitation, and this was the commencement of a missionary movement which, under the blessing of God, not only awakened a deeper sense of responsibility in the clergy themselves, but led to the gathering of many souls into the true Church.

The plan thus organized was founded upon certain acknowledged principles, which it was essential that the clergy should cordially acquiesce in, before joining these committees:—

1st. That the Roman Catholics, as such, are without the saving knowledge of the Gospel, and that it is a matter of duty to communicate it to them.

2nd. That they have false notions concerning certain assumed dogmas of religion on which they should receive Scriptural instruction.

3rd. That the whole number of the inhabitants of a parish are to be considered as under the charge of the instituted clergyman, who has a duty and a right to endeavour to bring them all to a knowledge of the truth.

4th. The clergyman consenting to these statements, is ready to co-operate in any work which may be properly arranged for the conversion of the Roman Catholics of his parish.

This last was never infringed, it being a rule of the Society, most scrupulously observed, that the agents only worked in those parishes in which they were specially invited, and with a full sanction given by the clergyman of the parish. Acting upon the first of these principles, it was Mr. Dallas's earnest desire that the Gospel should in the first place be preached to the Roman Catholics, simply and singly, as far as possible, without controversy; and upon the second, that controversial knowledge should succeed this on some other occasion in a prominent and pointed way, but being kept subordinate to it.

At this time the first arrangement for a series of controversial lectures was formed, to be preached by the clergy in rotation. By a plan which was printed and circulated, Mr. Dallas arranged that fifteen lectures on different points connected with Roman Catholic doctrines should be delivered by eight different clergymen in the space of four weeks, at ten different places, thus supplying a variety of testimonies to the same truth. The importance of these lectures in the exercise of mind aroused in the clergy who delivered them, and the study they required, must not be overlooked in tracing the blessing which attended them.

In Dublin, several of the clergy opened the churches for controversial preaching, and the clergyman then acting in the organizing of the Society there, thus writes:—

‘The spirit of inquiry among the Roman Catholics seems steadily progressing. Many of them are anxiously looking out for the renewal of the controversial sermons in St. Michan’s Church, and the numbers attending each Thursday evening’s controversial sermon have been greater and greater. The several preachers have been listened to with breathless interest by the crowded congregations, many of whom have been obliged to stand in the aisle during the whole time. Several priests have been noticed among them. There could not have been less than 600 Roman Catholics at the last sermon by Mr. Nangle, nor less than 500 at Dr. Singer’s. The handbills announcing each sermon have been extensively circulated to the number of from 7,000 to 10,000 weekly. Texts and questions on the subject have been also on the placard. These handbills serve as a ready means of introducing conversation on the subjects in them. The two readers on this mission have been busily and acceptably engaged among the Roman Catholics for the last month. They have visited over 200 Roman Catholic families each, in that time, besides meeting with various persons in the street. The field of work is so large and the interest so intense, that one is often puzzled to know which way to turn. The few persons in the whole city who are helping to direct the Roman Catholics into the truth are as nothing comparatively. The appearance of defection from popery is so great, so far beyond the reach of the means and machinery in operation, that one cannot but feel that the Lord Himself has come down to do the work, almost without the aid of man.’

A letter from the Rev. G. Maxwell, written after one of these clerical gatherings, shows how thankfully they hailed the assistance of Local Committees:—

‘Mr. Dallas when going away, requested me to write a few lines to



tell you how he has prospered in the great work. On Sunday last he had at Castelkerke a congregation of 400 most attentive Romanists who listened with the greatest eagerness. Subsequently the Lord's Supper was administered to forty-one converts. He had another congregation in the evening. On Monday he left Oughterard, and travelled outside the coach from Galway to Limerick amidst tremendous rain, seemed tired, stiff and wet, but nevertheless he went up and spent an hour at Mrs. Osborne's. He came here in my gig yesterday morning. Almost the whole clergy of West Limerick assembled to meet him, and some from the East. There were sixteen or seventeen present, who were rejoiced to give him a most attentive hearing. He spoke most admirably, and urged the clergy to begin a vigorous and serious attempt to gain access to the great body of the Romanists in the diocese. There was unanimity on the first question (which I daresay you have seen), as to whether we regard ourselves as responsible for the souls of the Romish people. To this the answer was unanimous. After he had detailed his plans, and given an account of his success in the County of Galway, he gave copies of the second and third questions to all of those present, that they might answer them at leisure. He seemed much gratified at the result. All the chief clergy were in the greatest delight at meeting and hearing him, and we bless God for having raised him up to do this great work.'

Controversy with error was not to be introduced without difficulty and danger, and in some cases there were scenes reminding one of the first planting of the Gospel in Thessalonica as related in Acts xvii. 5. In no place was there more fearful opposition than in the town of Galway, which numbered 22,000 inhabitants, of which only 1,000 were Protestant. The one Protestant church, St. Nicholas', had a warden and four vicars. In one of Mr. Dallas's travels, as he was going through the town, not intending to stop, he saw placarded on the walls, that the celebrated Dr. Cahill would preach a sermon on the 'Infallibility of the Pope.' This was throwing down the gauntlet; and he lost no time in going to the Vicar, and offering to answer this dogma of Rome. The Warden was to be consulted, and after some demur, leave was given to him to occupy the pulpit the next Sunday. He got placards posted all over the town during the week, giving notice of a sermon to disprove the teaching of last Sunday 'On Infallibility.' The morning sermon was simply to explain the duty of the Protestant Christians living in the midst of Roman Catholics. But the evening sermon was a new thought, and the excitement it produced was enough to cause trepidation. The clergy repented of the leave they had given,

but it was too late to draw back. The chambermaid of the inn besought Mr. Dallas, with tears, not to risk his life : for there were evident marks of malice in the countenances of the people, who were standing in groups in the street. Nothing occurred till the prayers were over, then a number of Romanists entered the church, and one aisle was crammed with them. In narrating this scene, Mr. Dallas says :—

‘After earnest prayer, both audibly and internally, I began my sermon, and this produced a storm of shouts and yells. I thank God I felt thoroughly self-possessed in reliance on the Holy Spirit, whose help I earnestly asked while this noise was going on. They ceased, and I began again to preach ; they began again to shout. I folded my arms, and a calm determination at last overcame them, and won them to silence. I had preached uninterruptedly for three quarters of an hour, when a child who had dropped asleep fell down and began to cry. This was a moment for another more terrific interruption. Some men who were standing in the ante-chapel, who may be called ‘roughs,’ rushed in and pushed forward the crowd who were standing closely packed in the aisle ; and the result of this was, not shouts of disturbance but screams of terror. The people rushing out caused fearful confusion, when over and above the storm of screams and shouts was the voice of a sergeant-major, who had a few soldiers with him (and who, according to orders at that time, brought their arms when they attended any public place), and who issued the word of command, “Fix bayonets!” which was followed by the rattle of steel. It was a distressing position for a preacher of the gospel of peace. But the thought occurred to me, “If the sergeant’s voice is audible above the noise, mine can be.” I ventured on prayer, not in the less than whisper which reaches the ear of Him to whom it is spoken, but so as to make the people know that I prayed. In a voice as loud as the word of command I said, “O God, calm the people ; take away fear, give the Holy Spirit ;” and then, as a word of command, I cried out, “Take your seats.” Never was prayer more signally or distinctly answered. The people did take their seats ; in two minutes they were all arranged in decent order. I returned thanks to God, and went on with my sermon. With a prayer and a blessing, the people dispersed in quietness.’

But the streets were not quiet, and on his return to the hotel he was insulted and attacked in every possible way. Stones were thrown at him, one of which struck his hat. The soldiers begged that they might be allowed to protect him, but he felt that the best weapon was a determined boldness ; and when he reached the steps of the hotel, he turned round to face the mob of some hundreds who followed him, and said, ‘Thank you, my

friends, for taking care of me safely home. Good night ;' which caused a burst of laughter and changed their tone.

A little word for Christ was spoken from time to time even in this dangerous walk. And that word was not in vain. Eighteen years afterwards a woman died in a hospital, and, being a convert, one of the missionaries attended her in her last illness. She told him that she had been a bigoted Romanist in Galway, and was present in that crowd in Shop Street. She then heard one of those words for Christ which were spoken in love for their souls, and observed the calmness with which the results were borne, and this fastened the Word on her mind. By the power of the Holy Spirit, it was the turning-point in her life, and led to her conversion and salvation.

A regular mission was afterwards established in Galway, and on Mr. Dallas subsequently visiting that place, he had the comfort of meeting ninety-three adult converts, besides finding a large mission school, fully and efficiently taught in the Scriptures.

In September he was again travelling through Connemara with Mr. Gregg, the present Bishop of Cork, when one of those delicate touches of the Providential hand led him into the train of a new and blessed work. One of the most distressing results of the late famine was the number of poor wretched orphans left without care, or clothing, or home. Sometimes their piteous cries induced a kind neighbour to throw them out a few scraps as they would to a dog or cat. As the car passed along, Mr. Dallas saw a poor infant, not two years old, squatting near a dunghill, and a hungry pig came and seized its shoulder. He instantly stopped the car, and rescued the poor child, taking it to the next cabin, where he learnt that its parents had died of starvation. On a more particular investigation, he discovered that there were above 250 in the district in the same plight. He lay awake that night thinking what could be done for them, and came down in the morning determined to gather them together and establish an orphanage, to be called 'The Connemara Orphans' Nursery.' Mr. Gregg said he would lay the first brick in the shape of a 1*l*. note. From this has grown a large institution, numbering a hundred children ; while, during the twenty years of its existence, 397 have been trained in it;

and the abundant blessing which has been vouchsafed to it has been a continual source of joy to its Founder.

On his return home, his own people responded to his appeal for these poor orphans. Friday, the 28th of September, was a special day appointed by the Bishop of Winchester for humiliation and prayer throughout his diocese. There was service both morning and evening, when the subjects Mr. Dallas chose were Luke xiii. 9. and Amos iv. 12; and the congregation added their liberal help to the collection already begun. On every return from the Irish missions, the people were gathered together in the schoolroom to hear what the Lord had done in the far west; and on the 31st of October he had to relate an account of an event most interesting to his own heart. The first Confirmation of converts by the Bishop of Tuam took place on that day, when more than 400, by joining in this solemn rite, openly professed themselves as members of the United Church of England and Ireland, and this in the midst of most trying persecutions.

On the 10th of November a day of thanksgiving was appointed by Government for our deliverance from cholera, which had passed over our country lightly in comparison with the awful devastation of Ireland. Many hearts were stirred up in sympathy and benevolence, and a fresh spring was given to missionary effort.

Another meeting to advocate the new Society took place on the 23rd of this month. It was the last public meeting in which Mr. Bickersteth was engaged: both he and Mr. Durant had laboured in the formation of the Society, and were just spared to see it burst forth into life before they were called to rest from their labours.

Of this meeting Mr. Bickersteth says:—

‘The crowning meeting of the week was our Irish Church Mission, on Friday. The large room in Exeter Hall was quite full, the speeches were good, and the interest kept up to the end. We shall receive, I hope, between three and four hundred pounds from this meeting. God is greatly blessing the missions, and if it be His will, we shall commence a new day for Ireland. Glory to Him only.’

The following letter written by Mr. Dallas to one of his children in the Lord, on the birth of her child, intimates a change in his own circumstances:—

‘ You know, dearest C——, that you have my affectionate sympathy. I have wanted a little word from you ever since we parted at Dover ; but I went up to the Throne of Grace for you whenever the wish for a word came, and it was often. And now I hear that God has given you an occasion for special care in the little soul that He has sent suddenly into life. Remember, dear C——, that He who sends the care, gives the grace according to the need ; and look therefore upon the increasing care so sent, as a letter of credit authorising you to draw upon the Treasury of Heaven for so much more than you would have asked without this call. I pray God to pour out His Spirit in the way that His wisdom knows will most fit with your heart’s want. I feel towards you all that Paul felt for his children in the faith, and a parental sympathy accompanies your present trial. When your hand can venture to hold a pen, a few words from you will be very delightful.

‘ Your Aunt C—— has got some news for you about me. I do not know whether you are yet able to bear lively emotions, and therefore I leave her to tell you all, as I hope that you will have lively emotions for me when you hear it, and especially that you will give them vent in earnest prayer for

‘ Your affectionate father in Christ Jesus,  
‘ A. R. C. DALLAS.’

Mr. Dallas had for some time been contemplating a second marriage, and in this prospect he sent his accustomed letter to the members of the Wonston Prayer Union, requesting their special remembrance at the Throne of Grace, that the anticipated event, which ‘ opened a prospect of great happiness before him, might be for the furtherance of the ministry and for the glory of God.’

The sympathy and encouragement afforded to him by his Diocesan was at all times a support, and at this time it was especially valued, and regarded as a token of the merciful hand of God.

The Bishop thus writes :—

‘ Farnham, Nov. 14.

‘ My dear Dallas,

‘ I cannot learn that you have succeeded in your object of attempting to secure again a domestic home, without expressing my most hearty prayer that the step may be blessed to your mutual comfort and welfare.’

In a later letter of congratulations is an incidental mention of the first meeting of the Society for Irish Church Missions.

‘ Farnham, Dec. 8.

‘ I must send you a line of preliminary congratulation before you leave Wonston for the important event of the 18th. You know my

heart is very affectionately desirous of your welfare, without any special and verbal assurance of such a fact, but there are times and seasons in life when the distinct enunciation of prayers and wishes for another are not out of place, and this is one of them. And I know not that I can convey my own feelings toward you better than by anticipating words which will soon be addressed to you at a more solemn and affecting moment, "God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve, and keep you both. The Lord mercifully with His favour look upon you, and so fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace, that ye may so live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting."

'You will not doubt that I set to this my hearty and fervent *Amen*.

'One word about the Exeter Hall meeting. Although it has taught me no new facts, it was yet extremely interesting, even to me, who knew before something of Castelterke. It was valuable to see the testimony borne to the reality of the results, by men so trustworthy as those who vouched for the truth of the encouraging statement.'

The sanguine temperament of my dear husband was through life tempered and gently moulded by the peculiar caution and calm judgment of this friend, to whom his heart was knit in the strongest ties of affection.

The details of the wedding-day (the 18th December) belong to a domestic story rather than to the peculiar province of these recollections; but Mr. Dallas always remembered them with such joyous gratitude in their bearing on his ministry that the account of them cannot well be omitted.

The affectionate intercourse between the Rev. T. G. Tyndale and himself as Rector and Curate in 1824, was to merge into that of father and son, and they were of one mind in the arrangements for this union.

The second chapter of St. John, verse 2, seemed to comprise all our desire for the occasion, and a full direction for a Christian wedding. We had both earnestly prayed that ours might be graced by the presence of our Lord and Saviour, as well as that of His disciples, and that the day might be consecrated by a very special communion with Himself. It was determined to have the full morning service, the marriage taking place after the second lesson; and that all the poor who were members of the Church, as well as the school-children, should have the opportunity they much desired, of joining in it. And the church was

crowded with, not *gazers*, but earnest *worshippers*. This was made a special point. In the morning of the day, a regret was felt that such a number of poor people should go away without a short address. Having earnestly prayed that this solemn service might not pass without spiritual benefit to those present, my dear husband expressed his willingness to preach a sermon on the occasion. After the service, he therefore ascended the pulpit, and preached a short sermon on the word we had chosen, 'Jesus was called and His disciples to the marriage.' In this he showed in the first place, that we must call Him to our earthly feasts by prayer and faith; that if we really love Him, we shall not be happy to be anywhere or do anything without Him; that His presence can alone secure for us a blessing; and in the second place, as we invite Jesus to our earthly feasts, He invites us to the table spread with the riches of His Gospel grace here, and that He will invite us hereafter to sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

After this a great number remained to partake with us of the Holy Communion. This service shed a savour on the remainder of the day, and we felt that the invited Lord was truly present with us. This was the commencement of twenty years of love and work and blessing. Before the week closed, Mr. Dallas had to attend a Committee for the Irish Church Missions, and on the day following this, we entered our Rectory home amid the warmest greetings of our people. We were immediately in full work with Christmas services and parochial occupation.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

## IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS.

1850—1854.

It will be expected that the first address in the beginning of the new year would be an earnest *appeal for prayer* under the new responsibilities and the extended sphere of labour which Mr. Dallas felt to be laid upon him by the ‘Shepherd and Bishop of Souls.’ The opposition of the priests had been roused in many places, and much wisdom as well as courage was called for in those who guided the machinery of the New Society. After expressing his deep sense of this need, he adds:—

‘I have the most confident conviction that the work is of God, and will be assuredly blessed. I am anxious to leave no means unemployed to obtain the blessing upon which I and all the agents rely,—to secure combined supplication at the Throne of Grace. Nothing could be more calculated to give courage to the missionary agents than to feel themselves thus continually upheld in their work by prayer, nothing could afford me greater comfort in endeavouring to direct their course according to the wisdom from on high.’

Then follow suggestions for prayer, the first of which is, ‘Place the whole work in God’s hands and entreat Him to use it for His own glory.’ To impress the duty of prayer for Ireland on the hearts of Christians generally, he printed a little tract entitled ‘United Prayer for Ireland,’ containing not only the special subjects for petition, but also a form of prayer which he proposed to be used in the family every Saturday morning. This prayer has been continually reprinted, and has been in constant use in many Christian families. The union of heart in this combined intercession has given a real spring to the Irish Missionary work throughout the Christian world.



The Prayer was sent to Ireland enclosed in a letter to all the missionaries and agents. They needed encouragement, for the opposition was assuming a new phase. In many places the poor converts were suffering the loss of all things, and that with great courage and patience. Denunciations from the altars, with the curses of their priests, gave a full liberty to their Roman Catholic neighbours to insult and injure them in every possible way. Nevertheless, the schools filled, and many came out of the apostate Church. The letter sent to them at this time was full of spiritual advice and consolation. After arrangements for prayer and work, it thus closes:—

‘Let your love for their souls prevent you taking offence at their wayward opposition—pray for grace to overcome evil with good. It was when they were driving the nails into His hands that Jesus said, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” Luke xxiii. 34. Carry on your work in the same spirit. Go forward with courage and with confidence, using the sword of the Spirit in your struggle to rescue the poor prisoners who are taken captive by the devil, and are held in the chains of Romanism. But while you fight boldly in this cause never forget that we bear on our heart the wonder-working watchword LOVE, in connection with the all-prevailing name of CHRIST. My heart partakes of the feelings of St. Paul, and I adopt his language in Romans i. 9–12.

‘P.S.—It may, by God’s blessing, strengthen and comfort you to know that a large number of Christians will make your present need and circumstances the subject of special prayer. I shall ask them to unite in doing this every Saturday morning.’

The last letter from his fellow-worker, the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, before he entered upon his eternal inheritance, is dated Jan. 25, 1850:—

‘Dear Dallas,

‘I have been so pressed with journeying and with work that I could not return your letters till now. I hope that they will stop the evil which the enemy is so busy to make. “If God be for us who can be against us?” came in our family reading this morning, and it is just for you. “*Ourselves nothing, Christ and His cause everything*,” be our motto. Be of good courage, dear brother, on whom the brunt and burden of this war has so much rested.

‘Your affectionate brother,

‘E. BICKERSTETH.’

He entered into the joy of his Lord on the 25th of February, on which occasion Mr. Dallas hastened to soothe by his presence the deeply afflicted family of his beloved friend.

To take another glance into the Rectory home, which was again restored to the Rector with renewed comforts. The day commenced with 'open family prayers,' to which all the parish were invited, and many old people living round took advantage of this opportunity of instruction. Among that morning congregation were a family of little children residing in the village, whose parents were in India, who were questioned on the texts of Scripture given in the 'Calendar,' and received many a loving lesson from their minister. Of that family one is now a Christian officer, not ashamed to confess the faith of Christ; another, a little girl, went to India, where she married, and was, with her nurse and two children, a victim to the barbarities of Cawnpore, entering by that dreadful passage upon the realization of those Scriptural truths in which she had been trained. Could we foresee the future of those to whom we speak the Word of Life, what loving, earnest boldness would it not inspire! In that morning instruction the seed was sown in many hearts.

Speaking of these open family prayers, one who then lived under the ministry at Wonston says:—

'Well do I remember the delightful times I have there enjoyed in the study of the Scriptures. The information I received I can never forget. Perhaps there were few times in which our minister's great knowledge of Scripture was more conspicuous than on these occasions. His expositions were so full and exhaustive, and his prayers were so exactly what we needed. He certainly could lead the devotions of others in a way which very few are capable of doing.'

It was our united desire that our large old Rectory with every thing else should be consecrated to the service of our Divine Master. The house afforded facilities for work, and one wing was appropriated to that for Irish Church Missions. The study was a mental laboratory, and no office hours were kept while work was to be done. The rising sun of a summer morning has found Mr. Dallas still over his desk when the cogitations of his brain in the arrangement of the new Society had out-run the hours of the previous day.

For some years all the *office* work was carried on at Wonston. The agents were paid monthly in advance, that there might be

no excuse for debt. Regular 'forms' and 'returns' were arranged for the whole of the executive department. The weekly journals of every reader were inspected, and the exact amount of their work entered. The correspondence with all the clerical missionaries was immense, and every letter was numbered and kept, and the subject of it registered. The arrangements which were called for were prepared by the Honorary Secretary for the Committee in a suggested form; and generally one day was required in London for consultation and work for the Society. Even to advanced age he regularly attended the Committee meetings, braving the severest weather, leaving his home at seven o'clock in the morning, and returning at midnight. The readers who were to be inspected and tested as to efficiency, were also at this time often at Wonston, either as visitors in the house or lodging in the village. Another work was added to this in the summer. It was important to have the knowledge of the mission extended, and it was decided that a monthly periodical, giving to the Christian public some of the very interesting accounts which were received, would be advisable. The 4th verse of the 60th Psalm seemed to express the nature of the work and gave a title to the book. It was an unfurling of '*the Banner of Truth*' in the face of its enemies. Mr. Dallas was convinced that the Roman Catholics of Ireland had not the true Gospel which the United Church of England and Ireland possessed, and that it was a bounden duty to carry that Gospel to them as a standard-bearer displaying this banner, 'because of,' or for the cause of, the truth. This little book was issued from the Wonston Press every month. The first number appeared in August, and it has been ever since the record of the work and progress of the Irish Church Missions.

The need had long been felt of a schoolroom at Sutton, and one of the first home works after our marriage was to set on foot a collection for this object, and the surprise and gratification was great when the large sum of 34*l.* was sent over from the convert congregations of Ireland for this object. Little cards had been filled up with pennies, and small sums by the poor people all through the Missions; these with a few larger sums in Dublin, were sent over with a letter expressing their grateful love to Mr. Dallas. This was truly the 'abundance of joy and

of deep poverty abounding to the riches of liberality.' (2 Cor. viii. 2.) On the receipt of this packet, my dear husband could scarcely repress his tears. At the laying of the first stone Archdeacon Hoare was present, and many friends united in consecrating the building to God.

In the Parochial Calendar the opening of this schoolroom is thus mentioned:—

'It has been begun and continued in much prayer that the Lord would sanctify it to His service, not only for the training of the children, but for a revival of His work in the hearts of the adult people, who are called there from time to time by their minister. Thanking all who have put even a single brick into the building, he then solicits their *greater help* of prayer so needed by the apostle, "Ye also helping together by prayer for us," &c. (2 Cor. i. 11).'

Besides the daily instruction and weekly prayer meetings, this room was used for Divine Service, and a lecture every Sunday evening during the winter, which the Rector always undertook himself.

Early in this year the presence of the commanding officer was required to strengthen and animate those agents of the Society who were in hand-to-hand combat with the enemies of truth in Dublin. He found many valiant men entered on the arena of controversy with Rome, who called for his help. He had been studying Gal. i. 6-9, and 2 Cor. xi. 3-15, in connection with Roman Catholic doctrines, and he preached on this subject in St. Michan's Church, entitling the sermon 'The Christ of Rome not the Christ of Scripture.' In this he mentioned that the Gospel, as set forth in the Canons of the Council of Trent, and the Roman Catholic exhibition of the person of Christ, are 'another Gospel and another Christ,' than that which was preached by St. Paul: and that no man can be saved except by faith in the *true* 'Christ of Scripture.' He urged that Roman Catholics, *as such*, cannot be saved by their own creed, as it leads them to another Christ, though individuals of them may, by the mercy of God, arrive at salvation through the true Christ *in spite* of the Roman doctrine rather than in the faith of it. In answer to the commonly received opinion that the Church of Rome, holding the Apostles' and the Nicene Creed, *must* possess the essential faith necessary to salvation, Mr.

Dallas proved, that by the creed of Pope Pius IV. in 1564, *twelve articles* of faith were *added* to these creeds, *utterly repugnant to Scripture*, and setting at nought the written Word of God by substituting the traditions of the Church as of equal authority. He showed that all the cardinal doctrines of our religion are, by the way in which they are stated in the Articles of the Council of Trent, entirely contradicted and superseded. In entering fully into this argument, it is only necessary to examine carefully these Canons on the doctrines of original sin, justification, on the offices of Christ, and the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart of the believer, and to compare them with the statement of Holy Scripture; and it will be seen that, though there is an occasional mixture of truth, they are diametrically opposed to one another. This abrogation of the true Gospel and substitution in its place of the Gospel of Rome, has been fully exposed in a course of four sermons preached at Notting Hill, entitled 'Roman Teaching, what it is and what it is not,' in 1857; and also in seven lectures on the 'Creed of Pope Pius IV.' delivered in 1858.

The priests had not then learned the policy of silence, and in answer to this sermon a very celebrated orator and able controversialist, Dr. O'Connell, commenced preaching against the heretics. He maintained that Mr. Dallas's sermon only reproduced the arguments of Bishop Jewel, which had been refuted long ago, and were untenable. In a second sermon he attacked the foundation of the Anglican Church, as he considered, with complete success. Mr. Dallas again came forward, and in April he advertised another sermon in answer to the learned Doctor, in which the inquiry was to be considered, 'Has the Church of Rome the Apostolic Commission?' proving by her own authorized Canons that the true commission of the Lord Jesus to preach *the Gospel* has been utterly nullified and contravened. On the point of the succession, he shows the difference between the messenger and the message in the line of argument which is traced in the following extract:—

'The plea of the succession depends theologically upon the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, as recorded in the twenty-eighth chapter of St. Matthew, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations;"—Go and teach, and make

disciples—proselytise, which is the right application of the word, and would to God that we could proselytise all the Roman Catholics in the country ! Go forth, proselytise and make disciples in all nations—“ baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost : teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.” This is the *message*. Then He adds, “ And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.” That relates to the *messengers*. Thus these are two points—the message and the messengers. It is not that our Lord Jesus Christ says, “ Go into all the world and say whatever you like, or what I may hereafter tell you.” It is, “ Go ye therefore, and teach all nations to observe all things whatsoever *I have commanded you*.” The reference is in the past tense, to all things already commanded. Our blessed Lord had chosen some to be with Him that they might know those things, and He gave them the Holy Spirit to bring these things to their remembrance ; and He directs them to go and teach all those things which He has taught them ; and adds, “ Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.” Now, suppose we grant that upon the latter words the whole doctrine of the succession may be built—suppose we grant that these messengers may go forth, and put their hands upon others, and that the Lord’s warrant applies to those following messengers—you will perceive that they had a special charge, and that so far as they were His messengers, they had to carry His message, and that so far as they did not carry His message, *they are not His messengers*. This may seem to be an obvious thought, but it is strangely overlooked. Hear the statement of it by high authority, that of Archbishop Laud, who had a controversy with Fisher the Jesuit, a relation of which I hold in my hand. The edition from which I am about to quote is dated 1639, and the book is entitled, “ A Relation of the Conference between William Laud, then Lord Bishop of St. David’s, now Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. Fisher the Jesuit.”

‘ Archbishop Laud thus writes :—“ Most evident it is that the succession which the Fathers meant, is not tied to place or person, but to the verity of doctrine. For so Tertullian expressly : ‘ Besides the order of Bishops, running down in succession from the beginning, there is required consanguinitas doctrinæ, that the doctrine be allied in blood to that of Christ and His Apostles, so that, if the doctrine be no kin to Christ, all the succession become strangers, what nearness soever they pretend.’ And Irenæus speaks plainer than he : ‘ We are to obey those Presbyters, which, together with the succession of their Bishopricks, have received carissima veritas, the gift of truth.’ ” —Page 383.’

The study of prophecy gave a powerful impetus to his controversial ministry ; for Mr. Dallas held, on the ground of the arguments which Bishop Wordsworth has so ably put forth, that the Mystery of Iniquity, ‘ the Man of Sin,’ and the ‘ Babylon’

of the Apocalypse, all under different phases depict the apostate Church of Rome, and that seeing her under this character there could be no palliation of her errors. The key-note of all his ministry with Roman Catholics was the solemn call of God Himself, Rev. xviii. 4, 'Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.' This was his *commission*; and his love for the truth of God, and ardent desire to rescue the souls whom he felt to be in danger, led him to be instant in season and out of season in endeavouring to convince them of their errors. With him there could be no fraternising or seeking for union with a Church which stands in such antagonism to the Word of the living God and the teaching of His Spirit. Mr. Dallas strongly felt with Bishop Wordsworth, when he says:—

'His divine Word forbids us to look for union with the Church of Rome. We cannot unite with her as she now is; and it forbids us to expect that Rome will be other than she is; it reveals the awful truth that Babylon will be Babylon to the end. It displays her ruin. It says death, mourning, and famine are her destiny; and that she will be burnt with fire. It shows us the smoke of her burning.'

Perhaps there was no passage of Holy Writ he oftener applied and preached on at this time than Prov. xxiv. 11, 12, 'If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?' regarding the true state of the Romanists to be herein expressed, and also the awful responsibility of those whose wilful ignorance and neglect would leave them in it.

These views, so contrary to those of a large body of the English clergy, and some, of much learning and influence, continually subjected Mr. Dallas to considerable opposition, and not unfrequently, to scorn and even hatred. Very painful breakings off from old friendship, and strongly expressed disapproval of his ministerial course, was a not unlooked for result.

There could be no sympathy in the minds of those who know nothing of Rome's theology, and who regard reverence as religion, to whatever dogma it is attached. Still less would

be found with those earnest men who have incipiently imbibed the seed of all her doctrines—who, having slid off the firm rock of the written Word to the unstable quagmire of tradition, are ready to fraternize with her communion and press to their heart the apostate Church.

The controversial sermons with Dr. O'Connell were made of great use to many who listened with anxious attention to both sides. In them, as well as in his lectures, Mr. Dallas's statements of doctrine are not taken from superficial or vague misconception. He studied the Canons of the Council of Trent and other authorized books of Rome, and never advanced what could not therein be proved.

A correspondence with the learned Doctor soon followed the sermons, and was printed; and this little pamphlet stands as a model of that gentle, loving, yet faithful tone, which Mr. Dallas always maintained in conducting controversy, and always impressed upon his agents to maintain under the most irritating and difficult circumstances.

From the beginning of the Society the motto always urged was '*Christ and the Controversy.*' *Christ first*, as the only name whereby men can be saved. *Christ first*, as that spring of spiritual life which must concentrate all diverging opinions, and without which the adoption of the most orthodox sentiments would be in vain for the salvation of the soul. *Christ first.*—The great subject of salvation in Him, and of the need of a personal application of that salvation, to be *first* set forth to the poor Roman Catholics, before controverting the errors of their creed.

Our wedding tour, which was postponed to July, was decided to be a visit to Ireland. It was one of no little toil, but a tour among the Missions well repaid all inconveniences. Often after long days of rough travelling, Mr. Dallas had to meet the agents and confer with the clergy until a very late hour. At different stations on our way he met the Local Committee, entered into the difficulties the clergy had to encounter, and organized new operations. The Dublin Mission work presented features of peculiar interest. Mr. McCarthy, the superintending clergyman, had commenced a class, to which he invited inquiring Romanists for the opening of the Scriptures. This was held at St. Michan's schoolroom, and here we saw sixty-two persons,



from respectable tradesmen to poor creatures with scarcely a rag on them, all sitting round a large table with Bibles in their hands, answering Mr. McCarthy's questions on the fifth chapter of Romans. Of these only six were Protestants, a few were training for readers, and the rest Roman Catholics, some, seeing the errors of their Church and anxious to be instructed in the Bible, and others, determined to prove their Church to be right. The gentle way in which they were all answered, and the resolving of every question for proof to a text of Scripture, made it a most interesting instruction, and truly rejoiced us. Some went away saying they would go to the priests and get an answer, but these often returned to find a rest of mind and heart in the written Word of God which the priest failed to give them, and which they knew nothing of before.

Another feature of great encouragement was the eagerness with which the people listened to the controversial sermons which were then being preached on the doctrines of Rome. On this occasion when Mr. Nangle's subject was Transubstantiation, the aisles were crammed to suffocation, and the deep feeling evinced by that immense concourse was very striking. The same interest was manifested when Mr. Dallas preached in answer to Dr. O'Connell. As we travelled westward it was very difficult to prevent too public demonstrations of the feeling of the poor people. The 'Cead mille failthe,' traced in large letters under branches of holly along the road, with bonfires on the hills, and other Irish expressions of gratitude and love, met us in every place where a school had been established, or readers had been sent to them. Laying the first stone of a school at Glan was a most interesting scene in the midst of the mountains, hundreds of the poor having gathered to give Mr. Dallas a welcome and to listen to his address. The enthusiasm of the Irish hearts, which still lingering poverty and disease could not damp, made it a scene not to be forgotten. The prayer which followed, that the blessing of the Lord might rest on that school, and all taught therein, as well as the address, was translated into Irish as it was spoken; and a hearty response wafted these petitions on high. Still warmer welcome awaited us at Clifden, where we were located at the Castle, from whence the D'Arcy family were supplying, even beyond their power,

the starving people around them. This was a centre from which much missionary work was set on foot, in all the surrounding districts. New missionary stations were opened, new readers engaged, and the whole arrangements made more permanent. But this was only one side of the picture. Very different feelings were manifested on the part of the priests and by some of their people, and every mark of indignity was heaped upon the man whom they considered the Head of this movement. It was arranged that all the children of the mission schools round Clifden should meet us and be regaled with tea and cake at the Castle, and about 2000 children were assembled on the beautiful ground before the house and presented to us a copy of verses of welcome, composed by themselves for the occasion. It was a cheering sight to see so many poor little ragged starving children all taught in the Scriptures, and trained in the knowledge of Christ.

But one school was wanting. After some time the missionary, the Rev. J. Kilbride, came running, out of breath, with his hat beaten in, and altogether in a forlorn condition, saying his school had been waylaid by the boys of the monks' school, and severely beaten and driven back. The elder people joined in the skirmish, and there was a regular encounter in the narrow part of the road. Magisterial interference was necessary, and the ringleaders of this assault were brought to justice. One of the readers was much hurt, and was unable to leave his bed for some days. The next day we went out to Errislanon, to see the poor children who were hurt, and at the door of the schoolhouse Mr. Dallas addressed them, and entreated them to show meekness and patience under any injuries they might suffer. He then spoke separately to each child who had been wounded, and asked if they could forgive the person who had done it; each one said 'I do.' He then prayed very earnestly for the dear children, for a blessing on the school, and especially for those who had so opposed and injured them, that God would turn their hearts and forgive them; and there was a hearty 'Amen' to this prayer from the children and from all standing round.

It was a time of excitement in the town of Clifden on account of the arrival of the Roman Catholic Archbishop on a visitation of his clergy; and as whisky had been freely given among the people,

an excited mob gathered to meet him. A reader happening to come in the way was severely beaten, and Mr. Dallas was burnt in effigy, with very insulting inscriptions. Mr. D'Arcy went out, as a magistrate, to quell the riot, and received a stone at the back of his neck, but his firm authority and Christian courage commanded respect, and the mob was soon dispersed. On every occasion his presence had a wonderful power in quieting any tumult. In the excitement of an Irish mob the yells and screeches of the women are often prominent, but Mr. Dallas found the best way of meeting the difficulty was by turning the tide of agitation into a little fun. On one occasion when a woman came up, and poking her fingers into his face made the most horrible grimace, he stood firm, and said, 'What an ugly face! pray make it again; I never saw anything like it before.' This made all the people round burst into a roar of laughter, and their latent good-temper quelled all the fury of their bigotry.

On our visit to Sellerna stones were thrown at our carriage, and in one place a rough wall of large stones was built across the road to prevent our passing; but we had friends with us of all classes, who set vigorously to work, and quickly pulled it down. As much opposition was manifested, Mr. Dallas felt it important to present a bold unflinching face to the opposers of the truth, and determined to go and preach there himself the next Sunday. The schoolroom, which had been licensed for service, was on this occasion densely crowded. Between four and five hundred persons joined in the prayers in Irish with solemnity and attention. In the midst of the service we heard noise and talking outside the window, and soon discovered that an Irish mob, with shillelaghs and stones, had surrounded the house, threatening to pull it down, and to destroy the 'jumpers.' Mr. D'Arcy had to go out, with some of his tenants, and his presence caused a pause. The people within were on their knees, and scarcely moved, and the service was not interrupted for more than a few minutes. The sermon, on Eph. i. 1, was listened to with breathless attention, and after this the Lord's Supper was administered to seventy persons, about fifty of whom were converts. The good missionary, Mr. Connerny, told us there would have been double this number, had he not refused to admit them till they had been longer under instruction.

During a few days spent at the Bishop of Tuam's country place, in the county of Mayo, we had evidence of the unfailing spirit of Romish intolerance. A bonfire was kindled outside the Bishop's gate, the fuel of which consisted of every Bible the priest and his agents could lay their hands upon. As we drove by the monastery, a little bell was rung, as a signal for some mark of abhorrence of our heresy, and the monks all came out and crossed themselves. After we had gone a few yards farther, a shower of stones thrown at us satisfied their consciences. The power of the priests over the minds of their flocks was at this time very great, and it was united with a strong belief in a supernatural influence connected with his office, so that to offend him entailed upon them, as they thought, innumerable evils. The Word of God was nevertheless making its way in many hearts.

A building on the Bishop's premises was fitted up as a school, and was used for Divine service every Sunday. Here Mr. Dallas preached to the converts on the importance of firm consistency, united with patient endurance; and afterwards a most interesting Sunday-school was held. Old men and women, with young and middle-aged, were gathered around the readers, and we heard them asking questions with an earnest desire to be taught what the truth was, so that the teachers could do little more than answer their scholars. They needed the words of comfort which they that day received, for the poor people had come through no slight persecution to hear the Word of God. A church has since been built in Tourmakeady, and a missionary clergyman now resides among them.

At Errislanon, Mr. Dallas was preaching on the power of the Holy Spirit in the conversion of the heart, and while introducing personal addresses and some pointed questions, one woman who had truly felt what he said, answered his questions in a quiet whisper, but as he proceeded she found she had misunderstood the English. Coming forward out of her place, she stood before the pulpit, and dropping her curtsey said, she begged his Honour's pardon, but she had said wrong, as she couldn't take it in. Upon this, Mr. Dallas turned to the missionary beside him, and begged him to translate what he said, sentence by sentence, into Irish, which was done during the remainder of the sermon. The effect upon

the hearers was like an electric shock ; the life and interest which lighted up their faces proved the power of their native tongue.

On our journeys in this mountain district, we often diverged from the main road to visit the cabin schools. On a former visit a farmer had come ten miles across the mountains to ask Mr. Dallas to give his children some teaching, urging the plea that 'they were growing up like the beasts.' This request had been granted, and now we found sixty children gathered for instruction under a capital schoolmaster, who also acted as reader in the village. Truly was there cause to thank God and take courage !

The parishioners, who had had so much of the personal attention of their clergyman, naturally felt the change which his frequent absence produced in the parish, and even among his personal friends there was a sympathy in their feelings—a jealousy of the missionary work,—which led to the following letter :—

‘ 27th July, 1850.

‘ My dear Friend,

‘ What you tell me of the feeling expressed by some of my parishioners has induced me seriously and prayerfully to reconsider the subject of my much occupation in Ireland in the service of our Lord and Master. I am thankful for this inducement, as I am more than ever convinced in my view of the subject, upon which I have acted. I have a country parish, the population of which is 706. I have devoted a number of years to as earnest a fulfilment of my ministry among them as I am capable. Unusual circumstances call me to a sphere of usefulness, which involves the highest interest of many thousand souls. I am led in a way I cannot refuse to undertake the practical working of a Society which aims at nothing less than the Protestantizing of Ireland, and God gives most remarkable success to the efforts He enables me to make.

‘ Under these circumstances, I associate with myself a sound, pious, and very diligent Curate, not because of my absence from the parish, but because of the calls upon my mind and time while in my parish, which prevent my devoting myself wholly to my parochial ministry.

‘ My actual absence from the parish does not exceed the term allowed to all clergymen—a period which many clergymen employ in relaxation and change. Have, then, the parishioners, or the world at large, any ground for reasonable complaint ? My travelling is always in the way of work for the Lord, which produces some talk, which my absence for relaxation would not do. Every step in the Irish work convinces me more that the hand of the Lord is in it. The success He vouchsafes is very marked, while it is plain that the case is not an ordinary one in which one man will fill a position if another does not,

but it is an extraordinary one to which I have been providentially called. I cannot give it up if I would! . . . Put the following questions to any one who complains of my recent absence on the missionary work in Ireland:—If I had been at Wonston these two months, should I, or could I, have done more than my excellent Curate has done, either in daily visiting, or in public ministration?

‘If I had not been in Ireland, who would have carried on that peculiar work among the Roman Catholics and converts, which does not depend upon systematic arrangement to be done by some one or other, but which arises from circumstances, and has been blessed with singular success in promoting the cause of truth in that country?’

‘Yours faithfully,

‘ALEX. R. C. DALLAS.’

The following letter was written to the young mother to whom a letter of congratulation was before addressed, on the death of her infant:—

‘My heart bled for you, dearest C——, when on my way from Ireland yesterday I met a heap of letters, and one of them to tell me that it has pleased God to tear your heart by rending from it the dear little soul which He had so recently committed to your tender care. It needs to have a parent’s heart to know how deeply the earliest shoots of love for an infant strike into its inmost recesses, and it needs, too, that the painful exercise of the uprooting of such a love should have been experienced, that a true sympathy should exist. I shall never forget the strange power of feeling that overcame me when I lost an infant of less than a year old, and how reason failed to calm the disturbance of heart; and I can feel for you, dearest C——, as a father feels for a child that is suffering; and I can speak in the same tone to you of the blessedness of knowing assuredly that the dear soul, washed in the blood of Jesus, is settled in the state in which they are waiting for glory. I have two tablets in my church that tell me of my two infants taken to the Lord by His great mercy, and I never see them now without an emotion of thankfulness to God that they were taken in safety. I pray earnestly that your heart may speedily be brought into that frame, in which all the grief of the present rending will take the form of thankfulness, in solemn joyfulness for having made you mother to an infant resting with Jesus.

‘I wished to have written to you on the 2nd of April, when you and Edith came powerfully to my mind. I am incapacitated by over-much thinking, and doing things that will be done in spite of myself. Let me have a word from you to tell me that you are satisfied with God’s dealings for you. Remember that He takes a child in mercy, and in the taking, He wounds a heart that may need the wounding more than the sweet love of the child. Have you looked into your heart and asked the question, “Wherefore contendest thou with me?” You will find out some reason, dearest C——, and then you will learn to love Him more for giving you the gentle chastisement of the loss.

instead of the bitter pang of a child growing up without grace and with self-indulgence. Instead of that, you can now think with assurance of one in heaven.

‘Your very affectionate father in Christ,  
‘A. R. C. DALLAS.’

The need was daily more and more felt of assistance for his personal labours. In addition to the work in Ireland, a deputation tour was often called for on his return, to gather the supplies. A reply from his wife to one of the numerous applications received, is a specimen of this branch of the work :—

‘Last Friday my husband had an I. C. M. meeting in Bath ; Saturday, formation of Ladies’ Association ; Sunday, two sermons for the society ; Monday, arrangements at Oxford ; Tuesday, Cambridge I. C. M. meeting ; to-day, Huntingdon ; to-morrow, Aylesbury ; Friday, committee in town, and lecture to young men in the evening ; Saturday and Sunday, at home. Lectures in Winchester all Lent, with the home work till after Easter. The solemn services of the Passion week he never deposes to others.’

It became impossible that Mr. Dallas should carry on all this work alone. He sought and prayed much for a suitable helper. A young clergyman had lately come to the next village as curate to his much valued friend, Archdeacon Jacob. A very short acquaintance with Mr. Eade made Mr. Dallas feel that he was one whose mind would respond to his own, and who would, under his training, be exactly the helper he needed. Mr. Eade, after much consideration, accepted the proposal of new work, and with his Rector’s permission came to reside with us and act for a season as Private Secretary.

He has devoted himself to the work with all his powers of mind and body, and has for some years, as the Missionary Secretary, made full proof of his ministry. A letter lately received from the Rev. H. Cory, the name he now bears, refers to this time :—

‘My dear Mrs. Dallas,

‘You have asked me to give you some recollections of my early intercourse with my beloved friend, and I do so with pleasure, taking me back, as it does, to the happy years I spent in Wonston Rectory, and to all the profitable intercourse, both public and private, I was permitted to enjoy with one with whom I may say, “As a son with the father,” I have “served with him in the Gospel.” How little did I think that my early admiration of his character should ever ripen into such close intimacy, both of personal affection and of public work !

There was about Mr. Dallas an earnest warmth of manner which attracted my attention and enlisted my sympathy. I have often looked back upon a little meeting for the Irish Church Missions, held in the schoolroom at Wonston, at which I was present, in the year 1851, when he requested me to speak, and gave me, in his pleasant manner, "exactly five minutes." I do not think I took more, and certainly the time was sufficient for me to tell all I knew about the work, which I never then thought of joining. I also often think of my own surprise when Mr. Dallas met me, as I was riding through Wonston on my way to Hunton, and asked me to enlist for Ireland, adding that he was willing to train me as secretary to himself, that I might learn the work and become qualified to carry it on. You remember, perhaps, how strongly I resisted. I felt so happy with the kindest of rectors, my esteemed friend, Archdeacon Jacob; and I regarded Ireland as a very remote and troublesome country, to which I felt no affinity, and in which I did not think myself peculiarly qualified to work. Mr. Dallas thought otherwise, and renewed his proposal. I can now trace the guiding of an unseen Hand in the whole arrangement, and have lived to love both the country and the work.

'Before deciding on my joining the mission, Mr. Dallas proposed that I should go with him to Ireland, and there visit the various stations of the society. You will not have forgotten the journey, for you and the present Bishop of Ripon were of the party; it was in August, 1852. Everything combined to make the visit both pleasant and profitable, and never shall I forget my first impressions of Ireland and the Irish, and the happy scenes of missionary success, more especially in the west, which I was then permitted to witness.

'I have always considered the secret of Mr. Dallas's success in his public work to have been due to the happy combination of Christian wisdom and genuine piety for which he was so remarkable, and this, coupled with the most delicate consideration for others, and the most sterling integrity as a true and genuine friend. Few men knew human nature better. His varied experience of life gave him an immense discernment of character, while his natural sweetness of disposition and habitual communion with the Saviour made him tender and thoughtful to a most remarkable degree, and attached persons to him in a way which I have never seen equalled. Many who only saw the public phase of his life, his decision and earnestness, never gave him credit for those tender amenities and sweet dispositions which those who were privileged to be his intimate friends, or to dwell under his roof, can never forget. He was never gloomy or morose—always prayerful and always cheerful.

'His presence invariably shed a brightness over those with whom he came in contact, and made Wonston Rectory one of the brightest of Christian homes. He was singularly unselfish; his greatest happiness was to put forward others, and to give place to younger men, though inferior in every way to himself. I can speak from experience on this point, as we often went together to public meetings. His habit of habitual prayerfulness was most striking: you *felt* it



was a real power, and that it was relied on for wisdom and strength. The impress of this is stamped upon the work of the Irish Missions, and not a child in a Mission school but has learnt what we love to call "Mr. Dallas's Prayer:" "O God, for Jesus Christ's sake, give me the Holy Spirit."

'I used to feel at Wonston that there were few means of grace I ever enjoyed, more profitable, or in their own way more original, than the family prayers. Mr. Dallas's expositions were, in my judgment, models of the application of Scripture to human character and the circumstances of daily life. In the freedom of his own family he poured forth his deepest convictions, which you felt to have been drawn from a mind penetrated with the power of the Word of God. Very similar to these were his Sunday evenings at Sutton, where he expounded certain selected portions with great power of personal application combined with remarkable simplicity. I never heard a more *faithful* preacher than Mr. Dallas. His dealing with the conscience was most direct and searching. To have heard it was at once a privilege and a deep responsibility. He was in his public labours all that we knew him to be in private life—the same combination of earnestness and gentleness, of bold uncompromising testimony against error, with a loving setting forth of truth—controversial, yet deeply spiritual. He was fond of adventure, and courageous in danger; and this, with a fund of anecdote and information, made him a most agreeable and lively companion in our Missionary tours; but with all this he never lost an opportunity of preaching and speaking of the Saviour whom he loved, and in whose spirit he lived.'

Though a great number of converts had been confirmed by the Bishop of Tuam in the year 1849, yet the first Confirmation, especially for the Missions, took place this year. It was administered in seven different localities; and of 743 persons confirmed only thirty-one were original Protestants. In prospect of it, Mr. Dallas was asked by the Committee to write a letter to all the Missionaries, putting strongly before them the importance of giving much time to preparatory instruction and to earnest prayer, that the occasion might be one of special blessing. In this letter he says: 'Let no desire of presenting a large number of candidates tempt you to admit any of whom you stand in doubt.' He then urges them to represent the ordinance of Confirmation as a special dedication of themselves to the service of Christ, and, at the same time, as an open and decided coming out from Romanism; and never to cease their labour, care, and diligence until they had done all they could to bring their people to the faith and knowledge of God. This pastoral letter



was received with deep feeling by the Missionaries. The catechumens consisted of only thirty-one original Protestants, while the converts from Romanism were *seven hundred and twelve*. After this rite had been administered, there was a visitation and inspection of the missionaries and agents from *sixteen* different stations. An ordination took place at the same time of three missionary deacons, of whom two were converted Roman Catholics. Mr. Dallas preached from Acts xvii. 1-5, drawing a comparison between the rapid growth of the Church in Thessalonica and that now rising in Connemara.

This summer the Bishop visited all the missionary stations with the Hon. Secretary, and heartily shared in his joy in witnessing the success which had attended every effort. They were especially cheered at Sellerna, where Mr. Dallas preached to a large congregation, and afterwards assisted the Bishop in administering the Communion to 102 communicants.

Ten new schoolrooms were already called for, and the spirit of faith and energy which had collected the children was mercifully diffused to many Christian friends, who set to work to collect a separate fund for this purpose. The Society has from the beginning strictly maintained its principle to appropriate none of its funds to anything not directly of a missionary character; but as mountain streams fed from the same celestial source, these rivulets of charity increased, to augment the stream of missionary work. Everything testified that the Lord was Himself working with His servants, and confirming the Word by His own power. An incidental notice of a sermon preached in Dublin in the letter of the Lay Agent there, is another testimony:—

‘Mr. Dallas preached on Sunday evening at St. Michan’s, on “The true position of Mary.” It was the most powerful, pointed, searching, affectionate discourse I ever heard. There could not have been fewer than 800 Romanists present; some of them, with their Roman Prayer-books in their hands, seemed most attentive. Eight of them came to my house next morning through torrents of rain, and told me they were now decided, and determined never to pray to her again, or go to mass. One of them said, “Sure enough, sir, no woman is the mother of the Spirit, much less mother of the Divinity.” Five others have come since with the same determination.’

Mr. D’Arcy also writes:—

‘Thank God, the work goes on here fast increasing through every part of the district. The congregations immense, the schools full;

over 2600 scholars passed in the inspections of April. May there be many of them to meet the Lord at His coming !'

The examinations testified that these children were well taught in the Scripture, that it was not with them a system of rote, but that they evidently had their minds exercised. The answer of one girl in the Baratrough school is an evidence of this, among many others. On being asked, 'What is it to believe in Christ?' she said, 'It is the Spirit of God moving the soul to lean upon Jesus, and trust Him for our salvation.'

In his address to his own flock on his return, Mr. Dallas says :—

'The steadfastness of the converts amongst fearful persecutions, the opening of so many new spheres of labour, the raising up of so many faithful labourers, all prove that the hand of the Lord has been working with His servants. "Having received mercy, they faint not." "Jehovah-Nissi" is inscribed on every effort they make in the great struggle, and in that motto is strength and victory.—The exclamation, "What has God wrought !" will be quickly followed in every Christian heart by the question, "What can I do for God ?"'

In July, the earnest desire of his heart for the pastoral care of the converts at Clifden was accomplished in the ordination of Mr. D'Arcy, and his appointment to the Incumbency of that district of which the town of Clifden is the centre. His long standing influence in the country as a landed proprietor and a magistrate, made this event an important step in the missionary progress. The following letter expresses Mr. Dallas's feelings on the subject :—

'My dear Friend,

'I scarcely ever remember having to write a letter that gave me so much pleasure as that I have the pleasure of penning now to you. I desire to begin it by offering a heart full of thanks to God for having crowned my very earnest efforts with success. I call upon you to join me. For a long time I have been anxious to place you in a different position. I proposed to the Bishop of Tuam to admit you to holy orders, either as a missionary or as curate of Clifden ; he was full of kindness about it, but could not do it without the Primate's permission. He applied to the Primate, and he even went to Armagh to explain the whole case. At first, the Primate objected. I wrote a letter which met his objections, and after reconsidering the matter, he left the Bishop to do as he liked ; and he, with most cheering kindness, has commissioned me to communicate this good news to you. How truly I thank God, and pray that His blessing may be upon your Orders. But this is not all. The

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Bishop has determined to divide the union of Ballynakill, and he wants an Incumbent for one division, and proposes to present to this living the Rev. H. D'Arcy. Will he accept it? Dear, dear friend, how can we sufficiently praise God, or strive to serve Him who orders all things so marvellously for our comfort as well as for His glory? You must come over as soon as you can to Wonston. Only time for this.

‘Your affectionate friend,

‘ALEX. R. C. DALLAS.’

The year 1851 having closed with a note of praise and thanksgiving for these abundant tokens of the presence and blessing of the Lord, the first addresses of the new year re-echo the same. The Society for ‘Irish Church Missions’ has, from the beginning, carried on its machinery in the working of two great principles: ‘Ask, and it shall be given you;’ and, ‘Freely ye have received, freely give.’ The pressure of need instantly brought the first into action, and the many requirements, fulfilled the latter. While on one side the Channel a great door and effectual was opened, on the other side the same Almighty power opened many hearts to supply the need thus called forth. The means required to carry on the work already began, and to extend it, depended from month to month on the supplies sent in. These were maintained chiefly by the exertions of Mr. Dallas and his fellow-workers. Amongst other expedients he proposed an appeal to the merchants of London, and an application was made to the Lord Mayor, which met with a kind response. A meeting was convened in the City to give information on the state of Ireland, and another soon after was held at the West end of London. The result of these extra efforts was a sum exceeding 1,300*l*. But this was not enough; 10,000*l*. were needed for the urgent calls for increased missionary agency, and the mind that grasped all Ireland for the Lord, was bold to venture for His sake, and dared to ask for large supplies. He asked for 10,000*l*., but he always went first to the fountain head. He knew, and he acted upon the knowledge, that the ‘silver and the gold is the Lord’s.’ Several noble-minded men came forward with 500*l*. each, and, before the summer closed, the whole sum was obtained. After expressing his sense of the Lord’s mercy in this, he writes:—

‘His blessing must be sought at every step, and it will be given. Without it, no means can produce the desired result. One other

boon must now be asked at His hands, that suitable agents may be raised up, fitted by His grace for the great work. 'The prayers of the Lord's people should be unwearied on this behalf.'

And if ever a prayer was manifestly answered, we may, to the glory of God, acknowledge that this has been vouchsafed in every step of the Society's progress.

In reference to a proposed visit to Ireland, from January 26th to February 6th, 1852, during which there was work already marked out for every day in Dublin, Drogheda, and Galway, Mr. Dallas thus writes to Mr. M'Carthy :—

'I scarcely know whether I shall be able to cram all I have to do into this time ; but, God helping me, I will try. But my minutes must not be wasted. One main object of my visit to Dublin is the arrangement with you and E—— with reference to new agency. I am recruiting for six missionaries ordained and experienced, and at least fifty inferior agents. Think of this beforehand, and be ready to tell me how God puts it into your hearts and heads to assist in this great search. (Matt. ix. 38.)

'Another main object is the establishment of a model Mission School in Dublin. I am armed with powers about this.

'I must see all the agents at a special meeting. Consider what engagements are to be made, and help me not to waste my time, by suggesting plans for doing what must be done, as well packed into the day as may be ; but do not compromise me to any engagements, as I am making engagements for myself.

'I shall write to a good number of people from various parts to meet me in Dublin. Show this letter to Gregg and to F. B——. Above all, spread it before the Lord, and seek His blessing on every point of it, that I may be brought to you in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.

'Ever affectionately yours,

'ALEX. R. C. DALLAS.'

This visit is thus mentioned in a letter from a lay agent to a clergyman in England :—

'Mr. Dallas's last visit has been the most eventful of any he has ever made to this country. Many new fields of labour are opening up. His sermons on "What is proselytism?" have expounded a new view of the matter. His text on each occasion was James v. 19, 20 ; he laid great stress on "Save a soul from death." The meeting in the Rotunda was a very large and important one. The congregation at Drogheda was the largest of any former occasion. There were crowds of Romanists, all very attentive. I conversed with many of them since. They seemed completely shaken in their views, and very anxious on the great subject of salvation. Mr. Dallas took me with him to Tuam. I never witnessed such a scene in Ireland before ; hundreds of people, urged on by the priests, attempted to create

a disturbance. The yells and curses were awful, but Mr. Dallas walked through them as if he were in Wonston. I never witnessed the power of God more manifest in controlling such an assembly intent on evil.'

A fuller account of the mob in Tuam was given by a clergyman who happened to be there :—

'Mr. Dallas preached in the Cathedral on the subject of proselytism, to which the Roman Catholics had been kindly and affectionately invited to attend. As we walked to church, we were assailed with the most hideous yelling by a mob who had collected evidently for that purpose. The mob continued to increase, and the shouting was kept up during the whole service ; at last, it became necessary to send for the magistrate, who read the Riot Act, and ordered the people to disperse. Notwithstanding this, when we came out of church, we were again assailed at the gate by an immense mob, who followed, calling the most vile names, and shouting. Stones were thrown at the bishop's carriage, and we should not have reached the palace in safety, had not the magistrate and police followed us and restrained further violence. The clergyman of the parish assured us that they were continually exposed to the same treatment ; yet I must add, the feeling which seemed to engross them was one of utmost compassion for these unfortunate people.'

The following letter from Mr. Dallas was written on this tour :—

'Still is the Lord's mercy with me very abundantly. To Him be glory ! I wrote last from Galway before starting. I have not had an instant since. I arrived at Oughterard in time for service, and preached there. The priests were ringing the chapel bell to call the people to the jubilee ; yet the church was crammed to the utmost, and the windows opened to allow the overflowing knots of converts to hear the Word which God gave me ; and I felt it was given of Him. I had all the Missionaries together, and settled on a new school,' &c.

Connemara had been left by the Roman Catholic Church in the lowest state, both as to civilization and education. The three years of Missionary work had raised the tone of the population, and its influence was manifested in many converts to the Protestant Church. This could be no longer ignored by the priests, and their energies were now aroused to check the progress of proselytism ! To set in action a more powerful opposing influence the 'Catholic Defence Association' was formed in Dublin, and the Rev. Henry Wilberforce became its Secretary. The Irish Church Missions was the first point of attack ; and the charge brought against the Society was

that of bribery, and that the poor people had been induced to give up their old religion by unfair influence and by intimidation. This charge being publicly made, Mr. Dallas, as Honorary Secretary, felt it his duty to take up the gauntlet and combat the attack, and, as an official representative of the Society, he denied that the funds had been ever thus employed, or that its agents had ever used any weapons but those of scriptural truth. A correspondence followed between him and Mr. Wilberforce, which was peculiarly painful, as the two secretaries, now in such antagonistic positions, were once brother clergymen in the Church of England, standing together on one ground of truth, uniting under one standard to resist and drive away false doctrine.

On the subject of bribery, the Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Whately), whose clear judgment and sound sense were always on the side of truth, published a statement in which he undertook to prove that no instance of bribery had occurred, and that, after the most rigid inquiry, he could confidently say the charge was unfounded.

His deep conviction of the sufferings to which the poor converts were exposed, and their patience and good conduct under them, led to the formation of a Society for 'Protecting the Rights of Conscience,' of which the Archbishop was president, and which has for many years been productive of much good in giving employment and means of support to those who were suffering for conscience' sake.

Work was now commenced in Enniscorthy, Belfast, Carlow, Kilkenny, Drogheda, Portarlinton, Tuam, and Galway, for, beside thirty-seven regular Mission stations, there were twenty-nine Local Committees of Clergy, who thankfully accepted the aid of the Society among their Roman Catholic parishioners.

The Achill Mission, under the Rev. E. Nangle, had been for many years an outpost on which had been planted the standard of Gospel truth. The labours of that good man had, through the blessing of God, made this island a stronghold of Protestantism during twenty years of fearful difficulty, when he stood alone to grapple with the powers of darkness. He had at this time twenty-seven schools and readers working in different parts of the island, with very extended arrangements

for the temporal as well as spiritual relief of the people. Feeling much the burden of this work, he sought to transfer the arrangements for the direct spiritual work to the Committee of the 'Irish Church Missions.' This was, after much consideration, accepted, and it necessitated Mr. Dallas going to Achill, and resulted in the Society undertaking the entire management of this Mission. It was important that the principle of the Society should be faithfully adhered to; and as in this Mission there had been a considerable mixture of temporal relief with the spiritual agency, it was exceedingly difficult to work through the complication of the combined departments.

Among many valuable institutions established by Mr. Nangle, a training school for boys was found in a state of great efficiency, and from it have come forth some of the most useful agents, who were transferred to Dublin, and are now grown old in their work.

These new arrangements compelled Mr. Dallas to take many journeys to this Island, often in the depth of winter, and at great personal inconvenience. The mental anxiety and responsibility, also, would only have been undertaken by a man who always acted on the dictum, that the more he did the more he might do, and who seemed to be most in his element when he had a difficulty to conquer.

Openings were indeed presenting themselves from all parts of the country. There was a warm current of sympathy flowing forth from the clergy, and a plan was formed for an extension of the Missions in counties yet unvisited—to form, as it were, a large circle of light from Missionary stations, reaching from the Irish Sea to the Atlantic. There was everything to encourage hope, though perhaps there was not that development of the purposes of God that was afterward more clearly given to the mind of His servant, who was brought to feel that his work was to be, not the external reformation of Ireland as a nation, but the gathering of individual souls for the 'multitude which no man can number,' in the future kingdom of Christ.

In the address to the members of the 'Wonston Prayer Union' at the beginning of 1853, Mr. Dallas refers in grateful love to the sixteen years during which his hands had been



upheld by their united supplication. In this review, he says :—

‘As I seem standing on a hill, I can trace all the way the Lord has led me, and can perceive the wonderful teaching of God, (“who teacheth like Him?”) the merciful chastisements, the painful trials, the remarkable preservations, the providential interferences, the spiritual exercises, the struggles, temptations, and, praised be God, I can add, the triumphs in Christ and the joy of being employed as His instrument to the glory of His great name. I see how I have been prayed along a path in which nothing but prayers could have preserved me. I adore that Saviour who has by His mighty promise given power to united prayer.’

The 16th of January, the day on which the 25,000 letters were scattered over Ireland, was this year set apart for special intercession for a blessing on the work, and this anniversary has been thus regarded every year since in the Irish Church Missions, and by many associations and friends in England. In a paper which Mr. Dallas sent forth at this time, ‘A Call to Prayer,’ many important subjects are enumerated, and thanksgiving for the encouraging success is not forgotten. The agents employed now amounted to 342. Controversial sermons had been preached in 400 pulpits, while 5000 children were receiving scriptural instruction. Eight churches were erected or nearly completed in the Missionary districts, and two large schoolrooms were licensed for Divine service. With these abundant fruits, can it be wondered at that Mr. Dallas’s sanguine temperament should see in a near future all Ireland imbued with Gospel light and life, and that hope and desire lending their aid to faith, this beautiful vista should be sometimes reckoned as a fact almost accomplished? He had always before him the large design of grasping the whole country from the darkness of Rome, and with an enthusiasm without which so little is effected, and by which God so often works His purposes of mercy, he expected to see it won to Christ.

The following notice of the Irish tour in the summer of this year is from a gentleman who happened to be in Connemara at the time. Derrygimla, it will be remembered, was one of the first scenes of missionary enterprise :—

‘It was my good fortune to be present on Sunday morning, when the Rev. A. Dallas visited this station. I have been so surprised and

gratified, that I cannot refrain from expressing my opinion, that the friends of the Society may thank God and take courage. I counted 280 in the Sunday-school, of all ages from eight to eighteen, and 60 adults, formed into fourteen classes, all in good order. After the school the service commenced, partly in Irish, 493 persons present. Mr. Dallas preached from Rom. vi. 9-11. He then administered the Lord's Supper to 77 communicants, 66 of whom were converts from Romanism, well instructed and well tried by the fiery ordeal of persecution through which they had to pass.

'At Streamstown, in the afternoon, he opened a new school-room for Divine service, and in the evening he preached at Clifden to a crowded congregation. On the following day he laid the foundation of a new school-house in Clifden; a large number attended, and on the side of a hill, uncovered, sang a hymn composed for the occasion to the tune of Luther's hymn. Mr. Dallas afterwards visited the Ballyconree Orphan Nursery, where he was received with the greatest delight. On Tuesday he laid the foundation of two new school-houses at Duholla and Ballinaboy, where his addresses were very impressive. The ceremony on these occasions was most interesting. I had at one time my doubts and fears regarding this movement, but I now look upon the Irish Church Missions as raised up to emancipate Ireland from the iron grasp of Popery.'

Very urgent business in the Irish Missions required the presence of the Honorary Secretary early in the spring, as it was necessary to meet the clergy in Dublin on his return from Achill, in April, and finding it was impossible for him to reach home with the rapidity he had intended, so as to be present at Easter among his own people, he sent a pastoral letter to them from Achill, from which the following is an extract:—

'It is so very strange to me to find myself away from my people at this blessed season. I have now been five-and twenty years your pastor without one single occasion on which I have been absent from you during Passion-week, and have not *myself* administered to you the Easter Communion. You may well suppose that nothing but a most pressing duty would have induced me to give up a single link in this long chain of pastoral intercourse, which becomes more precious year by year. The decision to remain away from you has cost me much anxiety and distress. You all know that the good Providence of God has appointed for me a very honourable share in the great work which He is carrying on amongst the Roman Catholics in Ireland, the direction and arrangement of which is entrusted to my care. Much prayer has been made on behalf of my people at Wonston by grateful Christians in Ireland: they have further profited by the increase of ministry among them, as, since the occupation of the Rector's time in the care of many thousand souls in Ireland, the 706 souls residing in Wonston have had the benefit of an additional minister as curate,

while I have never ceased to impart to them from the pulpit all that the Lord has enabled me, through the deeper experience He has given me in Ireland. The success of the Irish Reformation is so much greater than could have been anticipated, that every day increases the responsibility, anxiety, and the labour. We have arranged a full supply of spiritual instruction for you during the present Passion-week, and while I am myself engaged in difficult and important duty amid these mountain wilds, 500 miles away from you, I am comforted by the thought of the daily instruction that will be given to you by those two highly-valued helpers in the ministry whom I have left in my place. I hope, if God will, to return to you very shortly, and to tell you of the work in which the Lord is now employing me. I entreat you to make it a subject of your prayers that the Lord may supply me with the grace so greatly needed, and guide me in wisdom and power; and that I may return to you in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.

‘Your affectionate father and friend in the Lord Jesus,  
‘ALEX. R. C. DALLAS.’

An important event took place on the 17th of May. Four young men ready to be employed in the Irish Missions were waiting to be ordained by the Bishop of Tuam. One of these was the son of an English clergyman, whom Mr. Dallas had loved and watched over from his earliest years, and who desired missionary work. Two had been employed as lay agents, and the fourth was one whose heart was in this ministry. It so happened that the Bishop was detained in London by his Parliamentary duties, and the posts these young men were to fill were waiting for them. They had all been under training, and had been some time at Wonston for Mr. Dallas's approval. Anxious that his own people should fully sympathize in an event so interesting to himself, and having first obtained the consent of his own Diocesan, he suggested to the Bishop of Tuam to ordain them in Wonston Church.

Much earnest prayer was offered up, many of the neighbouring clergy assembled, and it was a solemnity accompanied with much spiritual blessing to all the young ministers thus sent forth to their Missionary work.

The notice of this interesting event, with an account of the sermon preached, was given to the people in their ‘Parochial Christians’ Calendar:’—

‘Wonston has long been linked with Ireland in the blessed work of the Lord. Shall Wonston send out messengers to preach the Gospel,

and yet forget to pray for them? Let us, then, constantly remember *all* the agents in prayer before the Throne of Grace, but especially be earnest in seeking God's blessing upon the Wonston missionaries.

'The sermon preached on that occasion may be well recalled to our remembrance as a fresh encouragement to prayer. The text was Judges vi. 14—"Go in this thy might," &c. The circumstances of the Church in the present day were set forth as very similar to those of Israel in the time of Gideon. The invasion of Romish doctrines was compared to the invasion of the Midianitish army "impoverishing the land," and the idolatry of the Church of Rome and its *enmity* to the truth of God was manifested from its own decrees. Your minister then showed the way in which the Lord raised up deliverance—by the weakest means and the feeblest instruments; and in the character of Gideon, the preparation of the instruments for the work was especially dwelt upon.

'There was, first, a spirit of deep *self-abasement*. When addressed as a mighty man of valour, his answer is, "Wherewith shall I save Israel," &c. (ver. 15.) This spirit is observable in every character given in Scripture, as a necessary preparation to the Lord's employing an individual in any special service. Moses, Isaiah, Jeremiah—all the messengers of God—have been emptied of *self* ere they were employed as vessels to bear his name.

'Gideon added *personal religion* (ver. 19); he offered sacrifice, applying the One Great Sacrifice to his soul, including in this, *communion with God*. Thus was the fire kept alive in his own heart.

'And thus must the minister of God have a continual deep experience of the truths he sets forth to others; and only in *continually receiving from the Lord* can he supply to others the hidden *Manna*. He must be armed for the fight with the whole armour of God.

'There was another important qualification in Gideon—*courage*—the courage derived from *faith* in God's promise, "Thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites." Thus was he, out of weakness, made strong, "and waxed valiant in fight;" and thus must the servants of God go forth for *any* work He calls them to do—*Go in this thy might*—My strength is made perfect in weakness. God's biddings are God's enablings.'

These young men commenced their ministry the same evening in the school-room at Sutton.

Concerning the events of that day, his own Bishop thus writes:—

'It will be a satisfaction to you to learn that I hear but one report of your proceedings on Tuesday. I have had letters from several who were there, and all write in the same expressions of satisfaction. I am glad to learn that several members of the Chapter were able to pay their respects to the Bishop of Tuam, although some were prevented, by previously-arranged business, from remaining to take part in the services. I feel most strongly that he is entitled to every possible

attention that can be paid to him as the man who has led the van in this great movement. Be they who they may who are following in his train, he was unquestionably the one to lead the forlorn hope and storm the walls of your Irish Badajos.'

The different Mission stations were again visited by Mr. Dallas this summer. Fourteen already in working order were inspected, and five new ones started. This tour lasted from the 2nd of August to the 8th of October, and during this time every hour was employed with Missionary work.

The inquiring classes had assumed a new character, and were now held in three different parts of Dublin. Hundreds attended them, and the controversy was conducted under Mr. M'Carthy's superintendence with much quietness and with abundant promise of good result. A lay agent thus writes:—'The Mountjoy class is increasing in numbers and interest. We had nine speakers last evening, four Romanists and five Protestants; each got one quarter of an hour, then five minutes more. We parted in the best of terms. Subject, "The Sacrifice of the Mass." Every week Tracy and myself have more than 100 at the Irish Church Mission's office, *inquirers*, seeking to know more, and to have conversation with us.'

The Mission House in Townsend-street was opened this year for the reception of probationers and readers. It was an interesting occasion, and the prayers then offered up have been answered in the blessing that has rested for so many years on that establishment.

The increasing number of converts in Dublin had made the Missionaries feel the need of a church in which the inquirers and the converts could assemble, and where the preaching would be suited to the poor Roman Catholics. As the funds of the Society could not be applied to this purpose, it depended on the contributions of Christian friends. Among those whose hearts God had especially stirred up to help in the Mission work, were the wife and daughters of the late Archbishop of Dublin, and through their exertions and those of other kind friends, 1000*l.* were collected for this object. The completion of the building was a deep interest to Mr. Dallas, who had the great comfort of being present at the first service held there. An account of the opening is given in the following letter:—

‘How I wish you could have shared with us the blessed influences of to-day; the large building was crammed quite full. About 800 persons including converts, and a considerable number of Roman Catholics, were present. As soon as all were assembled, Mr. Dallas gave out the hundredth Psalm, and it was sung out by that multitude, heart and voice. Mr. McCarthy and the Rector of the parish both officiated; then we had Mr. Dallas’s favourite hymn, “Crown Him Lord of all,” and in that great burst of praise from the Church militant, one might feebly conceive what must be the praise of the Church triumphant. Mr. Dallas then preached from the text Matthew xi. 5, “The poor have the Gospel preached unto them.” He compared the beginning of this work in Ireland to Elijah stationed on Mount Carmel waiting in the attitude of prayer, while his message went up seven times, till at last the cloud appeared. Then would come the spiritual rain pouring down on Ireland. You would have liked to see the hearty, brotherly feeling shown by the many clergymen present, and the warm greetings and exclamations of “This is a delightful day” from one and another.’

The account Mr. Dallas gives of this event closes with the following prayer:—

‘May many a poor soul now sunk in the ignorance and bondage of Rome, find a true light of the Gospel of Christ, and many a doubting, trembling inquirer, be guided into the way of peace, within the walls of the Mission Church of Dublin!’

It is very encouraging to trace during the last seventeen years the gracious fulfilment of this prayer, not only in the multitudes that have been there gathered from Sunday to Sunday to be instructed in the Word of life, but also in the continual influx of souls added to the Lord there, in the Holy Communion coming forward to confess the true faith of Christ crucified.

A note from the Lay Agent in Dublin says,—

‘Mr. Dallas has been amongst us for great good; he preached often last Sunday evening on “The nature of the Missionary work.” Four persons have been to me since, whose hearts have been moved by that sermon to think of their best interests.’

Beside the inquiring classes above alluded to, Handbills containing ‘Questions on the Doctrines of Rome,’ were circulated among the people. The system of teaching by way of question was introduced with great success. The minds of the Irish are naturally intelligent and argumentative, and once put in the attitude of inquiry, the way of truth is wonderfully cleared before them. In imparting knowledge to Roman Catholics, from the

preconceived ideas in which they have been trained, they are not able to understand the terms used by Protestants in explaining important doctrines, and this leads to misapprehension of Protestant opinions, which is increased by the misrepresentations of the priests. Hence the importance of eliciting their own ideas upon the subject. Questions which draw out these, give clearness and accuracy to the mind, and it is much to be regretted that this system of teaching religious truth is not more generally adopted amongst Protestants, as well as Roman Catholics. Powerful efforts were made by the authorities of Rome to restrain the progress of this spirit of inquiry which was making its way among all classes. In May, the Roman Catholic Hierarchy held a Synod in Drogheda, expressly to check and suppress the proselytism, which was beginning to alarm the priests. This was an occasion for the veteran of scriptural truth to gather his followers and make a new sally. A very respectful letter was written to the Roman Archbishop, signed by thirty-two Missionary clergymen, headed by himself, offering to come forward to assert the doctrines which they held, and to prove them from the Scriptures; and that this public discussion should be on the ground of *their own* translation of the Bible. Another letter followed, respectfully asking the Synod to state whether the many acts of persecution which were resorted to were according to the profession they made of liberty of conscience, and claiming this same liberty for the Roman Catholics of Ireland. These letters were written in a polite and Christian tone. The only answer they elicited was one of abuse and slander, in which this testimony occurs:—

‘There never was a period in the history of this country when the principles of our religion were exposed to more insidious attacks.’

The circulation of this correspondence among the Roman Catholics became a means of greatly advancing the cause of truth. At a Synod afterwards held at Tuam, there was great evidence of the progress of scriptural doctrines. The most gorgeous display of robed ecclesiastics did not intimidate the converts there, and the Missionary clergyman, the Rev. C. Seymour, made it an occasion of more public controversial teaching.

But while the pure Gospel of Christ was making its way in the sister country, the doctrines of the Apostate Church, which

had been some time strengthening in their current underground in our own, now began to burst forth with more strength. Archdeacon Wilberforce was beginning to manifest the first steps of that declension which so quickly propelled him to the open profession of his sad perversion. He had come forward in a book on the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, stating opinions directly contrary to the English Prayer-book, and embodying others which, being repudiated by our Articles, were not at that time allowed in the English Church. A protest was put out against this book, in which the Rev. John King, of Hull, took a prominent part, and which was signed by a large number of the clergy of the East Riding of Yorkshire, showing the position of the Archdeacon to be untenable in the Church of England while thus holding the doctrines of Rome. As a watchman on the alert against the inroads of heresy, Mr. Dallas wrote a letter of brotherly sympathy to these clergy, feeling strongly the importance of this protest. This letter is signed by himself, at the head of a list of forty-eight Missionaries, all labouring in different districts in Ireland for the advancement of truth, and for the resistance of those very errors which Archdeacon Wilberforce was clasping again to his bosom. These men knew well how to meet the false statements of Rome, and their sympathy, manifested in this address, greatly strengthened the hands of their English brethren.

The following extracts from this letter will suffice to show the nature of the crisis, in which the champion of Protestant truth felt called at this time to come forward :—

‘We, the undersigned Ministers of the United Church of England and Ireland, and Missionaries in connection with the Society for Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics, feel ourselves called upon to express to you our grateful sense of the benefit you have conferred upon the whole body of our Church, and upon ourselves in particular, by the faithful and Christian course you have taken, in standing forward in these difficult and dangerous times, to maintain the truth of our Protestant doctrine against the insidious efforts which have recently been made to corrupt it.

‘We consider the statements made by Archdeacon Wilberforce with reference to the Lord’s Supper, to be a delusive, if not a dishonest endeavour, by a quibble upon words, to find a standing in our Church for opinions against which those who framed our formularies intended to protest—opinions which are directly opposed to the plain and ordinary meaning of the expressions they used, in pointing out



that, which is affirmed in the Prayer-book to be "idolatry to be abhorred of all faithful Christians." For this reason alone, we should have been anxious, as clergymen of the United Church of England and Ireland, to join with you in lifting up our voices against the scandal such attempts, made by those who profess to belong to us, are calculated to bring upon the whole Church. We should, however, scarcely have ventured to come forward in this matter, were it not that there are other reasons which specially apply to ourselves, more than to any other separate portion of the clergy, and which lead us to appreciate more highly the manly step you have taken.

'As missionaries to the Roman Catholics in Ireland, we are standing in the fore-front of the great struggle which is going on at this time for Protestant truth, with freedom of conscience and liberty of thought. We are engaged, openly and statedly, in that same controversy with the Roman Catholics of our day in Ireland, in which our martyrs and reformers struggled with such glorious success, under the blessing of God, during the earlier days of the Reformation; and it is at once grievous to our hearts, and discouraging to our exertions to find, that whilst we are labouring earnestly to accomplish that which was left undone of the Reformation in these parts, where the providence of God has called us to this ministry, efforts of great subtilty, and attended, as we fear, with too much success, are spreading the baneful influence of Romanism on the shores of England, where the greatest victories were formerly achieved.'

The old Rectory was an open house to all who were likely to be helped forward in their Christian course, or to become helpful in the great work in which Mr. Dallas was engaged. Many of the agents now employed in Irish missions remember with gratitude and pleasure their visits to Wonston. Strangers of all classes were thus received, some to be rejected as unfit instruments, others to be added to the staff of labourers in this vineyard; among these visitors was an interesting convert from the Church of Rome, the Abbé Miel, who had been led to receive the truth by M. Collette. The Abbé had published a work in defence of Romanism. This was answered by M. Collette, and the result was the conversion of the former, in the full conviction that his own views were indefensible. He was some days at Wonston, and the Rector embraced the opportunity to give him clearer views of the truth. He could only speak French, and therefore preferred to emigrate to Canada, where he has since proved the reality of his conversion to the doctrines of the Word of God.

It pleased God in the summer of this year to remove from His

Church on earth the friend who had been an invaluable helper of the Missionary work in the beginning. Miss Bellingham's sphere of labour had been two years before transferred to Clifden by her marriage with the Rev. H. D'Arcy. Her loss was not only deeply felt in the Missions, but was a personal trial to the heart of the friend with whom she had been so many years a fellow-worker. She sent a loving message to him from her dying bed; it was to charge him to remember that in all the work for Ireland he must put 'Christ first, Christ last, Christ all.' Mrs. D'Arcy was a woman of singular talent, thoroughly Irish, with a keen perception of the peculiar requirements of her country; and her talents were all consecrated to the glory of God and the furtherance of His Gospel. In the 'Banner of the Truth' Mr. Dallas thus notes her removal:—

'The ways of God are very deep. Who can search them? We see Him preparing an instrument for His service, we see it in action, and mark the glorifying effects, and in the midst it is removed; we wonder, and venture to ask, "How is this?" Stand aside, and ask for the teaching of the Holy Spirit. He will give you a glance into the depth, with which you may catch, not a thousandth part, but yet a something of the knowledge of His mysterious ways. Foolish man fastens his hand upon the instrument, and forgets the Hand that holds it. The Almighty One is thus limited in our minds. . . . The Lord has said, "Be still, and know that I am God. I will work, and who shall let it? I can work without this instrument; she could not have worked without Me." Affection is the element in which human instrumentality for God lives; and when the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, the natural love that would be drawn forth by talent and power, flows in the same direction, and in its confluence with the love from on high, makes the stream deeper and broader. The rending of the heart is a wholesome help to those whose affections should be set on things above, and not on things on the earth. We are doing battle with Satan, in order to hasten the Lord's kingdom, and not to find a rest—no, not a pause of a rest here—while the battle is waging. . . . He who cried out, "My Father, my Father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof," turned from the departure of the loved one to carry on his work with a double portion of his spirit. Fanny D'Arcy is taken to the Lord; and while our hearts mourn, we must turn to her work, beseeching our God to give us a double portion of that Spirit which He bestowed upon her. . . . It would require many pages to describe her last days; yet they may be summed up in one expression, "full of Christ." . . . May He give us abundantly of His Spirit, that we may be still and know that He is God.'

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## CHAPTER IX.

## FOREIGN TOURS AND HOME WORK.

1854—1859.

A TOUR of some weeks on the Continent was taken during the summer of 1854, to obtain that change of scene and labour which to Mr. Dallas supplied the rest he at this time greatly needed. He combined with this, acting as deputation for the Irish Church Missions in Holland, preaching for the Rev. W. Jameson at Amsterdam, and at whose house he met many Christian friends who took a warm interest in his work. He also preached for the Society in Bruges, giving the English residents a faithful exposure of the errors of Romanism, and a warning of their own dangerous position in long residence among Roman Catholics. An interesting incident of this tour was a visit to the field of Waterloo, where the old soldier had the peculiar enjoyment of pointing out to his wife every step of his own position, and every spot of the different assaults on that memorable day. A large party were on the field following a Sergeant who was repeating his lesson as a showman. When we came up to him, and had listened some little time, Mr. Dallas, observing some mistakes in the recital, said, 'I beg your pardon. The Prussians charged *here*, and it was such a regiment stood there,' with other corrections as to the order of the battle. The effect of this on the audience was electric; the man himself listened with eagerness. The whole party turned to follow the gentleman who had been *there* himself, and had seen it all; and the Sergeant thanked him at the close for the information he had given.

Mr. Dallas had never before visited Switzerland, and, though well acquainted with the most beautiful passes of the Pyrenees, he had no conception of the surpassing beauty of the Alps. The first view of the snowy summits which we mistook for clouds as we left our carriage for a walk up the mountains,



conveyed a pleasure too exquisite for expression. He was a first-rate traveller, and understood all the little arrangements for comfort and convenience. One of the greatest treats he had was in mapping out a tour and acting as courier, especially when one whom he loved could share his enjoyment. He had left both the Irish work and the Parish in good hands, and in every place he was the minister of God, using his facility in the French tongue in the service of his Master. He lost no opportunity of preaching for the English Chaplains, and of advocating the claims of the Society. With his own mind so much exercised for the conversion of the Roman Catholics, it was a subject of anxious surprise to him that so little was done in this direction among the Swiss cantons; that the old habit of non-interference with each other had so completely petrified the minds of good men in that country that every effort for the extension of the Gospel among their neighbours seemed impossible. The most foolish superstitions and the grossest forms of Romanism thus continued in villages adjoining others in which the Gospel of Christ was known and preached, simply because one was a Protestant, the other a Roman Catholic canton. With his characteristic ardour he set himself to form a scheme for some introduction of Missionary effort. Monsieur Gaussan and other Christian friends felt and rejoiced in the fervour of his zeal. He sat up late evening after evening endeavouring to put the duty before them, so deeply laid upon his own heart, of an aggressive movement upon Roman darkness. The coming day of glory will declare, what we shall never know till then, how much of the seed of God's truth scattered in this journey has fructified under the dew of His blessing.

Whenever opportunities occurred, during this tour, he made a point of examining all the relics and religious frauds of the different churches, that he might be able to testify to what he had seen and heard, in his controversy with Romanism: and every incident was afterwards made use of in his ministry. Among the numerous relics which he saw, there was none that more deeply impressed him with horror than one which accidentally fell under our view in the canton of Unterwalden. Travelling beside the beautiful lake of Sarnen, we observed a number of people in their holiday dress all bending their steps in one

direction. At last we reached a little church, which seemed filled to overflowing. We stopped our carriage, and went in to behold a sight most revolting to any Christian mind. The people were all kneeling in devotion, and the prayer was a litany to a saint. The high altar was dressed up for the occasion, and on the top was a large glass case containing the ghastly skeleton of a man erect: the lower limbs alone were covered with scarlet cloth; the skull was crowned, the sockets of the eyes were filled with glass, and on the skeleton's hands and neck were beads and orders of honours. It was the skeleton of St. Nicholas Vonder Flue. It happened to be the day devoted to his worship, and the prayer of the poor ignorant people was 'Holy St. Nicholas, pray for us!' Feeling this painful exhibition was only a living picture of the religion of thousands of our poor Irish fellow-subjects, Mr. Dallas returned with very ardent desire to labour more abundantly for their conversion.

But the Master had another purpose for him. The limits of a tourist ticket hastened us home. The very day of our arrival, my dear husband became so ill that medical aid was needed, and for many weeks he was laid aside entirely from all active work by erysipelas in the leg. It was a serious case, and it was very difficult in the midst of so many duties to command the rest and quiet which he needed. There was also a new cause of anxiety in his public work. It was scarcely realized till now, how much his personal exertion had been essential to the maintenance of the funds needed to support the Missions; and while openings for missionary work were increasing daily, the funds were exhausting and the supply getting less and less adequate to the demand. In this anxious emergency the sudden disability of the man whose return was looked for as certain relief, was a Providence which brought solemn lessons to all engaged in the work. From his sick bed he wrote a letter to the missionaries and agents, expressing his deep feeling under the sickness which was keeping him away from them at a time when his presence was apparently so much needed, and when the difficulties in which the Committee was placed urged his return. In this touching letter the following passage occurs:—

'It would be difficult for me to express to you how much I feel this trial. But I am learning to hear in it the voice of Him "whose way



is in the sea, whose path is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known, but who leadeth His people like a flock." He speaks to me practically,—“Commune with your own heart upon your bed and be still.” While the pressure of trial is hard upon us, and our Committee, in the exercise of the best wisdom which God may give them, are taking counsel for the guidance of their future course, and striving to detect what may supply the answer to the prayer, “Show me wherefore Thou contendest with me,” God takes aside that instrument by whose great weakness He has been pleased to manifest His own strength in this work, as though he had something to say to him alone, to indicate the cause of the present check.

‘Whatever else this illness has to do, it has certainly brought God’s message to me, commanding me to “commune with my own heart upon my bed and be still.” May His Holy Spirit mercifully guide me in the searchings of heart He commands!’

On the Sunday evening at the schoolroom gathering, the following message was sent to his people, to be read by his Curate :—

‘My very dear Friends,

‘It would be hard for me to make you know how greatly I feel the disappointment of not ministering to you on the last Lord’s day and on the present. It has been evidently God’s hand that has hindered me, and I do not only submit to His will, but humbly thank Him for the benefit which I hope to derive from the trial. I returned home after a journey, during which I had the people of Wonston very often and very anxiously upon my heart. My own bodily health rendered such a journey advisable, and the Lord has led me through circumstances which, I trust, will be made useful to your spiritual health. I have travelled through many countries—Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, France. While in bodily health, I was refreshed and strengthened by wandering over the everlasting mountains whose tops are covered with snow that never melts; I was also gathering the means of promoting your spiritual health in my wandering among everlasting souls, most of whom are covered as with a shroud of deep ignorance that has never vanished before the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. Nothing struck me more forcibly than the quietness and peace with which precious souls are left in ignorance the most complete, and in superstition the most fatal. If this world were all, and if this people had no souls to save, then their condition would be most pleasant; but the worldly career of each must soon be closed, and even now, Death is sending forth extraordinary reapers to gather in his harvest by pestilence. Such stupid idolatry, such godless Sabbaths, joined with so much worldly wisdom, cultivation, and kindness of heart, form a most instructive study for the spiritual pastor. I sought in vain for the warning voice of those who knew the truth. I asked of Christians why the people were allowed to go on perishing in ignorance, when knowledge that might save them was at hand. But the most of those I spoke to seemed tongue-tied, while my own feeble voice could scarce be heard enough to create even surprise.

‘In these wanderings I said to myself very many times, “Well, thank God, my people at Wonston are not in this condition. They have truth, line upon line, precept upon precept, saving truth; Christ lifted up before them; Christ first, Christ last, Christ all.” Yes, my beloved friends, you have this saving truth continually urged upon you, but in what respect does this make you differ from those amongst whom I have been wandering? In one respect, at least,—in the awful amount of responsibility which this knowledge lays upon you. If a peasant of Lucerne and a labourer of Wonston be found at the end to be equally excluded from salvation for want of Christ, what a fearful difference will exist between the guilt of the two men! How much will the folly and wickedness of the man of Wonston surpass that of the man of Lucerne!

‘I was coming home at the end of the week before last with my mind deeply impressed upon the subject, and having much stored up to say to you upon it. It was a day publicly appointed for special thanksgiving for God’s mercies to us in the harvest. I was enjoying the prospect of adding my own personal thanksgivings to God, to the stream of gratitude that would be flowing from so many hearts. It was ordered otherwise. It pleased God to lay upon me a painful disease which has kept me eight days in my bed, from which I am now writing to you. After having led me where I obtained the knowledge that enables me to speak to you, God saw good to prepare my ministration to you in another way. He had something to say to me alone, for which He took me apart.

‘“I will go home and minister all this to my people,” said I. First “commune with your own heart upon your bed and be still,” said the Lord. “I must hasten to be at home by the Thanksgiving-day,” said I. “Nay, but you must commune with your own heart upon your bed and be still,” said the Lord. Even so, Lord; only make my future ministrations richer and riper and more powerful by the delay, and the exercise of Thy servant!

‘And in the waiting season, it is a very great comfort to me to feel that I can depute the ministry with such confidence and satisfaction to those two of the Lord’s servants whom He raised up to be my helpers, and faithful ministers of the Gospel to you. While they are carrying on the work in the ordinary means, it has pleased God Himself to call you to attention in somewhat beyond the ordinary way: more than one solemn event is sent to prepare your minds and hearts for those ministrations for which He may be preparing me, in calling me to “commune with my own heart upon my bed and be still.” That which is chance to the worldly-minded and ungodly, is often God’s voice to His people. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear the Lord’s voice in the passing bell, that gave us notice, this Lord’s day morning, that an everlasting soul that was yesterday with us has changed its state and has left the body. That same notice has been given us four times within the last two months (unusually crowding that number together), and upon three of these occasions it has been on the Lord’s day that the solemn sound has been heard. The church bells in the morning have given the usual call to set apart the day to the Lord’s



service, and there has followed the warning token that we cannot count upon another Sabbath. When the two sounds followed each other this morning, I bethought me on my bed of sickness, "Shall I be here to minister to the people next Sunday? Perhaps not; and that same bell may be sounded to strike at the door of their memories, calling forth a crowd of buried lessons which they had forgotten, as the news runs from mouth to mouth, 'Our minister is gone—he will never preach to us again!'"

'One more lesson, at least, thought I; and if the bell does not sound next Sunday for me, it may for some one else who may never have another Sabbath; and this lesson may reach the heart of that very one: may the blessing of God direct it! So I took up my pen and have written these thoughts to you, my dear friends. May the Holy Spirit apply them to your hearts!

'If it please God to spare me and raise me up in sufficient strength, I look forward soon to minister to you again; and in the meantime I send you, as a special message from myself, that which the Apostle Paul wrote more generally to the Church, and which you will find in the Epistle selected by our Church for the Epistle of last Sunday, as follows, Eph. iii. 13-21; Eph. iv. 1-6.

'A. R. C. DALLAS.

'Wonston Rectory, 8th October, 1854.'

The anxiety as to the funds of the Society at the close of the year 1854 was greatly increased by this continued illness. It was a trial of faith, and it led to more earnest prayer and to a greater realizing of the great truth, that the work was of God, and that He could effect His purpose by any instrument He sees fit to use. In this emergency the Hon. Secretary again sent forth an appeal to praying hearts, representing strongly the spiritual condition of the Roman Catholics, and urging prayer for them. Among other details, the great need of means to carry on the work, and also of suitable instruments for the enlarged openings for missionary agency in every part of Ireland, are pressed upon them.

One simple sentence, the key-note to this whole address, is—'He must be entreated,' and this is applied to every subject. In closing, he adds:—

'We want the union of more hearts, and more earnestness of prayer to give God no rest till He make His name and His Gospel a praise in the length and breadth of Ireland. Strive to make a conscience of coming to the Throne of Grace with as much regularity as possible at least every Saturday.'

He also wrote an appeal to the clergy of England, urging



them to assist by making the work known in their parishes. In this he expresses the great trial of faith it was to carry on so extensive a work literally from hand to mouth, when the Christian men who directed it were constrained to go on by the day, leaving to-morrow in the hands of Him in whose cause they were engaged.

As the principle was always adhered to, to pay in advance and never incur debt, the Committee felt it right at this time to withdraw from some of those stations where there was most parochial help, and also for some time to refuse the most importunate request for help, from any *new* sphere of labour.

The Bishop of Tuam, who had urged an extension of the Missions, deeply shared in the trial which the depressed state of the funds caused, and the following letter to Mr. Dallas shows how entirely his heart was in the work:—

‘I confess your letter of the 30th ult. knocked me all of a heap, and left me in a state of great despondency, but I now feel on reflection that this reverse has been caused for some wise purpose, and that He who has hitherto so abundantly blessed the Mission will continue to bless and support the good work as He thinks best, and most expedient for us. I entirely concur in the course which the Committee have taken. I think they have acted wisely in determining to concentrate their forces. I shall be most anxious to learn how the funds are coming in. I heartily wish I could give you more help.’

The appeal, which had been sent round, was responded to by only a small section of the Church. A strong feeling still existed in the minds of many excellent men, that the quieter system of presenting truth without controversy was more to be approved; and that the preaching of the Gospel would work effectually without placing it in contrast to the errors and false notions held by those who heard it. In a little pamphlet, ‘Aggression and Regression,’ Mr. Dallas clearly shows that loving, earnest, scriptural controversy is the most important instrumentality in bringing not only Roman Catholics but all who are in error to the light of truth. In this tract he quotes the following passage from a charge of the Bishop of Winchester, corroborating this view:—

‘The curate is tempted to deal with his parishioners as if they were generally in a safe state. The missionary takes for granted that they are not safe. This produces an essential distinction in the manner of treatment. In the ministry of the missionary, aggression

will be a characteristic element ; aggression ordinarily finds little or no place in the ministry of the curate ; the weapons of their warfare are drawn from separate armouries ; they are wielded differently, and with a view to the attainment of ends altogether different. Important considerations arise out of this diversity in the staple of the two ministries. The success of an aggressive ministry may be said to hinge upon the effect produced by contrast.'

Then, after showing this principle in missions to the heathen, the Bishop adds :—

'But suppose the sphere of the missionary to be changed, and his duty leads him not to the heathen but to the Roman Catholics. His mission then will be to a people whose system falsifies the principles of revealed religion while it adopts the language of Christianity, a system assuming truth as the basis, but erecting upon it a superstructure of error incompatible with the basis. To the Roman Catholics, therefore, it is not enough to preach the Gospel only—such preaching will not necessarily suggest a contrast to the mind of the Roman Catholic hearer. The same words are not the signs of the same ideas to the Church of the Reformation and the Church of Rome. The missionary's strength therefore lies in a work of aggression, distinct and definite. He cannot bring the truth into contrast without exposing the error ; and this explains the reason why, as experience has abundantly shown, controversy is an essential element in the success of such a mission.'

The Ash Wednesday of 1855 was kept with special solemnity, all the parish being called upon to make it a day of humiliation, and the whole of the Lent season was in accordance with this commencement, the Rector and Curate both meeting their people every Wednesday at 8 o'clock in the morning at the schoolroom, beside the more public services, for special prayer and individual humiliation. The occasion was one which touched the hearts of many with personal sorrow. A few months before, an army had left this country for the Crimea full of pride and high hopes, their language was a song of boasting, something like a shout of triumph by anticipation. From the Winchester barracks a noble regiment of young recruits thus entered the train for Southampton. Scarcely one of these returned. God permitted us as a nation to see that His purpose, not ours, shall stand, and in defeat to discover and contemplate our weakness. It was altogether a time of gloom. A winter's campaign in a severe climate had dwindled the army by hundreds and thousands ; the dissolution of the Ministry had also spread anxiety over the whole country ; and the state of the

Church was supplying many anxious thoughts. The minister of Wonston felt that these calamities called for prayer and humiliation. The address to the people again sounds the alarm of danger in these words:—‘The Church of England has been the strong bulwark against Rome. It makes a faithful protest against her doctrines,—but now the prophecy of St. Paul to the Ephesian Church has been verified in the Church of England. “Grievous wolves” have entered in among us, not sparing the flock. These are preparing the way for apostasy to Rome. Their teaching fits the mind for the strong delusion to believe a lie, and the poison is cunningly introduced. It was the hand of God that raised the Church of England in her simplicity and her strength. Only that Hand could permit the tokens of corruption and decay. To what does the finger of God point? Humble yourselves under that mighty Hand.’

With this address a selection of suitable collects and prayers were supplied for the use of every family in the parish. Thus when a call came for a national humiliation, it found the hearts of the Rector and people already prepared to join in their country’s cry for help. The day was appointed on the 21st of March.

‘My dear Dallas,—We have each much important interesting work before us in the next four weeks. God be with us, and manifest His own glory in the weakness of His instruments!’—This was the expression of the Bishop of Winchester in a farewell note, previous to Mr. Dallas’s departure for Ireland in July, to accompany the Bishop of Tuam on his tour of visitation and confirmation among the Missions of the West. The unvarying confidence and friendship of Lord Plunket led him to seek Mr. Dallas’s advice, and, when possible, his presence, in every episcopal work he entered upon in the *Missionary districts*; and though the Bishop of Winchester would sometimes playfully remark on the ‘change of his chaplain’s duties,’ and say that the ‘Bishop of Tuam had supplanted him!’ he loved the work too well to allow any personal considerations to interfere with it, and nothing rejoiced him more than the recital at Farnham Castle of every detail of the Missionary tour in Ireland.

A more gratifying proof of the real stability and rapid extension of the Reformation movement could not well be afforded than that contained in the official report of this tour in Galway.

At the consecration of the church at Moyrus 270 persons were present ; of these 200 were poor people living round, either converts or inquiring Romanists. This church, together with a school and a neat little parsonage, were all built by the indefatigable perseverance of one lady, Miss Moore, sister to the Dowager Lady Annesley. This lady, being at an Irish Church Missionary meeting, and much impressed with the importance of the work from Mr. Dallas's speech, came up to him afterwards, and asked him to select a spot for her on which she might supply the need of a church, for which she would undertake to collect the funds. She began by asking pennies, and relaxed not her untiring exertions till the work was completed. Mr. Dallas chose this district as being the farthest removed from the civilized world, at the farthest point of one of the Galway promontories, the nearest access to which was nine miles across an arm of the Atlantic. It had been left for many ages as a terra incognita, in a state of heathen darkness, till the readers of the Irish Church Missions had there planted the standard of truth. This dear lady finished her work, and then was called to her rest, her life being sacrificed in her energetic labours of love for this interesting colony. The consecration was a bright and happy day for Moyrus and for her. At the same time the rite of Confirmation was administered to 51 persons, all of whom were converts from Romanism, while 68 communicants united afterwards in partaking of the Lord's Supper. Only seven years before, this coast district of 30 miles had but one Protestant family and a few Protestant police.

Clifden, the centre of several missions, presented 142 for confirmation. After this ordinance the Bishop held a Visitation, and it was a sight which would have cheered any Christian heart to see him surrounded by 18 clergy, of whom 13 were missionaries, all men thoroughly tested, and having devoted themselves to one great work, that of carrying the message of salvation to the Romanists of their several districts, those districts extending over a large part of the country, and so planned that the Word of God might reach every cabin over those mountain ranges. Five of these clergy were converts from Romanism themselves ; two were converted priests.

The other stations were equally encouraging, and in the dif-

ferent Visitations 37 missionary clergy were included. Five new churches were consecrated; another was not quite ready for this service; and five new parsonage houses were inspected, all built by funds collected by individuals whose hearts God had stirred to give their hands to these adjuncts of the missionary work. The total number confirmed was 376, of whom 305 were converts from Romanism.

It may be supposed with what rebounding joy Mr. Dallas could exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!'

The Island of Achill, too, was affording great encouragement. The system introduced into that extensive district by the *Irish Church Missions* was yielding large increase: one hundred and six converts were presented for confirmation. They had well counted the cost, and were content to bear the insult and injury to which, in many villages of the island, they were exposed in no common measure from their Roman Catholic neighbours. One very old man, stated by his neighbours to be 102, had walked a long way over the mountains. He spoke with much joy of having found the 'pearl of great price,' the knowledge of his Saviour, and—although ragged and feeble, and apparently very poor—only asked one favour: he begged the missionary to take care that he might be buried as a Protestant. Soon after, he was so fearful of what his Roman Catholic neighbours and relations might do to him, that he left his old cabin and came and died in the colony of Achill.

The Dublin Mission Church was well filled at this time. On one Sunday evening when Mr. Dallas preached a controversial sermon on the doctrine of Transubstantiation, the audience amounted to 927, counted at the door. He had preached three times this day, besides attending the schools. At the close he remarks: 'Though too tired to sleep, one of the fullest days I remember, and comfort in it all.' On returning home his life, as well as his fellow-passengers, were endangered by a fearful storm in the Channel, in which the vessel was struck by four seas. He scarcely knew what fear was, and had the strongest confidence throughout that his work on earth was not yet done.

In August Mr. Dallas had the great gratification of a short tour on the Continent with his own beloved Bishop and his family.

The Bishop had been a long time deeply engaged in his episcopal duties and needed an entire change, and Mr. Dallas had often urged him to go to a country he was not acquainted with, and he was at length persuaded to take a rapid journey across the Pyrenees, in which Mr. Dallas was to be the cicerone, and to revisit St. Sebastian, travelling by Orleans through *Les Landes*, *Dax*, &c. A greater treat could not have been given to the veteran of the Spanish campaign. With this was combined some interesting work in the Channel Islands, where Mr. Dallas was permitted to trace some fruits of his early ministry. They then crossed to France, and at Paris fell in with a Conference of the Evangelical Alliance. Although Mr. Dallas never joined this society as a member, his large heart rejoiced at all times in meeting earnest Christians of different Churches, and, while maintaining his own principles of Church government, he could feel a real communion of heart with all 'who loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity.' He had important conversation with F. Monod, Paunchaud, and many brethren of the foreign congregations. His intense delight in travelling gave him the spring and hilarity of boyhood, and on this occasion everything combined to enhance the pleasure. He did not, however, forget the great object of his life, and his journal of this tour is interspersed continually with long and interesting discussions with his fellow-travellers. His feelings on entering Spain were indescribable; the scenes, the names, the reminiscences of his former sojourn there, crowded upon him, and he seemed to live them all over again while relating to the Bishop and his son and daughter all that happened forty years before on each spot which they visited. The siege of St. Sebastian was described in the action of every hour of the fatal day. Some of the adventures of this tour have been detailed in the Autobiography. In reference to it he writes:—

'We have done a great deal more than we expected. We stayed at St. Sebastian at head-quarters, and I cannot express all I had of feeling and remembrance. (On this occasion the singular coincidence of the visit to the two ladies occurred which has been related in the Autobiography.) I feel most thankful that God has given me every opportunity I wanted in the very best way, and I feel that He has been with me, enabling me to do something and to open the way for

villages, for practical edification, that those of one parish might profit by the suggestions and experience of another. More than forty were gathered on the Rectory lawn with the clergy of the surrounding parishes, and after a hymn and prayer, the Arch-deacon addressed them on the statistics of the different Sunday-schools of the country, and called upon those present to state their difficulties and to offer suggestions. Several clergymen spoke, and some very important and useful points were elicited. Then the teachers were questioned, some being selected from each parish to express any ideas which occurred to them as to the best way of imparting religious instruction to their classes. After tea and refreshment at the Rectory, Mr. Dallas gave them an address, opening the experience of his whole ministry on this important subject, and after earnest prayer for a blessing, the party dispersed, animated with more earnest desire to render the Sunday-school teaching more efficient for the great object, of bringing both old and young to a knowledge of their Saviour and to an experience of the truths taught them.

The 'Weekly Calendar' did not go forth without faithful suggestions and practical questions from the pastor as to the result of this meeting in his own parish, and as to the spirit in which the teachers who undertook this work should carry it on.

Towards the summer of 1857, it became evident to all Mr. Dallas's friends, especially to the members of Committee, that there was a failure of physical power under his constant labour and incessant anxiety of mind. He would himself never give up, until absolute necessity compelled him to do so. He was one day surprised by a letter received by his wife from his dear and honoured friend, Mr. Colquhoun, the Chairman of the Committee, informing her of the determination of himself and the other members of Committee to supply the means for entire rest and recruiting. It contained a liberal gift, presented in such a way that it was impossible to refuse, with a request, first, that Mr. Dallas should occupy some time in travelling abroad; and, secondly, that he would give up writing and all mental labour at night, which was his constant habit, from the pressure of business through the day. Mr. Colquhoun adds, 'Will you accept our earnest wishes and prayers that a life so precious to the Missions and so dear to us, may long be preserved?'

Mr. Dallas had often felt it right to suppress the intense desire which would from time to time arise to visit again the scene of his early campaigns, and to use the Spanish language, which he knew so well and had used so much in the service of the world, for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-creatures. The opportunity was thus given, quite unsought for, and the interest in preparing for it was very great. Before leaving his own flock he earnestly asked to be remembered by them at the Throne of Grace, and preached on Rom. xv. 30-33: the Apostle's entreaty for the prayers of the Roman Christians directed to three points: 1. Deliverance from the unbelieving Jews, the answer to which may be seen in Acts xxi. 27-xxii.; 2. Acceptance for his special service, to which it was likely there would be opposition—answered Acts xxi. 8-26; 3. A happy meeting with those Christian friends whose prayers were asked—answered Acts xxviii. 15. Dr. Smyly, of Dublin, a much valued friend, was persuaded to accompany him; and travelling over Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and lastly Prussia, occupied thirteen weeks, and presented those engrossing interests which excluded for a time the business of his daily life.

This tour was full of incidents, and presented many occasions of ministry. The circumstances which led to the renewal of intercourse with his old friend Cecile have been already given in his own Autobiography.

The arrival in Cadiz was an intense gratification, calling up the memories of the past with new feelings, and with an elevation of thought which he knew not in the earlier days. He sought out many old friends who were still living—the young ladies of youthful acquaintance having become grandmothers. To every one he related the great change that had taken place in his own heart and life, and earnestly presented the necessity for such a change in every one, leaving in every house a Spanish Testament and that little prayer for the Holy Spirit which he had so often found to convey a blessing. Some were induced to listen to the words of their old friend, others seemed too light-minded to deal with them in reality; but the prayer of many years was answered, and the message of salvation was delivered in the Spanish tongue. At the Isla de Leon he was called upon to perform the funeral of an English sailor. The only Protestant



burying-ground at that time was the sand on the sea-shore, and as there was no chaplain, the Consul usually had to perform the service, and now gladly accepted Mr. Dallas's help. Officiating as a clergyman on the very spot where, forty-seven years before, he had stood under heavy fire from the French ramparts, what feelings of gratitude and love filled his heart over that open grave! The adoration of the sovereign grace that had kept him all those years to use him for the glory of his Lord and the furtherance of His kingdom, his journal sent home in daily letters largely expresses.

Among several Christian labourers whom he visited and encouraged in their work, was a person named Q——, who had been for some years reading and speaking to his neighbours from the Word of God. He was a widower, and his children had all left him on account of his religion. He was residing with a widow and her daughter, also Protestants, and a marriage with the daughter was in every way suitable. They had for some time been mutually attached, and were now engaged; but how was this marriage to be accomplished? It was prohibited by the laws of Spain. There was no provision then for Protestant marriages. Every one in the country was obliged by law to profess the Roman Catholic religion, and be married by the rites of that Church. The poor man eagerly seized the opportunity of the visit of an English clergyman to ask him to perform the ceremony. Mr. Dallas went to the Consul and found it an impossibility; the penalty was heavy, and it might produce annoyance to the Spanish Government. There was but one alternative, that these poor people should go to Gibraltar and there claim British law. The difficulties were immense, and perhaps in no little circumstance of his life was the paternal stanza, 'The wise and active conquer difficulties,' more successfully acted out. They were conquered by daring and perseverance; and this was undertaken for strangers. Mr. Dallas first went himself to Gibraltar to consult the Bishop and prepare the way: here he found another obstacle—the parties being both Spanish, the Governor must be consulted. He started at once to Sir J. Ferguson, who, recognising the name of 'Dallas,' gave him a most kind reception; and he ventured to ask for a licence of marriage *gratis* for these poor people. Numerous obstacles were suggested, and it

was absolutely necessary to get a letter of recommendation from the Bishop, before the Governor could comply with this request. On an intensely hot day Mr. Dallas walked back to Bishop Tomlinson, whose kind heart made him accede to this petition, but only on the condition that all responsibility should rest on the petitioner.

Returning to Government House, he found the Governor at dinner, and not to be seen. Nothing daunted, Mr. Dallas waited his leisure, and then was sent to the office of the Colonial Secretary.

When the licence was obtained, the good people themselves were delayed by a storm at sea ; and this with various other hindrances left a very short time for the service ; it was however performed at last in the Cathedral at Gibraltar, read in Spanish, by Mr. Dallas. While they waited in the vestry for the register, he gave the happy pair his blessing, with much earnest advice as to their future course. Their gratitude was beyond expression, and before they left to return home, the bridegroom appeared in the hotel in which he was, with a large parcel under his arm. 'Sir,' he said in Spanish, 'the heart must speak ; this is the only thing I have to give you, take it as a token of my gratitude !' It was a piece of rock with a large sponge growing upon it, in its natural state from the ocean. This was brought home with care, and kept as a remembrance of the interesting event. The next Sunday Mr. Dallas preached in the Cathedral, the Bishop reading the Prayers, and he notes, 'Great comfort in preaching on Rom. vi. 23.' He had also much interesting conversation with some Christian Spaniards who have since been enabled to come out boldly from the Church of Rome ; and also with that faithful minister of God, Pablo Sanchez.

A Sunday on board, on returning, gave Mr. Dallas another opportunity for preaching : Acts xxvii. 20 was his text. Mentioning this in his diary he says :—

'Their attention was caught by mutual feelings and local references. I then said God had given to Paul all those in that ship, and I asked God to give real salvation to all in this ship, without a shipwreck. I explained how salvation was procured for us, and how it is to be obtained by us, and I then closed by urging upon my hearers prayer for the Holy Spirit. A quiet day occupied afterwards in reading, thought, and prayer.'

At Seville the travellers were much shocked at hearing that twenty-four men had been shot the day before by order of the

Government for a small offence, the whole number being shot together and dreadfully mangled. There were others to be executed the next morning. Mr. Dallas notes in his diary, 'Returned with Smyly to my room. Smyly proposed special prayer together for the unhappy prisoners waiting for execution in the prison, that they might be spared, or if not, might be brought to Christ and receive pardoning grace and mercy from Him. When we came out of our room we heard an order had come from Madrid that no more should be shot by military commission, and eighty-two persons who were to have been executed at once, were sent to Madrid for trial. We were reminded of the precious promise of our God, "Before they call I will answer, while they are yet speaking I will hear." We thanked God for this merciful interposition.'

At Lisbon a special providence guided my dear husband to the house of a Christian lady who had lost her son and was in great distress of mind. He closed the evening spent in this family with an exposition of the 27th Psalm, and with prayer. A special blessing was vouchsafed to this ministry, and the following letter from this lady greatly comforted him with the evidence that the Lord had guided his steps to her house:—

'My dear Sir,

'Lisbon, July, 1857.

'My first feelings upon hearing of the arrival of the packet and of her sailing again, were those of great disappointment, my second those of great thankfulness, for it seems more clear to me that you were sent to Lisbon with a message of love from my Father in heaven to me. Oh, it is not presumption. I have been sorely tried, and you are but *His* minister. I thank you with all my heart for the comfort afforded me by your visit, but I bow the knee in wonder, praise, and adoration to Him through whose Holy Spirit such comfort is made known. I am surprised at this answer to my prayer, and though subdued, and perhaps sorrowful, I shall now go on my way peacefully, prayerfully, and thankfully, in the confidence of His love, and not the agonising feeling of His anger. I cannot tell you, my dear sir, how many times this last week I have asked of my Father in heaven some comforting assurance of His love, but it never crossed my mind that you were sent here for such a purpose, when I rejoiced on hearing of your arrival. Let me know if I can do anything in Lisbon for the Irish Church Missions.—I will end by begging you to remember me in your prayers, situated as I am in a barren land where no water is. I shall not easily forget you in mine.'

This lady has been the efficient helper in maintaining the interest of the Society in Lisbon ever since.

It may be supposed what the first sight of Rome would be to a mind so finely set to the high enjoyment of historic association, and so sensible to the beauties of scenery. One of its relics awakened peculiar enthusiasm—the sculpture on the Arch of Titus representing the Jews in triumphal procession. He was delighted to trace the still clearly marked candlesticks of gold said to have been thrown into the Tiber at the sacking of Rome by the Vandals), the table, the silver trumpets, &c. The photograph of this which he brought home he hung up in his study, and he used to look at it with peculiar pleasure, as only a few steps removed from that very candlestick made by Moses under the order of God. The Colosseum also was an object of deepest interest. His lively imagination pictured its martyr scenes, and he could not resist giving an impromptu address within its walls to the party who accompanied him.

Rome *papal* presented most important material for future ministry—it was so important that Mr. Dallas should be fully informed on the facts of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and should see with his own eyes the evidences of that apostasy which he had continually to bring forward, in his special work of gathering souls from the errors of that Church. He investigated every deception, and obtained a sight of relics which are not shown to the casual traveller. In the midst of much that was deeply painful, his journal notices ‘numerous Christian inscriptions taken from the Catacombs. Not one favours Rome—deep interest of these.’ But a more important record of Rome awaited him in a visit to the old palace of the Inquisition, at that time used as barracks for the French soldiers. There were 8000 French troops in Rome, but only two companies were in this building, it was found to be so extremely unhealthy. A painful account had appeared in the London papers of the tortures of the Inquisition, so dreadful that it was denied in general terms by Roman Catholics. It was therefore important that Mr. Dallas should see what the truth really was. It had been stated that there was an *old order* there. This was an awful mode of execution, in which the victim was made to walk along a passage, with the order to kiss an image of the virgin at the end. In this passage was a trap-door turning on a pivot; and as he stepped upon it, it opened, and precipitated him into an awful depth, where, falling on spikes and sharp in-

struments, he was left to die. Mr. Dallas ascertained beyond all doubt the existence of this *oubliette*. Having with some difficulty prevailed on the porter to give him and his friend access to the quadrangle, he got the soldiers by degrees to show them the interior. Their further investigations are thus related by Mr. Dallas:—

‘We went upstairs under the guidance of a soldier, and passed through the upper chambers, where two companies of the 40th regiment of the line were quartered. We inquired whether there was any chapel in the building—taking great pains always to avoid anything like leading questions. The soldier said there was a chapel on the second floor. We asked him to describe it. This he did; and then, without any suggestive question from us, he said, that in the passage opposite to the door, there was a trap-door which fell downwards; and when asked where it went to, he did not know—only the place was very deep.

‘We wanted to see this ourselves, and asked the soldiers to conduct us; but they told us that when the greater part of the regiment had been withdrawn, on account of the unhealthiness, the whole building was at first left open; but that as the soldiers who had remained wandered over the building, it became dirtied and damaged, and two sides of the quadrangle had been fastened up. We wished to see whether this precluded the possibility of our entering it, and we were led to a door, the lock of which was broken; but the entrance was secured by a strip of wood being nailed across the whole. I was trying whether this barrier could not be removed, when one of the soldiers suggested that there was another door less firmly fastened up; to this second door he guided us, and in passing to it we were joined by some half dozen other soldiers, attracted by curiosity. On inspecting the strip of wood which was placed across this door, we found that it could be removed much more easily; but while we were preparing to do this, a sergeant came and told us that if we removed the fastening we should subject the men to punishment, as they were forbidden to go into the unoccupied part of the building. Of course we desisted; but we questioned the men who were around us, several of whom had often been in the part we were desiring to see, and they every one testified to the existence of the trap-door in the passage opposite to the chancery chapel; and gave such description of it as left no doubt of the existence of that *oubliette* of which the correspondents of the London newspapers had spoken when they described what they saw in 1848.

“Are there any dungeons here?” we asked the soldiers. “Dungeons! cachots! Oui, monsieur, bien des cachots!” (plenty of dungeons!). “Will you show them to us?” Two soldiers who had gone through all the dungeons themselves offered to be our guides, and two others followed from curiosity. We sent one of them to buy some candles, with which he speedily returned; and we proceeded without delay to explore the dungeons of the *Inquisition at Rome*.



‘Our guides led us to the same door which we had opened at first, and we went down a broad flight of steps, which led us into a large vaulted hall of stone entirely under the level of the ground. There were plain marks that this was intended to be a hall of judgment ; and the places where iron rings had been fastened into the stone wall in a row were sufficiently obvious. The soldiers told us that there had been rings in these holes when the French troops first came, but that they had been wrenched out when wanted for use in the barracks. At one end of this apartment there was a kind of ante-hall, made part of the hall itself by a large arch. This ante-hall was domed, and in the centre stone above an iron ring was fixed. In surveying this apartment, it was impossible not to arrive at the conclusion that we were in the hall of torture where the judicial examinations before the inquisitors were carried on under what is called “the question,” which means under the terror of the threats of torture or the actual application of it. It was heart-sickening to look upon that iron ring, and reflect upon the awful agonies of the pulley, which was the common mode of “questioning” those who were suspected of heresy.

‘We passed from this hall to several other roomy prisons ; in one of these a wooden shed of recent construction was placed. This called forth a joke and a smile from the soldiers, from whom we learned that it was the place of confinement, which had been arranged for that military punishment commonly called “the black-hole.” After going through several large kind of cellars, we came to one in which there was a large arch bricked up. This had been done, we were told, when the French first took possession of the barrack ; but our guides informed us that there was a similar arch in another direction along this course of prisons, which had not been bricked up, because it was found to be nearly closed up with the rubbish which had been thrown there in the first violent ransacking of the palace by the insurgent Roman people. We were led to this other arch, and found it as it had been described. The rubbish filled the whole space of the arch, except about three feet at the top. We crept up the rubbish, and made our way through the opening, dropping down a rather steeper descent on the other side.

‘We found several more prisons similar to those we had seen in passing from the hall of torture ; and after having satisfied ourselves with this sight, we were about to return, when the soldiers told us that we had yet to descend to other prisons ; and they led us to the top of a flight of steps, narrower than those which had brought us from the quadrangle, and leading us to a second underground course of dungeons. At the bottom of this second flight of steps we came into a square place with a well in the centre of it, surrounded by a low wall ; on holding our candles over this wall, the light was reflected by water at a considerable depth, and we threw something in to ascertain that it was water. This must have been the well to supply the prisoners with water. From this square place we went through a range of prisons much smaller than those above. It was difficult

to imagine how human beings could have lived in such places of confinement, so far removed from wholesome air, and entirely in darkness, unless when artificial light was occasionally used.

'The description of these dungeons can give no notion of the feelings with which we passed through them, and the increasing sense of horror began to have a sensible effect upon us. This had not, however, prepared us for the call which the guiding soldier in advance loudly made to us, "Descendez, messieurs, encore !" (Come down still lower, gentlemen): and we found ourselves at the top of a flight of steps descending to a third underground course of dungeons. The soldiers went down, and I began to descend, but my friend protested against a further exploring into these unhealthy graves during the proverbially unhealthy season of August in Rome. I looked down and saw the bottom of the flight of steps, and feeling really sickened, I turned, and we found our way once more to the surface; not, however, without encountering more difficulty in the ascent of the rubbish from the inner side than we had experienced in coming from the outer.

'On arriving once more in the light of day and air of heaven, as the soldiers were extinguishing our lights, I could not refrain from bursting forth in earnest expression of the feelings produced by what we had seen; but when I talked of these as horrors, one of the soldiers said—"Horrors, sir! you have not seen the worst." "And are there any worse places to be seen?" said I. "Come and judge for yourself," said the soldier. He led us across the quadrangle; we followed him through part of the entrance into the guard-room, where several soldiers were lying about; from thence we passed into a passage, at the end of which we came into a good sized light room, paved with flagstones, except on one side, where there was a large wooden trap-door level with the floor. The room appeared at that time to be used to receive lumber. I naturally walked up to the trap-door, but one of the soldiers said, "No, here is the place, sir," and pointed out, on the other side of the room, one of the flagstones about two feet by eighteen inches in size, having in the centre a large iron ring. He attempted to lift this stone, but found it too heavy. Another of the soldiers had gone into the guard-room to relight our candles, and returning, he assisted his comrade, and the stone was raised and laid flat over. It was a thick heavy stone, bevelled to cover the opening which was presented to our view. This was a deep shaft of the same dimensions as the stone which had covered it, having on one side a perpendicular ladder of steps fastened against the wall all the way down. One of the soldiers took his candle and began to descend this shaft; when more than half his body was in the shaft he said, "You will follow, gentlemen?" I asked, "Have you ever been down before?" "Yes, three times." "And what is found at the bottom?" He answered—"There are two passages, one going this way, and the other that; they are a little broader than this, and in those passages are the doors of the little dungeons" (*les petits cachots*).

'We shuddered, but felt no inclination to descend through a shaft.

which to a full-grown man was much the same as the descent of a chimney is to a sweeper's boy. We were satisfied, therefore, with the soldier's account, and asked what there was under the wooden trap-door. This was more easily raised, and with our lighted candles we descended a considerable flight of steps. These led us to a number of dungeons which we could not but feel to justify the soldier who had said they were worse than the former range of prisons. We went into several that were of stone and domed, with a square hole in the centre of the dome, which might be used as a mode of giving food and water to the prisoners within. This range of prisons did not appear to have been so completely ransacked as those on the other side, as was shown by an article of prison furniture left, all indicating that these were, indeed, contrived as prison houses for human beings. From the time we had entered this part of the prisons we had been distressed by very offensive smells and unpleasant respiration, the cause of which was soon discovered, when one of the soldiers removed a loose stone from off a horrible drain in the passage way, showing at once the principal cause of that unhealthiness which had driven the greater number of the soldiers away.

'We hastened from this dreadful spot, and made our way up to the stone apartment, and thence through the guard-room into the quadrangle. Here I could no longer refrain from giving vent to the deep feelings excited by the evidence thus afforded of the unspeakable cruelty of the court of the Inquisition—"the Holy Office" forsooth '—the regularly appointed court for searching out and punishing those who oppose the doctrine or authority of the Church of Rome.'

A further note in this diary adds:—

'We saw till we were sick, and then went away. I never was so impressed with the sense of what religious persecution is as at this moment, nor with so strong a feeling of the deep-rooted cruelty of fallen man.'

A very different atmosphere was entered, after this sojourn in the imperial city, in a few days passed among the Vaudois and much interesting spiritual intercourse with their pastors.—La Tour being the resting-place. Passing by the many interesting incidents of this visit, the diary has preserved short notes of a sermon preached at Milan, which must not be omitted:—

'My subject was Acts xv. 30—St. Paul's ministry in Italy for two years, from his first arrival; (1) The things concerning Christ, (2) Concerning the kingdom of God—"No man forbidding." A man at Rome now forbids.—We are now in Milan, where Christianity was first tolerated by Constantine's edict, A.D. 313.—Application. What the Gospel really is.—How we should make it known to the Romanists.—Our conduct among them.'

This sermon had a striking effect upon the thirty-five English



who were present, and was brought to the hearts of some, by the power of the Holy Ghost. Five persons afterwards came to thank Mr. Dallas with deep feeling, and he was greatly comforted with the thought of having been useful.

The next deep interest in this tour, was a visit to the land of Luther; the Wartburg, the castle in which he was confined for two years, his study—all touched congenial springs of interest. A lady and gentleman who joined the traveller, drew him out in much interesting conversation. Mr. Dallas laid before them the necessity of personal application of the Gospel, pressed it plainly upon them, and urged upon them prayer for the Holy Spirit. In relating this rencontre my dear husband says:—

‘I cannot but entertain the hope that I was not taken to Wartburg only for the pleasure of seeing Luther’s chamber, but that I may have been sent in providence to gather the souls of these people. Our conversation continued in the train, where a German physician, who talked French, joined in it. His remarks led me to be very faithful on one or two points as they occurred, which kept up the spiritual direction of our talk.’

The last and the most thrilling incident of the tour in his journey to Berlin has been fully detailed in the Autobiography.

Mr. Dallas reached home late in September, with all his sympathies drawn out by the appalling news of the Indian Mutiny. Stirred up by the awful events there happening, he wrote a letter to the London papers. In this he expresses his conviction, in common with many other Christian men, that the British Government had brought this fearful judgment upon our nation by the encouragement of idolatrous practices and neglect of that dissemination of Scriptural Christianity among the Sepoys which would have ensured their loyalty. Mr. Dallas urges this as a plea in reference to Ireland. He exposes in this letter facts and expressions which show the animus of the Roman Catholic hierarchy as to allegiance to the Queen, whenever their allegiance to the Pope was put in juxtaposition, and he strongly urges the importance of Scriptural education and of that training in the principles of true religion which would teach them true loyalty.

The truth of all that was therein deduced was fully tested in the west of Ireland when the rebellion of Fenianism was developed.

In October a solemn national fast was appointed, and it was kept at Wonston with that deep feeling which only those could know, who had relations exposed to the awful scenes of massacre and blood which every Indian mail brought to light. The whole army of Bengal had revolted, there was no telegraphic intelligence, and the suspense from one post to another was dreadful. His own eldest son was called out in the defence of his country there. The Pastor little apprehended that ere this awful storm of judgment ceased, it would bring the bitterness of bereavement to his own heart.

The usual service on the eve of the new year (1858) was solemnized by the earnest supplications which were offered up for one who had been so many years the friend and the fellow-labourer of the Rector in all his parochial work. Mr. Shayler was lying at the point of death. There was scarcely one, resident in the parish, to whom this solemn event was not of personal interest; for those who rejected his counsel could not help respecting him. Though for some time past his position had been changed to be Accountant of the Society for Irish Church Missions, he had not ceased to superintend the school, the press, and many of the parochial arrangements, and his influence over the young people, as well as in the parish generally, was most salutary and efficient. Early, and often very late, James Shayler was working with his pastor, but he had not the same iron constitution, and he at last sank under rapid decline. At three o'clock on the morning of the new year, Mr. Dallas was called up to be present at his departure. The new year's sermon, on Heb. vi. 12, touched many hearts, aptly describing the holy and consistent life of our departed friend. While rigidly careful to follow out in all things the plans and arrangements of his Rector, he worked *for Christ*, and his one object was to win the souls, not of the children only, but of the parents to His service. Many of those young people who were taught and watched over by him in the parish of Wonston will in the day of 'the manifestation of the sons of God' rise up and call him blessed. All the parish followed him to the grave, and heard a solemn address from the lips of their minister, in which he thus speaks of this good man:—

'Our departed friend was the hand of the ministry, so to speak. This hand was joined to a heart which worked night and day for your

good. Those weekly papers which have been so largely blessed to some in the parish, he greatly assisted in; and when it was found necessary to print, he made himself (without any previous knowledge) fully acquainted with the art of printing. Many a night have we sat together at parochial arrangements till early dawn, that the school hours might not be interrupted. We little know how much good may be traced to those meetings for prayer on the Sunday morning which our departed friend carried on for so many years, to supplicate a blessing on the services of the Sabbath. The missionary intelligence communicated to you by his readings on Monday evening have also maintained a continual interest. I have been blessed with great strength and health, and many a time have I been put to shame by his spiritual diligence under continual bodily weakness, and often with great suffering. His study of the Word of God was also of great value, not only to the parish, but to myself. Alas, my brethren, how few of us have profited as he has done! The last word he distinctly uttered to me on his dying bed was "Christ;" then, laying his hand on his heart, he expressed "*full peace*." My beloved brethren, let us not "be slothful, but followers of him who through faith and patience now inherits the promise."

Mr. Dallas's parochial labours were somewhat increased by the death of this good man. For some time he undertook himself the catechising of the school children on the Sunday afternoon, and other things carried on by Mr. Shayler, but he was greatly helped by those agents of the Irish Church Missions who were at this time located at Wonston.

The tercentenary year of the Reformation did not pass without much parochial teaching on the subject, and one evening, after a very hard day's work, Mr. Dallas dictated a little tract called 'Queen Elizabeth's Legacy,' showing the responsible privilege of an open Bible.

This year brought an increase to the domestic circle in the reception of a family of orphan children, for whom their trustees were seeking a home. The boy was at school, and only at home for his holidays, but the three girls were domesticated at Wonston Rectory, and there educated under the best governess that could be procured for them. These dear children had the tenderest care for eight years, and no parent could have been more anxious for their spiritual welfare or more interested in promoting their present happiness than Mr. Dallas was, even to the close of his life. On the young man's coming of age, his sisters left this home of their childhood to reside with him. The precious seed

of God's Word was sown daily in their hearts, and we trust will be found in sheaves of blessing at the great harvest-day.

At the ordination at Farnham in July, Mr. Dallas preached on 1 Cor. i. 23, 24. After dinner at the Castle the Bishop called upon him to address the candidates. He had much to tell them of the missionary work in Ireland, and was bold in raising the warning voice against the stream of unsound doctrine that was pouring in upon our own Church. He had too long grappled with Rome's power to give an uncertain or vacillating note in the battle for the truth of God, and he was strongly impressed with the conviction that a deeper teaching on the errors of Rome was greatly needed among our English clergy, and that many of those who were at this time joining the ranks of the apostate Church had a very superficial knowledge of the doctrines of Scripture. In some cases the truths of religion had been presented to them so encrusted with the base alloy of ecclesiastical tradition, as to be lost sight of under the external glitter. In many of the publications of the day the tone of piety covered the poison that was spreading its influence, slowly but surely, to undermine Protestant principles. In an address to the clergy on the subject, Mr. Dallas proves that those doctrines of Rome which were creeping into our Church 'are "erroneous," as opposed to the truth to be gathered from the whole scope of the Word of God; and "strange," as being different from the authorised statements of the English Church.' He then shows that they are antagonistic to our Articles, 1. on the doctrine of justification of man, 2. on that of the sacraments, 3. on the Atonement, and 4. consequent on these errors, they repudiate the principles and practices of the Reformation.

The accounts he received of his son in India were most cheering to a father's heart. He was in the 1st Native Infantry, and was, under General Whitlock, Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General of the ceded districts for five years. In May, a letter from the Adjutant-General to the commanding officer states:—'Lieutenant-General Sir P. Grant has instructed me to communicate to you his Excellency's cordial approval of Major Dallas's very judicious and well-conducted proceedings.' At the commencement of the mutiny he hastily sent his wife and little children to England, and was quickly in action against the

rebels. The testimony given to his military prowess in leaving Bellary, where he had been so long stationed, was treasured up by his father. Major-General Macleod writes :—

‘Major Dallas has served too long in the division for his merit and zeal not to be fully appreciated by the Major-General now in command. . . . He cannot allow him to quit Bellary without bearing testimony to the cheerful and able assistance invariably rendered by him on all occasions, not only in his own department, but frequently, as at present, when doing the duties of Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General of the division. Major-General Macleod tenders his best thanks to Major Dallas, and with all sincerity wishes him health, success, and every honour that a soldier can gain, in the scenes of active warfare he is about to be engaged in.’

He distinguished himself at the taking of Banda, and was in pursuit of the rebel army with complete success. But the hot days of June and July, under a forced march, were a more devastating scourge to our brave soldiers than the heat of action ; and no division of the army suffered more severely than this. The men were falling like leaves of autumn, under the hot winds of Banda. Major Dallas fell a victim to a few days’ illness thus brought on, September 16th.

A parent’s heart alone can enter into the agony with which the letter was received, which announced the death of his eldest son. It was a fearful shock ; but these deep sorrows never hindered present duty. The time of weeping was to the honoured minister of God an opportunity not to be lost for sowing the precious seed. His daughter-in-law had been for some time under his roof ; and in all the painful suspense and distressed feelings of a wife whose husband was in action, she had been comforted and sustained by her father-in-law. News of the victory had lightened her heart, and she was now with her own father at Torquay.

Mr. Dallas determined immediately to go himself to break this dreadful news to the poor wife and her two little children. It was a fearful affliction, and his own heart was torn to pieces in this sad duty. The next day he went on the same errand to his daughter at Tiverton, and here it pleased God to give His servant a little incident of ministry which ever after brought an encouraging lesson to his heart, testifying the tender compassion of our heavenly Father to the desires of His children,

and beautifully exemplifying the fulfilment of the promise in Psalm cxlv. 19, &c.

A good Irish lady had many times crossed Mr. Dallas's path, and always rejoiced to speak a word to him after his public addresses. She was in greatly reduced circumstances, her husband having run through a good fortune and left her in penury; but she loved her country, threw her heart into the blessed work of reformation, and helped much by prayer. She loved Mr. Dallas for his work's sake, and though there was little personal intercourse, she had found great consolation and profit from his public ministry whenever, in her wandering life, she fell in with it. She wrote frequently, assured of a return of sympathy and prayer. From the year 1843, when he first knew her circumstances, she had no settled home, and at this time she was in lodgings at Tiverton. She had a great shrinking of heart from dying alone or among strangers, and on one occasion she said to Mr. Dallas, 'It would give me such comfort, my dear Mr. Dallas, if I could hope to have you with me when I die.' He told her she would have One with her who had promised to be her guide, even to death; who could and would supply all her need. 'I know it,' she said, 'and have no doubt that my Saviour will fulfil His promise, still I do earnestly desire to have you visit me on my dying bed.' Mr. Dallas put before her the privilege of, 'in *everything* by prayer, letting our requests be made known unto God,' with the promise annexed (Phil. iv. 6, 7).

It appears that for many years Mrs. Walsh had laid this desire before God in humble submissive prayer.

Mr. Dallas's heart was at this time full, and the thought of the severe loss he had just sustained, and the distressing errand he had come upon, naturally shut out other subjects. He was returning to Torquay by the next train, and was hastily taking some refreshment before starting, when his son-in-law, the Rev. A. Hill, said, 'Mrs. Walsh is in a lodging in the town.' Mr. Dallas said, 'Oh, I ought to see her; she is one of my most earnest helpers in prayer.' The impossibility on account of time was urged in vain. Taking out his watch and rising from the luncheon-table, he said, 'I have half-an-hour to spare, if I go directly; it is an opportunity of showing kindness not to be lost. I will go.' One of his grandsons

offering to show him the way, he went into the town and knocked at the door of the lodging, asking for Mrs. Walsh. The reply he received from the landlady was, 'Mrs. Walsh is so ill that she can see no one. She came here a week ago not very well, but only yesterday she got worse and I sent for the doctor, and he gave her some medicine which has produced sleep.' 'When she wakes tell her that Mr. Dallas called. I am very sorry not to see her, but I must go by the next train.' 'Oh, sir,' said the good woman, 'if you are Mr. Dallas I must tell her. Walk in, sir. She has been talking about you, and she would be so distressed if you went away without her seeing you; and she has put her watch and a ring into my hands to give you. She seemed to have an expectation of seeing you. But I think she is too ill to take much notice now.' Mr. Dallas went upstairs with the landlady, and stood quietly by the bedside while she roused her. He then said gently, 'Mrs. Walsh, do you know me?' She woke up with a countenance lighted up with a joyous smile, and exclaimed, 'You darling!' putting her hand on his head as he leant over her, really to assure herself that it was no dream. Mr. Dallas could only for a few minutes speak to her of Christ and His great salvation, and then in earnest prayer commending her to Him, he left her, and she sunk again into sleep. The next day she breathed her spirit out to God.

This dear Christian woman had doubtless found the presence of her Lord to be sufficient consolation, and it scarcely appears to us that Mr. Dallas's visit was of any advantage to her. In common parlance, it was a mere accident that he had himself come to visit his daughter on such an occasion; still more accidental was the mention of Mrs. Walsh's name by his son-in-law; yet there was to a Christian mind an evident providential purpose, a guiding Hand, to supply to a dying servant of God the consolation of a bright assurance that the prayer of many years was heard and answered. To Mr. Dallas's own mind it was always a precious instance of the tender compassion of God, in stooping down to the desires of a weak dependent heart laid at His footstool in faith and prayer.

The Bishop, who deeply sympathised with his friend on his bereavement, was soon after called to the same sorrow



in the death of his son, the Rev. R. Sumner. In thanking Mr. Dallas for his sympathy, he adds :—

‘No one has more of a father’s heart than yourself, and no father has had his heart more exercised by similar trials. But you have your comforts, and so have I. Grievous as is this affliction, how much heavier would it have been had I not been permitted to see the unmistakeable marks, evident to others as well as myself, that God had been ripening and preparing dearest Robert for his departure. This is my, is *our* consolation, and with it He enables us to say thankfully, “It is the Lord,” and to recognise His love in thus mingling mercies with His judgments.’

Subsequent tidings from India increased and strengthened more and more this ground of consolation in Mr. Dallas’s heart.

As the superintending Director of a great Society, an anxious care was often laid upon his heart as to the supply of the requisite funds from month to month; and a great trial of faith was permitted to occur this summer in the falling off of the collections. In every case of difficulty, on every crisis of need whether from the want of agents or of money, a ‘call to prayer’ was the first recourse. At this juncture this call was sent to all the missionaries and agents throughout Ireland and to all those Christian friends who were interested in the work. The necessity was great: at the end of June there was literally nothing left in the treasury for the next month’s payments. It may be well supposed what this trial must have been, with so many missionaries and agents dependent upon the supply. The ‘call to prayer’ was sent forth on the 2nd of July. The appointed days were observed with much solemn feeling in all the Mission stations, and great numbers of believing people pleaded the promises attached to united supplication. The Lord again manifested Himself to His servant as the hearer and answerer of prayer.

On the 12th of July the Secretary wrote to Mr. Dallas as follows :—

‘I paid in all the missionary checks to-day, except 100*l*. After just mentioning this circumstance as a cause of thankfulness, the last was immediately provided for, by a valued friend of the Society walking in with the exact amount. What reason have we to trust Him who has hitherto helped us! I am sure this news will cheer you, and be an additional proof to the many you have had, that the Lord answers prayer. May it encourage us all to rely on His faithfulness.’



In recounting this circumstance, Mr. Dallas adds :—

‘ It is an honour to a Christian when God tries his faith, and gives him occasion to realize that his dependence on Him is not in vain. It seems to be thus that God is dealing with our Society. May all its members and friends be led to pray more earnestly, to trust God more implicitly, and we cannot fail to obtain more and more of His blessing.’

In expressing his deep sense of this interposition, he also acknowledges the presence and blessing of God in raising up so many faithful men for the Missionary work, and adds :—

‘ The Scripture readers are a class of men who need peculiar grace for the discharge of their arduous duties. They form as it were the vanguard of the body, and are often called to act as pioneers under circumstances of difficulty and danger. God has been very gracious to our Society in giving us a body of earnest, zealous labourers who go forth with the Bible in their hands, and the love of Christ in their hearts, rejoicing that they are counted worthy to suffer shame for the name of Christ.’

The progress of the Reformation movement was at the same time manifested in its effect upon the Roman Catholic population, and resulted in two important steps being taken by their Priesthood. The controversy was placed before the minds of the people in various ways, and the handbills, placards, and notices of the sermons made by the public press, quickened their intelligence and awakened their inquiry. A new measure of checking what they considered ‘ the growing evil ’ was resorted to. Members of the Oratory, Redemptionists, and other fraternities from England and from Italy came over to unite their efforts to put down this proselytizing work, by preaching and also by placards. At one of their stations, Mr. A——, a pervert from the Church of England, was advertised to prove publicly the doctrines of the Church of Rome. About 600 people attended. Dr. McCarthy answered his arguments on the supremacy of St. Peter, both by a letter to Mr. A——, and also at the next controversial class; when the question discussed was, ‘ Did the Rev. W. H. A—— prove the supremacy of St. Peter, on Sunday evening, in Stephen’s Green?’ Many Roman Catholics attended, and much earnest inquiry resulted. The people were led to search their Bibles, and the Missionary reports,—‘ Never was inquiry more awakened, and the addition of *eleven* converts to the Church during the last few weeks has not been without its effect.’

The next step of the Roman Catholics shows that the demands of the people for instruction must have been urgent, and their solicitations pressing. Dr. Cullen was induced to put forth a reprint of the Douay version of the Holy Scriptures, bearing the approving signatures of himself and twenty-six Bishops and Archbishops. The unceasing labour of the Society's agents to refer the people to the Holy Scriptures, urged them to this step. The people eagerly possessed themselves of this new Bible, and, before the end of three months, 8000 copies were sold by the publisher.

Efforts for the spiritual good of the army found ready sympathy in the heart of one who knew so well its duties and its snares. Mr. Dallas was often called upon to address soldiers on different occasions. When a detachment left the barracks at Winchester to join the army of the Crimea, he gave them a solemn address the night before they departed. Few of those brave fellows lived to put their foot in England again. He never shrank from a faithful exposure of error, and as his mind was constantly exercised on the subject of Romanism, he naturally brought forward these errors, with earnest warning. The principle of non-interference with the religion of the soldiers, and the caution it involved, gave a check to this ministry.

The Army Scripture-readers' Society often requested his help, and he was at the beginning of this year elected to be a Vice-President of that Society. This communication was followed by a letter from his friend, Major Powys, informing him of a difficulty which was raised in the Committee by those who feared that controversy might engender strife:—

'N—— C——, 13th Jan., 1859.

'My dear Friend,

'I had hoped to have caught you here to-day, but I cannot stay until you return, so I must say my say on paper; and a very difficult thing it is to say this even on paper, for it is no less than to tell you that we of the "British Army Scripture-readers' Society" have got into trouble by electing you a Vice-President of this little work for our poor soldiers. You are so well known as *the* champion against Popery, that many of our army friends dread the terror of your name in the barracks, so full as they are, alas! of poor Roman Catholic soldiers, and thus they think a hindrance will be raised to our quiet work of Scripture-reading. I am therefore commissioned by the General Committee, of which I am the Chairman, to put the case

plainly before you, and ask you to relieve us if you possibly can. Nothing has been published yet, and you have not as yet been officially asked to join us, though I was glad, and so was dear Trotter, to tell you we had elected you. I am sorry to add to the trials that your faithfulness in the cause of Truth bring upon you.

‘Yours affectionately,

‘H. Powys, Major.’

The tone of the answer corresponds with that of the letter:—

‘N—— C——, 13th Jan., 1859.

‘My dear Major Powys,

‘Next to the honour of being considered worthy of being named as one of the Vice-Presidents of your interesting “British Army Society,” I esteem the honour of being *disqualified* upon the ground of being what you call “*the* champion against Popery.” As it happens that both these honours have fallen upon me together, I really feel more disposed to be proud of the combination than if I were elected President outright. In all seriousness, your comrades in the excellent work you are about are very wise, and I am not at all disposed to quarrel with them for their wisdom. I should certainly send proselytizing readers amongst the men, and should openly declare this. I am content to be the happy instrument of a blessing which has actually sent more proselytizers into the ranks of the army than your funds will enable you to send readers. I have many testimonies of the useful and holy zeal of various Irish converts, who, having enlisted as Protestants, have done good service to their Popish fellow-countrymen by proselytizing, with a zeal which is truly refreshing in these careful, not to say latitudinarian, days. Say to your Committee, that I owe them no grudge, but heartily wish them God-speed, and as a token of the gift of that blessing, I wish they would send proselytizing readers amongst the Romanist soldiers to help our convert recruits. In haste,

‘Your faithful and affectionate

‘ALEX. R. C. DALLAS.’

The annual meeting for prayer held in London by the officers of the army and navy was a most interesting occasion to Mr. Dallas, who rejoiced greatly in its increasing number. As the veteran of Waterloo, and, in his declining life, the oldest among them, his presence was always hailed in this assembly. He often remarked, with thankfulness, the contrast between the tone of young officers now, and those he had mixed with in his army life.

An aggregate clerical meeting was held at Winchester in July, when a special subject was brought under the consideration of the clergy. A religious movement had been prominently occupying the minds of Christians, and was not ignored even by the world.

A revival of religion,—more properly, an *awakening* to a solemn realization of eternal things,—came over the minds of many with an all-absorbing power, leading to results which sometimes affected the physical agencies, and then seemed to transform the whole man. This was first manifested in America, producing a solemn and religious tone upon society at large; it then passed over to Ireland, and visited England in some favoured spots. It was very important that the clergy should have a true view of this singular exhibition of Almighty power over the mind of man; one of the most marked characters of which was that it seemed quite independent of human instrumentality, or indeed of human control. The facts were too patent to be denied. In the north of Ireland, where the inhabitants are peculiarly unsusceptible to excitement, an influence seemed to change the whole face of society; whole villages seemed awakened to new feelings and new life. In one place, where there were twenty-two public-houses, drunkenness was given up, and the state of morals was so improved, that only four could be maintained. Large meetings for prayer and addresses were held in different parts, and at some of these there was extraordinary physical excitement, mingled with a deep impression on the heart, which led to results unmistakeably good, and manifested in an entire change both in life and feelings. Even on the vessels plying between Holyhead and Dublin there were meetings for prayer among the sailors. In many there was a sudden change—the Unitarian confessed the divinity of our Lord, the Roman Catholic renounced the errors of Rome, the drunkard became sober, and the careless and immoral became virtuous and religious. The 12th of July was celebrated by prayer meetings in the Orange lodges, and passed without the usual excitement, the members being preoccupied by the deeper feelings of the heart. Mr. Dallas had carefully watched all these facts, and his experience, as well as his position in the diocese, led the assembled clergy to call on him to speak on the subject. In the same tone in which he afterwards wrote to all the Missionaries, he urged great caution and discrimination, and the need of a right judgment, to discern the wheat from the chaff. Feeling the solemn importance of the subject, he cast himself upon that gracious Spirit whose work he was most anxious to recognise and adore. He felt that the Personality of

the Holy Ghost had not been sufficiently acknowledged in the Church; that at various times, according to His sovereign Will, He had made that influence to be felt as a mighty wind sweeping over the hearts of men, and giving thus a living witness to the world. The effects of this were always found to be uniform and of one character. 'Conviction of sin, to a degree not felt in the general and gradual operation of the Holy Spirit; alarm in the realization of a judgment to come; seeking refuge in the Saviour, and an acceptance of His free salvation with a confident faith. The result of this was often observable in a total change in the life, and in anxiety to communicate it to others.' But there was another phase of this movement which Mr. Dallas's knowledge of human nature led him to put strongly before his brethren;—the device of Satan to counterfeit, and in this way to turn the Divine influence into ridicule among the ignorant and the profane;—to discredit the real work by a false profession, thus confusing men's minds. He considered that the physical effects were permitted for the more powerful testing of principle; and he entered into the natural cause of excitement, illustrating it by that sudden revulsion of feeling which would be produced by awakening to fire or a shipwreck.

After a recital of very interesting facts in confirmation of what he said, he earnestly advised the clergy to exercise a careful discretion; to investigate, and not to reject what they could not understand, lest they be found fighting against God; but in much prayer to stand upon their watch-tower, and be ready to guide the anxious, control the wild spirit, and thus to give stability and reality to the work, as God gave them opportunity.

His letters to the Irish Missionaries at this time are also full of wise warning; and he specially recommends the scriptural test of every phase of excitement, 'By their fruits ye shall know them;' urging them diligently to watch the conduct and wait for the experience, which time would supply.

The autumn tour among the Missions this year was one of peculiar gratification to Mr. Dallas. He always kept his diocesan in full information concerning the Irish work. No important step was taken without consulting him, and though the Bishop would have been glad to have his friend more at home, he saw so clearly that the work was of God, that he

entirely acquiesced in his frequent visits to Ireland. The success which was related to him from time to time awakened his deepest interest, but he knew his friend's sanguine temperament, and caution moderated the full realization of the reports. It was, therefore, an event of great joy when Mr. Dallas at length persuaded his Bishop to go and see the Missions with his own eyes.

He went through all the different districts of the work, and, as his character is well known as never undertaking anything which he cannot do thoroughly, he visited all the schools, listened and took part in the examination of each, addressed the converts and the agents, conversed with the Missionaries, and thoroughly investigated the whole; and besides being deeply interested himself in all he saw, he left everywhere the feeling of great encouragement and gratification on the minds of others. He met in the Connemara district thirty-five Missionary clergymen, and in many of the mountain districts it was the first time an English Bishop had ever appeared.

He was accompanied by the Archdeacon of Winchester, who also expressed his warmest interest in the whole work. The Bishop's feelings of gratification are thus expressed in a letter to the Bishop of Tuam:—

‘My dear Lord,

‘I am on the eve of returning to England, but I cannot leave Ireland without sending you a word of the heartiest congratulation on the vast work which I have seen in your diocese since I called on you at Salt-hill. If envy was permitted, I could feel the passion very strongly. It is a glorious thing to be connected, as you have been, with such mighty operations. I know not which to admire most—the devotedness, ability, and patience of the agents, or the faithfulness and constancy of those on whom they have acted. Your Missionaries are men whom any Bishop would thankfully see planted in every parish of his diocese, if he could get them. And it is wonderful to me how you can have been enabled to procure the services of so many, combining the rarely united qualifications of mental acuteness, discretion, and self-devotion.

‘It will be a gratification to you to know that I have seen the churches crowded, meetings thronged to overflowing, and late-comers, who could find no room, swarming like bees all round the buildings, and schools which I have never seen equalled for knowledge of Scripture and readiness of application in any part of England. It has been a wonderful sight to me to observe the lads coming in

from "saving their oats" at a sudden summons, sitting down in their shirt sleeves, with a Bible in their hands, and turning to passages as familiarly as if they had nothing to do in life but to study them.

'The testimony borne throughout all the parts I have visited, to the effect of the Missionaries' work upon those who are not converts, has been uniformly the same. Many are inquirers. The influence of the priests has been remarkably diminished, and all admit the irreproachable conduct and the patient endurance and forbearance of both Missionaries and converts.

'I am, my dear Lord, very faithfully yours,

'C. WINTON.

'Dublin, Sept. 29, 1859.'

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## CHAPTER X.

## RESULTS OF FAITHFUL MINISTRY.

1860—1866.

THE 'watchword' given both to the parish and to the Missionary congregations at the commencement of the new year was 'Jehovah-jireh.' The last year commenced with earnest supplication for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and at its close Mr. Dallas was permitted to record a very gracious fulfilment of the promises to believing prayer. Not only had there been a special Providential interposition when the funds of the Society were in extremity, but also the encouragement in the Missionary work had been very great. The shower of spiritual influence had brought forth fruits of refreshing odour. A spirit of earnest believing prayer characterised every district of the Mission field; and, though the special effusion seemed confined to the north of Ireland, many signal conversions marked the seal of God's own Hand in other parts of the country. Intense earnestness and a hunger and thirst for the Word of Life was manifested in the attendance at the Mission services.

The Roman Catholic Bibles were bought and eagerly read, and not only were there many cases of anxious inquiry, but also a great increase in the number of communicants. The reports from the different stations were full of interest. Mr. D'Arcy writes (Feb. 3rd):—

'I have not seen for years such a prayer meeting as we had last night; there was scarcely standing-room. Roman Catholics are attending continually, though the priests are doing all they can to prevent them.'

This tide of spiritual blessing continued to flow with resistless



power for many months of this year, and in August Mr. McCarthy writes:—

‘For many months past, a considerable increase of impressiveness and solemnity has been felt at all our controversial classes, as well as at our services. Old truths and facts seem to tell with new power, and the breathless stillness that prevails during prayer, and at addresses of close scriptural application, or of appeal to the heart and conscience, manifests the deep earnestness that pervades the minds of those present.’

Other letters confirm this testimony:—

‘Scarcely a meeting for prayer now takes place in the Missions, but different requests are sent in by persons desiring prayer either for themselves or others; and the answers to these petitions have been often very remarkable. We are kept in the attitude of expectant prayer. Among the children also there is an evident touch of the Spirit of God manifested in some precious fruits of grace. To mention only one little incident. The master of one of the ragged schools left to go to another place. He had not been gone two hours, when the boys met together to pray to God to watch over him and to keep him from all dangers during his journey. Often, in different schools, the children come and solicit the prayers of their teachers with heartfelt earnestness.’

Later in the year, at a Confirmation held at Clifden, 167 converts came forward to renounce Rome and join the Church in this solemn rite. And the Missionary is able to write:—

‘A real revival and a true awakening have indeed taken place, and far more than at any former period. *Missionaries, agents, and converts help together, in earnest constant prayer.*’

And this tide of spiritual life seems to have rebounded upon the home work with reviving influence, so that there was evident blessing upon the personal addresses and conversation of the pastor, as well as upon his public ministry. He returned from a visit to the Missions with his heart warmed with fresh zeal and love, to enter upon the deeply impressive services of the Passion Week, and for the annual gathering of his ‘Benefit Society,’ to whom he preached on John vi. 27 with peculiar power. He had arranged this Club himself under strict rules, and always dined with the members, numbering at this time a hundred poor men. The address from the Rector after dinner was listened to every year with increasing interest. On this occasion, the recital of what God was doing in

Ireland tended to awaken 'godly jealousy.' The tone of the Sunday-school teachers had been raised by the Archdeacon's meeting, and there were also encouraging tokens of blessing among the children.

Early in the spring, Mr. Dallas was requested by the Bishop to give an address to the Young Men's Association at Farnham. He chose for his subject 'Recollections of the Peninsular Campaign.' He had a large diagram of Spain prepared, and his stories of the war so deeply interested his audience, that he was persuaded to give this lecture to the soldiers in the barracks at Winchester, and afterwards to yield to the solicitations of several of his clerical friends, and repeat it at different parochial gatherings. His own people had always the first benefit of lectures of this kind, and the life and vivacity of the speaker, with his power of graphic description, made them most amusing as well as instructive. The spiritual lessons to be deduced were introduced in a winning way, recommended by experience and illustrative anecdote. This lecture was followed by another, entitled 'The Lessons of a Long Life,' in which, taking for his ground the most interesting circumstances of his autobiography and his experience of seventy years, he drew out the following lessons for spiritual edification:—

1. How to deal with ourselves and with others as sinners: 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive,' &c.; Matt. vi. 12-14.
2. How to live *now*, under the conviction that we have to live for ever in eternity; 2 Cor. v. 7.
3. The importance of early impressions; Prov. xxii. 6.
4. How to follow God's eye-guiding, by waiting upon Providence; Prov. iii. 5, 6; Ps. xxxii. 8.
5. The blessing of recognising the Holy Spirit, and of communion with Him; Luke xi. 13.

Mr. Dallas never felt that 'the ministry' was 'fulfilled' by giving merely secular information; or that a clergyman was in his right position unless he left with his audience some instruction which would further their eternal interests. His object in every ministration was nothing short of winning souls for Christ.

But these lectures were so popular, that it was impossible to

respond to calls from his brother clergymen to repeat them; it would have led to occupation of time already too fully taxed with his own stated ministry in Wonston and in Ireland.

A more important public work opened to him in March, in a visit to Cambridge for the Irish Church Missions, where, beside two sermons, and a large meeting for the Society, he addressed several parties of young men on the subject of ministerial responsibility. There is good evidence that this visit planted a missionary seed in the hearts of several who are now experienced labourers in the vineyard of their Lord.

The 'West Connaught Endowment Society' was commencing its operations this year. It was set on foot by the nephew of the Bishop of Tuam, the Hon. and Rev. W. Plunket, whose earnest zeal united with that of the Bishop in helping forward all the Missionary enterprises in the diocese. Its object was to render the ecclesiastical position of the Missions more permanent, by endowing the new churches, and thus, by supplying some stated salary to their pastors, to relieve the funds of the Irish Church Mission Society and enable it to extend its operations to new districts. Large sums of money were collected, and before the disestablishment in 1869, eleven churches were endowed. The clergy of eight of these churches had been entirely maintained by the Society for Irish Church Missions. The necessity for this assistance to the living Church that had been gathered in forty-eight separate congregations, was a striking proof of the progress of the reformation through the district of West Connaught.

In a letter addressed at this time to the friends of Irish Missions, Mr. Plunket says:—

'What an answer these endowments are to those who ask, "What have Irish Missions done? and will what they have done endure?" What a testimony to past success! what a motive for future exertion! what a monument, above all, to the glory of that God to whom be all the praise!'

At the annual meeting of the Irish Church Mission Society in St. James's Hall, the Bishop of Winchester recounted all he had seen and heard, and in a very interesting speech bore testimony to the reality and extent of the work. Referring to the controversial discussions, he speaks thus:—

'The word *controversy* has a somewhat uncongenial sound to English ears, and it is not always understood. I confess I participated to a considerable degree in the dislike which is entertained of the words aggression or controversy; and yet what is aggression! The whole Bible is aggressive! Every word of Our Lord's discourse is aggression! The whole of the Apostolic Epistles are aggressive, and what is it that gives aggression its valuable character! Every aggressive word is clothed in the language of love—every aggressive word leads from sin, and therefore from danger; to holiness, and therefore to safety. And therefore it is, that if the Roman Catholic Missions are aggressive, they are only aggressive in the spirit of the Gospel, in the spirit of love, in endeavouring to make an impression on the heart of corrupt and superstitious men. And so with respect to controversy. What is the Gospel but a controversy against sin—against the human heart? And the Irish Church Missionary must carry out this controversy. He must first show, and he can only do this by means of controversy—the danger of the antagonists to whom he is opposed, by pointing out to them in the most distinct terms their danger, so long as they remain in Rome. But then this controversy must be carried on in the spirit of love. And all my observations within the provinces of Ireland have taught me that your Missionaries, besides acting in a spirit of boldness, besides acting faithfully, besides acting with a zeal which I have never seen equalled elsewhere, are uniting with their boldness, energy, and intellectual power, the *spirit of love* in its largest and most comprehensive sense.'

Perhaps at no period of my dear husband's life was the sunshine of his path more bright, in his ministerial duties and in his domestic sphere. Such a spring of joy beamed on his daily path that his continual expression was, 'My cup runneth over.'

But the Lord whom he served saw good to cast a very dark cloud upon this bright sunshine, and in the death of his youngest daughter, his tender parental heart was rent with the keenest suffering he ever experienced. She had been the solace of many solitary days; and since her marriage with the Rev. Francis Seymour, to whom the Bishop had given the living of Havant, she had frequent intercourse with her beloved father. She inherited his energy with great talent and unflinching courage. The duties of a large increasing family did not hinder her from throwing herself into the full organisation of this large parish. She laboured in it much beyond her strength. On the 12th of May she became the happy mother of her sixth child, which event threw a bright

gleam of thankfulness upon her father's heart, but ere a week had passed violent pains in her head were succeeded by total blindness and by epileptic fits, from which she never recovered, though she lingered for many months. In August it was considered that absence from her home and more perfect rest than could be obtained in the midst of her large family would be advisable, and her father brought her to Wonston Rectory, her early home, there to be tenderly nursed, and to have the comfort of his presence and his ministry. His sanguine heart never realised her danger, and he was not, therefore, hindered from his public duties. But there was no improvement in dearest Janie's state. She had a strong conviction that she should never recover, and her heart was more and more detached from all the ties of earth. She was often in prayer for her husband and children with a confidence of faith which astonished all around her. When asked which she should prefer, to recover and resume her domestic duties, or to depart and be with Christ, she said, 'I would far rather depart.' When her fond father said, 'O my darling, I do not think God means to separate you from us yet,' she said with emphasis, '*He has separated me already.*' She was a most anxious mother: the necessity of leaving her children was a peculiar trial to her when in health, and she used to shrink exceedingly from the thought of ever being obliged to leave them to the care of others. Yet so mercifully was this feeling overcome in her last sickness that she never had an anxious thought. Once being asked by a friend if she could trust them with God, she said, 'I have not a fear or anxiety for them, dear little things!' Under agonising pain and bodily discomfort of every kind, not one ruffle was permitted to disturb the inward peace which Jesus gave her. She was quite blind, and sometimes thought herself alone when she was not, and on these occasions she would be overheard pleading with God for her husband, for a blessing on his ministry, on the labours of love she had left at Havant, on her children, &c. But Jesus was *all* to her, and she expressed continually a longing to see Him and to be with Him. The total blindness was removed a few minutes before she departed, and her eyes sparkled with a brightness which would have been excessive even in health. The sight was

directed upwards beyond the range of the objects around her, and her whole countenance beamed with an expression of wonder and joy. Her beloved father was deeply affected with this manifestation of joy. In speaking of it he says:—‘It was clear that our dear one saw something glorious that we did not see; who can tell what Paul saw when he was caught up into Paradise (2 Cor. xii. 4)? What did she see? Our blessed Lord gives us an intimation of the instrumentality by which the souls of God’s people are taken from this mortal body and ushered into the Divine presence. He tells us the suffering Lazarus died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham’s bosom—that Paradise where Jesus promised to receive the justified one on the Cross on the very day of his departure from the body. Who shall say that my dear daughter was not permitted to see the glorious band of angels who were sent to carry her to that Paradise, from her furnace of suffering? My child looked up steadfastly into Heaven, and her eyes were affected as with a great light; who shall say that she had not a glimpse of the same glorious sight that Stephen was enabled, not only to see but to describe? and that Jesus Himself, whom she so loved, was not revealed to her sight? I praise God for His mercy in permitting the sight to leave so lovely an impression of her spirit’s flight, stamped on the hearts of those who remain on earth to sorrow for her departure.’

The bereaved father thus closes his address to his flock on this occasion:—

‘God ties up many strings of purpose into a knot, by one act of His providence. Beautiful and powerful lessons to many are involved in the teaching of this bereavement. Like the brilliant balls of light that drop to earth when a rocket has rushed heavenward, lovely lessons fall upon us from her flight to the realms above. Not like those balls of light will the lessons fade from our hearts. May they rather be as the guiding-star that led those of old all their long journey till it brought them to where Jesus was! May all who loved my child learn the special lesson intended for each! I am trying to decipher mine, though I find it difficult to read it through my tears.’

Under this deep sorrow very touching letters were received from all the missionaries and agents, expressive of their deep

sympathy. In those from the latter, there is a simple expression of respectful love which shows the tie which bound them to him. Two short extracts must suffice :—

‘We feel that we are addressing one whom we are thankful to acknowledge as our honoured leader in the work of the Lord ; and having often experienced the comfort of your kindness and sympathy towards ourselves, we earnestly pray that the Father of mercies and God of all comfort may so comfort you in all your tribulation that you may, even more than ever, be able to “comfort them that are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith you yourself are comforted of God,” and that as the sufferings of Christ abound in you, so your consolation also may abound by Christ.

‘We rejoice to have heard of the bright testimony which your dear daughter was enabled to bear to the power of the Gospel of Christ even in the midst of her sufferings ; and can feel how great a comfort it is to you to be assured that she now rests from her labours in the presence of Jesus, and to look forward to the day so rapidly approaching when you shall meet her in glory at the coming of the Lord. That this deep affliction may not only be sanctified to you personally and to dear Mrs. Dallas and all the members of your family, but that it may also lead us all to feel the importance of devoting ourselves more earnestly to the great work of bringing souls to Christ, is the sincere prayer of your faithful and affectionate friends and fellow-labourers.’

This was signed by sixty-nine missionary agents and readers.

Another, from the missionary agents at Forkhill, numbering nineteen signatures, equally expressed the affectionate sympathy of Irish hearts :—

‘We have just heard, through our superintending missionary, of the trial to which it has pleased God to call you. We have it deeply impressed upon our minds that they are those who are most tried that are the most loved. “We know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted Thy servant.” We are quite sure you need no consoling voice, but that with which you are so well acquainted. We dare not, therefore, so occupy the time of one who has been the blessed instrument of bringing our own souls to see more and more fully the glorious truths of the Gospel of Christ.

‘Dear and valued friend, you have our sympathies ; you have our prayers ; your hope is very bright—hope on. Soon you will meet in glory your dear child. May our Heavenly Father grant us our part in that never-to-be-severed union ! May He sanctify every affliction ! That He may sweeten this bitter cup, is the earnest appeal to Heaven of your obedient servants.’

This was a crushing blow to the father's heart, and in writing to Mr. D'Arcy (Nov. 24), he says :—

'I am ashamed of the weakness which kept me so long in a lower state of feeling than I ought to have been under any circumstances, but especially under the marvellous circumstances in which God has been pleased to manifest His mercies to my child, and to me, through her. I purpose, God willing, to address myself now heartily to work, I hope, "redeeming the time." But I find it very hard to come back from the recesses of my own heart into the external things of duty. God help me! He will, I know. Help me to know and feel it more, by asking for me that help which His Spirit alone can give.'

During the long illness of his daughter, Mr. Dallas's missionary duties were compressed into a very short visit to Ireland; but in ten days he managed by pre-arrangement to visit all the stations needing his presence or supervision. A notice of this tour, given by Mr. D'Arcy, shows that sorrow of heart did not relax his diligence in the work given him to do :—

'Seldom does it fall to the lot of any man to see so much fruit as Mr. Dallas, in God's Providence, has been permitted to do. Beloved and honoured as this faithful servant of Christ is in every part of Ireland, it is in Connemara that the grateful affection of the people is exhibited with the greatest enthusiasm. He is hailed as the deliverer and friend in the very spot where some years ago he was burnt in effigy as the emissary of Satan. Mr. Dallas has just paid one of his rapid visits to Connemara, and never was he more cheered, and never did a visit appear to be more useful. It has been just like putting a match to a train of gunpowder. He came on Saturday evening, and went on Sunday morning to Sellerna, where was a congregation of 212. The text was, "Why persecutest thou me?" Then to Omey, where was a school-house quite full. The text was John xvii. 3. There he baptised a child. It blew and rained pretty fresh, so we did not reach Ballyconree till half-past seven. Here there was a crowded congregation; the subject was 2 Peter i. 1. Afterwards he baptised the reader's child, and returned home at 11 o'clock. Monday morning Mr. Dallas visited Glenowen, talked to the children, and inspected the Orphanage.

'In the afternoon he went out to Ballyconree; it was the opening of their new dining-room, and the orphan boys had tea in it, and many visitors were collected. The day was beautiful, and the garden was greatly admired. Mr. Dallas addressed the boys and prayed with them. He then went to Mr. Donaldson's school, where 106 children were assembled. We returned to Clifden for a hurried dinner at six o'clock with the missionaries; and afterwards a meeting, such as never was known in Clifden before, closed the public proceedings of the day. After tea, Mr. Dallas had a talk with the missionaries in his



bed-room till one o'clock this morning. At nine he started for Galway. The Lord bless him, strengthen him, and prosper him as he goes !'

Another friend, at that time in the West, writes thus :—

'Dear Mr. Dallas appeared as young, and fresher than any of us made us all ashamed of our trifling labours, and inspired us with fresh zeal and courage. I have been talking to many of the agents since, and they all appear to have got a good impulse. God grant that it may continue, that we may all renounce self, and become devoted, heart and soul, to the Irish Church Missions !'

It was wonderful that my dear husband, nearly reaching his three-score years and ten, should be able to travel thus with the activity and buoyancy of youth. His particularly elastic and sanguine temperament helped him to bear up under much that would have weighed down a more depressed spirit ; he had beside a far deeper spring of action—'the joy of the Lord was his strength.'

At the close of this year missionary work required another visit to Ireland, and it was an occasion of much interest. On the 15th of December, five hundred boys, girls, and infants, well instructed in Scripture, met in the Mission Church to welcome one whom they all loved as a father, and whose coming among them awakened enthusiastic delight. It touched the father's heart, so lately crushed by the loss of his own beloved child, and, after their hymn had been sung, he said :—

'I have lately been accustomed to tears, and have had a very crushed heart. Often when thus broken down I have had the feeling that I should give up my public work, and be quiet in my old age, and not go to Ireland any more. With this feeling still in my mind, I travelled last week in Connemara, and a little circumstance occurred which affected me greatly. A young man, respectably looking and well dressed, got up on the public car by my side, and bade an affectionate farewell to a young woman, who had come to see him off. "Is that your wife?" I said. "No, sir ; it is my sister, and I'm going myself to Australia." I spoke to him carefully, thinking he must be a Roman Catholic, and gradually introducing the subject of religion, I said, "And do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Indeed I do, sir," was his reply ; "and isn't it your reverence that I have to thank for it?" That decided me. I said to myself, "I'll not give up yet." And now I've come to Dublin, and I have had in the sight of your faces, dear children, and the sound of your voices, as great a balm as God could have given me ; and I say again, "I won't give it up yet."'

Mr. Dallas prayed very earnestly for the children, and the happy meeting quietly separated.

He was permitted on this occasion to administer the Holy Communion to 162 persons, of whom 105 were converts from the Church of Rome.

In his next visit to Ireland, the interesting ceremony of laying the first stone of the 'Bird's Nest Orphanage' at Kingston also cheered and encouraged him. This large building, for the maintenance and scriptural training of orphans and destitute children, was raised by the exertions of many Christian friends, to the memory of two ladies who had laboured with hearty diligence in the Missions of Dublin, and who in a very short space of time followed one another to the eternal inheritance. Mrs. Whately, the wife of the Archbishop of Dublin, was a woman whose great wisdom and deep piety were attended with blessed results in the early planting of the Missions; and Mrs. George Wale, her daughter, gave her youthful energies to the same blessed cause. In Mr. Dallas's address on this occasion, which beams with gratitude and encouragement, he refers to the number of buildings that had been raised by independent subscriptions, as adjuncts to the missionary work, and adds, 'Whatever has been required, there have been always raised up the hearts of Christian women of Ireland, who have set to the work with intelligence and zeal.'

The earnest prayer offered up at this time has been abundantly answered in twelve years of continued blessing.

Another large building was erected in Dublin this year, which presents a history of equal interest, 'The Ragged Boys' Home,' where a great number of boys, taken from the streets, have been not only trained for useful employment in this life, but have been also, by the teaching of God's Holy Word, led into the way of eternal life. To these, a dormitory for girls has been added, and also training schools for both male and female teachers, which have been brought to the highest point of efficiency.

These institutions, the spiritual instruction of which is maintained by the Society for Irish Church Missions, were a continual source of interest and encouragement to the honorary Secretary.

With so much to cheer and comfort his heart, there was often very anxious responsibility in the direction and guidance

of such a large body of agents, and, as the following letters show, difficulty in meeting the views of Irish friends :—

‘ August 7, 1861.

‘ Your note, received last night, touches my heart. It made me long more earnestly for the time when we shall all see eye to eye in the bright light of our dear Lord’s presence. It is a burden to my heart to differ in any way from you, and, indeed, we do not differ, except that I have had more painful exercises in learning how to work with instruments crippled by original sin than you have ; and besides, am placed in a position of greater difficulty, with my hands bound and tied by circumstances, while I am under a responsibility for which another can hardly make full allowance.’

Again :—

‘ If the choice of means lay entirely with yourself, you might be more the judge of the means ; but when God, by His providential arrangements, disposes matters for you, be assured it is the path of Christian wisdom to make the best use of any means He sends, and to believe that God can bring as great results by weak means as He could by the most suitable we could select. If I had not felt this by God’s grace, I never should have gone on in the work He mercifully appointed for me. The instruments I had to work with in the most intense difficulties of the missions were very much more unsuitable than any now engaged.’

Again :—

‘ The selection and arrangement of missionaries, is by far the most difficult and anxious part of the duty which God has been pleased to place upon me, and the most burdensome to my heart. I will not refer to the circumstances which so greatly distressed me, resulting from the engagement of ——. My efforts are now, to remedy the mistakes which arose from insufficient information. I spread it all before the Lord, and He will, I doubt not, guide us aright. All this is matter for very special and earnest prayer at this moment. I am engaged in a very interesting and anxious correspondence with — about the Mission work. I tell you this, because I want you to bring the matter in earnest prayer before God, that I may have wisdom and grace in what I write, and that the object may be obtained for the glory of God. I want to keep him from the unfriendly influences of those around him, who are prejudiced against our work, by giving him true information. I never felt to need prayer more than in this case. May the Lord enable you thus to help me !

‘ Ever affectionately yours,

‘ ALEX. R. C. DALLAS.’

In one district, that had been the scene of greatest missionary encouragement, there were disquiets arising from disturbances

and outrages which, though totally unconnected with the agents of the Society, were likely to produce serious consequences. At the Bishop of Tuam's country residence on the shore of Loch Mask, which was *private*, not Church property, the tenants were very disaffected and refractory, and at last, as no rents were paid, an Ejectment was issued. The priest was one who left no stone unturned to show in deed and word his hatred to the Bishop and to the Missions generally, and he now vehemently espoused the cause of the tenants against their landlord. The district became so greatly disturbed, that for some time, extra police defence became necessary. An agitation was kept up which no kindness or compromise on the part of the Bishop could allay. At last this priest went over to France, and the Bishop heard that he was representing there, that the poor people on his estate were greatly persecuted, and that, through the credulity of an English duchess, a subscription was about to be set on foot for the relief of these *sufferers* under the tyranny of an Irish Bishop.

The Bishop sought advice of Mr. Dallas as to the right step to take to contradict the false statements that were in this way circulating in French society, and even at the French Court. He knew Mr. Dallas's acquaintance with France, and that he would be able to give advice as to the step it was best to take to put a stop to this scandal, which might be so prejudicial to the interests of the Irish Church, if allowed to extend. The step Mr. Dallas did take was certainly a surprise to his lordship. It was, to write a letter at once to the Emperor of the French, stating the facts as follows:—

‘ Wonston Rectory, February 25, 1861.

‘ Sire,

‘ The comprehensive nature of your Majesty's mind can embrace the consideration of detail, as well as the formation of great designs. I do not scruple, therefore, to ask your Majesty's attention to a matter in which, not only the principle of fair play is involved, but also another principle, which is of special importance at the present moment in France, as well as in England. I mean the tyrannical power of the priesthood exercised against the influence of law and government. The advocacy of that principle in France, under the guise of religious sympathy for a supposed persecution in this country, is both contrary to truth, and dangerous to the influence of your Majesty's government.

‘ It is announced in the *Universal* that a sermon is to be preached

in Paris at the church of Saint Roch, by the Bishop of Orleans, Mgr. D —, in which he is to take the alleged persecution of certain tenants of Lord Plunket's on the wild mountains in the West of Ireland, as an occasion of speaking some home truths to Protestant England. After the sermon, the collection is to be made on behalf of the supposed victims, by "the near relative of the Emperor the Duchess of H —; Madame la M —, de M —, the Duchess of H —, the Princess of W —, &c., &c." The persecution is entirely fictitious, and the whole matter an eminent instance of priestly tyranny, stirring the minds of an ignorant peasantry against the legitimate influence of law and government. It has been marked by murder, and the criminal is enabled to evade the law. . . . I transmit herewith some papers which will set this matter in its true light. I am interested in this affair, from an intimate connection with a religious movement which has been for some time producing the happiest effects, in the very district in which M — L — has been attempting to exert his influence; and knowing of my own knowledge the fallacy of the statements made, and feeling the dangerous effect on all good order, I have ventured to lay this matter before your Majesty.

'Your Majesty's most faithful and obedient servant,  
'ALEX. R. C. DALLAS.'

Mr. Dallas took care that the Emperor might receive the various documents connected with the affair, which confirmed his statements. By his advice, a letter was also written by Lord Plunket to Lord Cowley, our ambassador at Paris, containing his statement of the case. The effect of these communications was not divulged, but the intended sermon at St. Roch was deferred, and the collection for the *supposed sufferers* never took place. Lord Plunket's tenants were gradually brought to a better state of feeling.

Opposition to the Mission also assumed a very violent form at Pallaskenry. The Rev. J. Waller, who superintended the agents, had to come forward to defend them under outrages of no common kind. A placard, containing simply the words of Scripture, without note or comment, was the excuse for most violent attacks upon the clergy and the readers, endangering their lives. An harangue from the priest on the Sunday had stirred up the whole village. The readers were in a state of siege, and could not go out of their houses to get water without insult and violent assault. It was necessary that the Society should defend its missionaries, and Mr. Dallas wrote a letter to Mr. Cardwell, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, opening the true

state of the case, and disproving the misrepresentations with which the matter had been brought under the notice of Parliament, when spoken of in the House of Commons. The right and liberty is claimed of issuing handbills and placards, on the ground of a former trial in 1853, when a memorial was addressed to the Government on the same subject; and having exposed the false statements that Mr. Cardwell had received, he encloses the handbills circulated, and adds:—

‘To suppose that the law of the land does not protect a man in exhibiting these, would be to place this country under the same tyrannical restriction as that in Spain, which is at this moment exciting so much indignation in the public mind in England. The truth is, that these outbursts of Papal excitement never occur unless the minds of the Roman Catholic people are beginning to be moved to inquire as to the grounds of the priestly claims to power. Experience, therefore, shows that such a riot, produced like that at Pallaskenry, is an indication of the progress of truth amongst the people, and therefore a good reason for continuing the course which has awakened the inquiry. In the present case the placards were read by the people during ten days before the riot. They excited no anger, but were read with interest and approval; and since the riot several Roman Catholics have privately encouraged Mr. Waller to persevere, as a means of helping them in the struggle for liberty of conscience. Mr. Waller is acting in connection with the Society for Irish Church Missions, of which I am privileged to be the Honorary Secretary, and I am sure that when the Committee meet to consider the subject, they will support Mr. Waller in his resolution not to be deprived of his Christian liberty to exhibit these placards in a legal manner, however the illegal efforts to prevent him may be *sustained*.’

These handbills and placards were used by the Romanists and Protestants at this time, and so many instances occurred in which they were the means of awakening thought, and leading persons to search the Scriptures, that the Committee of the Irish Church Missions felt it right to maintain their liberty, while recommending to their missionary clergy, caution, and the exercise of a sound judgment, in their arrangement and distribution.

The letters which Mr. Waller received from his Roman Catholic parishioners, encouraging him to persevere in his course, and expressing their sense of the value of his instruction, testified to the importance of the handbills. The census which was taken this year, upon the religious profession of the people of Ireland.

was another important testimony to the result of scriptural instruction. After all the emigration that had drained the country for some years past, leaving desolate whole districts, there remained upwards of 2000 persons who returned themselves as Protestants in Connemara alone :—the district, which in the year 1834 numbered 692 members of the Church, now enrolled 2379.

In June, Mr. Dallas was called upon to address a very large assembly of clergy at Plymouth, and his subject was 'The duties and responsibilities of the Ministry.' He felt that the times were fraught with startling events, and that it was of the utmost importance that the ministers of Christ should realize their true position as soldiers in that great warfare, in which Satan is engaged against the Eternal God. With this deep conviction he urged upon his brethren the '*one great object* which should be ever before them, *to gain souls.*' In this address, from illustrations drawn from scenes in his own life, the difference is presented in lively colours between 'reading the account of a battle,' and being 'present in one ;' and he urges them to *realise*, adding the solemn question, 'What is our object? All depends on this. Is it to save souls? or is it only the performance of our duty? The first has reference to *others*, the second to *ourselves*. If the second only is our object, if we are satisfied with having delivered our message, it is not the feeling of St. Paul (1 Cor. ix. 16-22). This passage puts before us *the great object*. But where there is not self and duty, there is sometimes a more insidious snare to turn us from the great object—a system—a church—forms and ceremonies.' Mr. Dallas then recommends 'the study of character, in order that ministers may adapt the tone of teaching to each individual ;' and 'the practical understanding of original sin. As the lee-way in a ship's course must be calculated, in right steering, so as original sin is to be found in every man, a certain *allowance* must be made for it in others. There should be also *sympathy* exercised in the peculiar weak point, so as to leave the impression in all our intercourse with our people—the minister can feel for me.' On the subject of *preaching*, he urges 'a personality,' to use the second person rather than the third, which wards off the application. To 'throw the responsibility of your hearers' salvation on themselves ;

referring them to the prayers they have been using, and making each judge for himself; which is the principle of our Church. The address closes with these points:—‘1. Always preach so as to leave the impression that you are fully assured of, and that you personally apply, what you teach (1 Cor. iv. 2). 2. Never show that you are vexed with opposition. 3. Use the motives to holiness set forth in Scripture. The love of Christ the great incentive to obedience; His coming again in glory, rather than death. 4. Take occasion to make your people severally feel that you pray for them—the value of books for birthdays, confirmations, &c., is herein felt. But for this we must walk in prayer; and we shall find prayer mercifully fulfilled for the smallest matters. This will transfer our *great object* from self, to the souls of others.’

There are a few short notes of a very solemn address, which was received with deep interest and feeling by his brother clergymen.

A tour on the Continent during the summer, was the occasion of much interesting and important work.

In Geneva Mr. Dallas had most refreshing intercourse with a very large number of Christian brethren. The Evangelical Conference was being held there, and he thus speaks of it in his journal sent home to his wife:—

‘Every hour of these last days has been filled with circumstances of peculiar interest. I must wait to tell you more than I can write, of the Christian communion and the edification in which I have had the happiness to partake. No less than 1923 persons attended the Conference; about 600 were natives, and the remainder foreigners from all nations. An evangelical unity of spirit bound them all together, so that not a single discordant note marred the harmony of this great concert of Christians. Every part of each day had its appointed occupation. The Christian friends opened their houses to receive the strangers with a liberal hospitality. The Conference closed on Thursday, and the meeting for “*les Adieux*” was the most remarkable and touching gathering I ever saw. On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, there were many special means of grace. I was present at the Conference at Paris, where about 1000 persons assembled, and also at the Conference at Berlin, where 1300 persons were gathered. This present Conference of 1900 at Geneva greatly exceeded both, in unction and interest, and I think also in the expectation of useful results. I preached twice in English in a church crowded from end to end; once I spoke in French for an hour and a half, at a meeting for Irish Church Missions; and once I delivered a lecture in French on “*The Scriptural Views of the Lord’s Return to the Earth.*” I had beside several other



opportunities of ministry, and I saw many dear friends, beside having much interesting communication with foreign Christians.

'Monday, Sept. 16th.—I was staying with the English chaplain, the Rev. H. Downton, and these kind affectionate friends were all stirring at five o'clock in the morning to bid me good-bye. Downton and his boy came with me to the station at six o'clock. Here C—— M—— met me with a hearty and affectionate farewell. What a contrast I had in the railway carriage! Two merry, lively women and a man, French, and most talkative. The frontiers of France were close at hand, and they began to make their preparations for smuggling cigars and some articles of silk, which they stowed away in their ample crinoline, and then they took out a pack of cards, with which they began to play juggling tricks. In the midst of this *feu de joie* of chattering, we passed a church with a *calvaire*, when one of the ladies, who happened to be looking out, rapidly crossed herself in the midst of a laugh, and without the cessation of an instant in the chattering. Such is their religion! It was very painful.—We had splendid views at every turn of the road. Our train ran a race with the rapid Rhone, as we had also done the same with the Rhine and the Danube within a few days. I could not help feeling how mercifully I had been dealt with, to have all this refreshment of mind and body without a single *contretemps*. I hope my heart was grateful for these mercies.'

Mr. Downton was a friend of some years' standing, and this visit was a source of mutual enjoyment. In referring to it, Mr. Downton says:—

'This dear friend spent eight days with us, and though not as a "stranger" or "unawares," it seemed to us all that for those days we had entertained an angel. The amount of spiritual benefit derived from the society of any Christian friend will depend upon the degree in which he is himself a recipient, through his own habits of meditation and devotion, of that unction which is only from the Holy One. From the commencement of my friendship with Mr. Dallas, I have ever regarded it as the greatest privilege which I could enjoy to spend even an hour or two in his society, and it was with the greatest satisfaction I received him as my guest. Many were the narratives of his own pastoral or personal experience which our beloved friend entertained us with. Ever watchful as he was for opportunities of influencing others, especially the young, we seldom met at the social board without hearing from him some interesting anecdote illustrative of some great Christian truth.

'Often during this visit we were reminded of the lines of the Christian poet:—

"When one that holds communion with the skies  
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,  
And once more mingles with us meaner things,  
'Tis even as if an angel shook his wings.  
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,  
And tells us whence his treasures are supplied."

The interests of the Society were not neglected in this tour. A lecture at Calais had been arranged by the English Chaplain there, and the following note of this ministry occurs in Mr. Dallas's journal :—

‘There were nearly 200 people, chiefly workmen and women, but some of the better sort. I lectured for an hour and a half, with very satisfactory tokens of interest and attention. This was the first occasion of having a collection in the English Chapel, and it was thought wonderful that 48 fr. were left in the plate. Several respectable people asked to have collecting cards. I have much hope that good was done among the English residents in this town.’

The Mission tour of 1862 was rendered more pleasant by the company of our dear friend, the Bishop of Rochester. He entered into everything with lively interest. Perhaps few things struck him more than the ragged schools on Sunday afternoon in Dublin. He paid a short visit to each, and saw, in three different schools in the city, above a thousand people learning the Scripture and listening to their teachers. Each class consisted of about ten of the lowest and most destitute of the population ; very old people standing beside younger ones, with children of all ages, every one learning one text, on the system which is carried out through all the Mission schools, that text being previously opened and explained to the teachers, who are a body of well-instructed Christian people.

One of the most charming days of this tour was spent at the Glenowen Orphanage, when all the missionaries and their wives dined with us in the schoolroom, together with a large party of friends. The dinner had been prepared by the girls and their teachers, and the elder scholars had the honour of waiting at table. How brilliant was the scenery from the grounds of the Orphan Nursery that day ! and how many joyous hearts united in that Christian communion, which is such an earnest of the general assembly of the Church triumphant, and which is seldom permitted in our present divided state ! Not one discordant note was there ; every one at the long table had the same one object at heart—the glory of Christ and the good of their fellow-creatures, and they were all united in one work for this object. After dinner, Mr. Dallas addressed the missionaries as usual, on the peculiar difficulties of their ministry, specially noting the

points which most called for attention; and his hands were strengthened by the presence of the Bishop of Rochester and Sir C. Lighton. On the withdrawal of the missionaries' wives and ladies of the party to Miss Gore's sitting-room, we were enabled to comfort and encourage one another on the minor difficulties of our department.

At Ballyconree the Bishop was charmed with the neatness of the model farm, and with the garden, which was beautifully laid out and worked entirely by the boys. The roots grown on the newly-cultivated soil were of an enormous size, and the Bishop offered prizes to the most diligent labourers upon it. This agricultural establishment offers a specimen of what thousands of acres in our sister country might have become under industrious culture. On this happy occasion Mr. Dallas proposed visiting Innisturk, an island in which a reader had been located some time, and where service was conducted every fortnight in turn with Turbot Island, by the good missionary of Sellerna. The elder boys of Ballyconree suggested rowing the party across the lovely bay in a fishing-boat that was supplied, and joyfully and manfully they plied the oars, singing some of their beautiful hymns on the way. It was considered a great honour to be trusted with their much-loved, venerated father on this mission voyage. The landing was a fearful one, and several strong men came forward to push and to pull us up the steep bank; but a happy scene awaited us. The islanders had got a hint of the visit, and all the converts were collected in the little schoolroom, which at this time was an Irish cabin of the most primitive kind. The want of a chimney made the dense mass of faces almost invisible with smoke; but such a welcome greeted the friend that had been the means of bringing the Gospel to their hearts! There was no begging, no grumbling faces. The *truth* had made them free. The reader who lived among them was loved and respected, and he told us that, of the 102 inhabitants, about half were converts. On our return from these interesting islands, illumined by the glorious setting sun sinking into the Atlantic, Mr. Dallas said, 'Now, boys, what's the pay for all this hard rowing?' But the question seemed to shock them; they turned away, and would take nothing. On a second mention of wages, the master came forward and said, 'Sir, you

will hurt them to propose anything of the kind. They all feel that it is the greatest pleasure they could have, to take you over.'

A visit to the Bird's Nest gave another spring of joy to the parental heart. It was late in the evening, and though Mr. Dallas addressed a large assembly of children in the schoolroom, there were about fifty little ones who had been sent to bed with most disappointed hearts. He determined to surprise them, and creeping upstairs, entered the dormitory suddenly. Instantly all the little hands were clapping as loudly as they could, and then they struck up the hymn of welcome they had been preparing. The tender words of love which responded entered many a little heart, and the little prayer which always closed these interviews has, we cannot doubt, been answered in blessing upon them. Each year has brought an influx of new children under the teaching of these schools, and their beautiful order and arrangement was a continual theme of comfort and encouragement.

The Bishop of Rochester bore this important testimony to the system of the Irish Church Missions. He said he had had to do with Roman Catholics in England, and to minister in a parish in which was a population of 1000 persons, of whom about 200 were Roman Catholics, and he certainly spent a great deal of time among them, but he was never able to come at the proper mode of gaining their confidence, by his ministry. After this, he had had to do with a part of London in which there were nearly 2000 Roman Catholics, Soho being in St. James's parish, but he did not know how to reach their hearts, and bring the Gospel of Christ home to them. The Irish Church Missions had taught him, by their mode of dealing with them, the secret of success. The hundred texts for Mission schools, 'The one-text scheme for Sunday-schools,' the text teachers—the whole controversial process of that great agency had opened his eyes to the power of God's truth over the Roman Catholic mind, and he was a convert to controversy as he saw it now carried on in Ireland.

After entering into a thorough investigation of the whole work, the Bishop says:—'I am come to the deliberate conclusion that the Society is doing God's work, that the process is good in its principles, good in the manner in which it is carried out, and most blessed and successful in its results.'

The marriage of the Prince of Wales, on the 10th of March, was made by the Rector a day to be remembered in his parish, not only by festivity and treats to young and old, but also by earnest supplication of the Lord's blessing on the event. On the previous Sunday there was an exhortation to the congregation to remember it in prayer, in private, in their families, as well as by attending the public services. On the 9th there was a special prayer meeting in the morning and the evening, and the 10th was closed with prayer, a word from the Pastor on the subject being given to every house.

In the Missions as well as in the parish the watchword of the year was, 'Go forward!' The war in America had led to distress in England; the resources of the Society were again crippled, and reduction was again needed. When, on the ground of economy, it was proposed to discontinue one Scripture reader in the district of Sellerna, no less than forty Roman Catholics waited on the missionary, to beg that they might not be left without a reader, and offering to sign a petition to the Society praying that the agent might be reinstated in his work.

With the hope of modifying some of these retrenchments, Mr. Dallas was induced occasionally to give his assistance in the department which was now generally left to others—that of acting as deputation for the Society. The following letter to Mr. D'Arcy shows the energy thrown into this effort:—

'The decrease in our funds is alarming, and calls for special prayer and special watchfulness that we are employing all we do get, as God would have us. It is this state of things which has induced me to depart from my rule and give some time to stir up the people in the towns of England. In twelve days I delivered twenty sermons and addresses. I returned on Saturday to Wonston, and purpose, if God will, to go again for a week on Thursday next, when nine occasions are arranged for me in six days. I tell you all this that you may specially help to support me in this effort by prayer, as I need all the help you can possibly ask.'

It may be well supposed that he was a successful pleader; but he endeavoured as much as possible to keep to what he felt to be more entirely his own work—the supervision of the Missions—and only occasionally acted as deputation. Often has he had seven and eight letters in one day, urging his personal assistance in advocating the cause of the Society.

On another occasion, in the contemplation of new plans for the extension of the work, Mr. Dallas writes :—

‘To carry out this, there would be wanted faith, prayer, funds and men. Some will give faith, many will give prayer, who will give funds? When these are obtained God will give *men*.’

And one of the most striking features of this Society has been that men have been raised up one after another peculiarly fitted for the position for which they were required, and in numerous cases these have been evidently given in answer to special prayer. There was much to urge onward the zeal and efforts of all who loved the truth in England as well as Ireland. Many new openings for missionary work, and many converts, proved the blessing of God on the aggressive system of controverting error.

The Right Hon. J. Whiteside, in a speech at this time, bore this testimony when referring to the murders which were staining with blood so many parts of the country :—

‘The crimes of Tipperary and the South are unknown in the West. Connemara is a singularly peaceful district. That district of 100 miles as it is now worked by able, zealous, indefatigable men, is less stained by crime than any other portion of our island, and in that sense alone this is a great, a useful, and a wise work to follow on.’

In a speech of Mr. Dallas at this time, he says :—

‘The work of the Society is an open work. We plainly tell the Roman Catholics what we believe we are bound to tell them—that they are in error. We come to them as our blessed Lord did to the woman of Samaria, as St. Paul did to the Athenians. We do not agree to differ, we agree to discuss our differences. To agree to differ in the ordinary sense of the term, is to exclude the Lord Jesus Christ from all your intercourse and communion with your neighbour. We will discuss our differences, and teach the Irish people the *controversy of love*.’

The success attending this mode of meeting error is manifested in the following notice of Mr. Dallas’s visit to Derrygimla, and it also shows how the missionaries were strengthened and helped by these visits of inspection :—

‘We were all much cheered by his visit on Sunday. The converts repeat over and over again portions of his sermon. On no occasion have they been so cheered, and so happy to see and hear; and since his first visit in 1848 we have not had such a congregation; over 220 attended Divine service, and of these, about 200 were converts from the Church of Rome.’

Again :—

‘At a Confirmation in Donnybrook Church, of ninety-two candidates presented from the Mission Church, sixty-three were converts from Romanism; others were children of mixed marriages. Of these many were adults, some quite advanced in years, and all by their earnest demeanour and intelligent answers, showed that they could give a reason for the hope that was in them.’

The address to the missionaries and agents previous to the 16th of January, the day annually set apart for solemn united prayer, is characterised this year (1864) by a deeper sense of the precarious tenure of all earthly ties; and at its close is the following sentence :—

‘After twenty years of work with you, I have no right to expect that I shall perform this office on another year; I would therefore address you as one who is about to leave you, and I leave you with the anxious charge to continue instant in prayer, and to expect largely and cheerfully that God would do bountifully in this matter, and give more than you can ask or think. There are purposes of mercy in the Divine counsels for Ireland—there are very many souls yet shrouded in the darkness of Rome, whose names are in the “Book of Life,” and the “Irish Church Missions” must go forward, and lead the way in the diligent search for these souls, lifting up the truth that banishes error, and showing an example of unbending courage, combined with bending love, which shall arouse the whole Irish Church to follow in that course. In appointing Saturday, the 16th of January, 1864, as the day for your special prayers, my last words to you are, “pray always; do nothing without prayer, expect faithfully that He who lays prayer upon your heart, means to give the blessings you implore, and work constantly under the assured conviction that those blessings will be given.”

‘Your faithful friend and brother in the Lord Jesus,

‘ALEX. R. C. DALLAS.

‘Wonston Rectory.’

An interesting circumstance at this time brought out evidence of precious fruit from seed sown many years before.

Being engaged for a deputation tour, and having to go to Scotland for the Society, Mr. Dallas accepted an oft-repeated invitation from his friend, the Bishop of Ripon, to rest a day at his house. He always enjoyed intercourse with this dear friend, who was for some years an active fellow-labourer for Ireland with himself. A large party were invited to meet him, and a very interesting lady was chosen for him to take in to dinner. He never failed to try to turn these occasions to

spiritual edification. The conversation turned on Romanism, as contrasted with the truth of God's Word. It was a subject which had long deeply exercised the heart of this lady. Her brother was married to a Roman Catholic. For many years she had lived on affectionate terms with her sister-in-law, without venturing to put before her what she really felt to be the fatal error of her religion. Mr. Dallas strongly urged the bold faithfulness which would give no quarter to the soul-destroying heresy. He pleaded for the principle of open controversial aggression, upon the system which had been so especially blessed by the Lord, to the bringing out of His people from the apostate Church. The conversation had a deep and lasting effect upon her. In a note Mr. Dallas received from her after this introduction, she says:—

'Allow me to thank you very much for sending me your book, which I received, together with your kind letter, two days ago. I assure you that ever since we met I have reflected very much on the subject of my speaking to my sister. I have prayed to be rightly guided and to have courage, if it be the will of God and if it is my duty to speak to her, and I pray earnestly for her conversion. There appears a marked providence in my meeting with you, and probably, if ever anything can lead to her conversion, it will be in God's Providence making you and myself instruments in it.'

Again:—

'Thank you very much for sending me the "Handbook of the Romish Controversy" and your two pamphlets. As you are aware of my Nicodemus-like timidity, I must bide my time before I can say whether I shall use them, and now I have very sensitive nerves, but God can in His mercy use even me, if He sees fit.'

This lady was a real Christian, one who lived much in the spirit of prayer. She was very anxious to effect a meeting between Mr. Dallas and her family, hoping that he might be the means employed by God, for her sister's conversion, and she asked him to call upon her in London, whither she proposed going early in the spring. He took an opportunity of calling, and, finding her alone, had a conversation with her, which more deeply drew out the experiences of her heart. Mr. Dallas asked her what was the beginning of the change in her views and feelings. She said that in early life she had been a great deal at Court, being lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Kent, that she was constantly with her at the theatre. She enjoyed the theatre; but one



day, almost by accident, a little book was put into her hands which showed the evils of that amusement in a very powerful way, opening things behind the scenes which she never dreamt of. It did not hinder her going, but it made her very unhappy while she was there. She had to go often with the Duchess that season. She showed the book to a clergyman she knew, and he told her it was all true. She could not get it off her mind. At last she told her brother she was so miserable that she must give up her place at Court; every time she went into worldly amusements her conscience seemed more pained. Her brother said, 'You are mad to think of such a thing.' He indeed peremptorily forbade her. She determined to look more into her Bible to see whether the book spoke truth. 'And what was the book?' said Mr. Dallas. 'The World, by a Deserter.' With deepening interest he begged she would go on with her story. 'Yes,' she said, 'from my Bible I was led to prayer; and the more light I got from above, the more I was determined to "come out from the world and be separated." Oh, I cannot tell you how I longed to see the author of that book! I was told it was by Montague Villiers, and I once stood with him at the christening of a child, and I cannot tell you what my feelings were to that man.' Her listener could no longer conceal the truth. He said, 'Mr. Villiers was not the author of that book, God permitted me to write it! To Him be all the glory for any good that has resulted from it.' She exclaimed, 'Oh! Mr. Dallas, is it you?' She burst into tears, saying, 'How I thank you for what you have done to my soul!' The honoured minister said, 'Let us thank God,' and they both together knelt down to offer their united praises for the grace which had used so weak an instrument for the blessed purpose of bringing a soul from darkness into light. The dear lady did not forget her desired scheme of an introduction to her relation; but no opening was permitted in the way of spiritual communication. This is one of the many little encouragements which brightened Mr. Dallas's daily path—solitary ears picked up by the way, as an earnest of the sheaves of blessing he will bring with him at the great harvest-day.

Another little circumstance of home life may be interesting, though not leading to any important result.

My dear husband came home one night saying, 'I have had the greatest compliment that was ever paid to me. I have had singular tokens of respect and love, but that shown me to-day has greatly charmed me.' 'What can it be?' 'I was going from St. James's Street to the office, and as I turned into Waterloo Place, you know there is a large print-shop with a rail before it. I saw a little girl about four or five years old standing against it as if waiting for something. The street was more than usually crowded. She looked up as the people passed her, first at one face, then at another, and let them all pass. When I came up to her she looked up at me and said, "Take me over." She saw something in my face that she could trust. I took her safely across and landed her on the other side, when she trotted quickly away.' Mr. Dallas loved little children, and very quickly got their confidence, which always pleased him.

It has been seen how this interest in children led him to give special attention to the parochial schools. It is surprising how every individual child was known in character, as well as person, by the Rector. On the evenings when the Sunday-school teachers assembled for tea in our large dining-room, the arrangement of the classes and change of lessons were always kept in his own hands; and his conversation with the teachers and his advice concerning each child, always sent them away strengthened for their work. The Parochial Journal shows occupations in visiting and personal intercourse with the people every day that he was at home, and very full days of ministry are detailed in letters to his wife, who was occasionally absent on the painful duty of watching by the sick bed of aged relatives. In one he writes:—

'Poor M—— B—— has died, and I have been at work in the parish all day. I gave a solemn address to the people assembled at G. Pearce's to attend the funeral. Sat some time with J. R.; had a great talk with Mrs. H.; visited Mrs. E., Mrs. S., and Mrs. D.'

Again:—

'The school is very flourishing; attendance one hundred and nine last week. I will take care of myself for your sake, or else my poor weary body would be well laid aside.'

The great secret of individual ministry consisted in the habit of never losing an opportunity of intercourse on the great subjects

of spiritual life. The spirit of prayer in which the minister lived shed its savour on all his communications with his people through the day.

Extracts from letters from Ireland at this time show that his work there was pursued with more mental pressure :—

‘Many things concur to make me feel that I am not as able for exercises of mind as I was. They exhaust me afterwards, and make me unfit to go at once to something else, so that after earnest talk and anxious discussion I want *rest*. Then, the various difficulties are so serious, and involve so much, and I feel so much turns upon my decision, that thought and prayer fill up much time. There is only time to *do* the work, none to write about it. I must wait to talk to you all about it when we meet. I was greatly helped on Sunday last in Dublin, on Rom. viii. 24, “We are saved by hope.” In the evening, “The Church of Rome not Catholic.” Indeed, I have been greatly helped in every step of my way, and feel wonderfully little wearied, considering. I must go to bed to be ready for a very early start in the morning. May the Holy Spirit strengthen and comfort you!’

The following little sentence occurs in a letter to his wife while watching an aged relation, and may be a word in season to a tried heart :—

‘What you tell me is very satisfactory. Remember that Christ is not only a home for the full-grown Christian, but for the weak and young also. In His Father’s house among the many mansions there is place for a cradle as well as a resting-place for the mature. Give my love to —, and tell her I do not forget her in prayer.’

Again, on encountering many painful difficulties in the Missions :—

‘Dublin, Feb. 6, 1864.

‘The correspondence with W—— has assumed the most painful character, and gives us great trouble. All the Popish papers are rejoicing. I have written a strong letter to W——. I have to meet the articles W—— writes, with Christian wisdom and forbearance. Oh, pray for me ; if ever I specially needed guidance from on High, it is now. At the same time, everything in the Missions is most encouraging and comforting. I will not attempt to enter upon the subjects in writing, I could not satisfy the interest which I am sure you would feel in each point I should refer to. I have just left a conference of Clergy, and overpowering kindness in pressing me to stay.’

During the summer, a tour on the Continent was arranged for the young people under our care, and Mr. Dallas gladly took charge of them. It was an occasion for that rest and entire

relaxation, which he much needed, and which travelling always supplied to him. His grandson, then at Balliol College, Oxford, joined the party, and nothing could exceed the interest and enjoyment with which they all set out. They had got as far as the Italian lakes, and Mr. Dallas had ministered to a sick friend at Montreaux, and paid a most enjoyable visit to his valued friend the Rev. C. Childers, and then took the steamer to Geneva. They had been some days without news from England, and eagerly seized the newspapers put into their hands. One of the first things Mr. Dallas's eyes rested on was the death of his son-in-law, the Rev. Alfred Hill, the much-valued Incumbent of St. Paul's, Tiverton. Perhaps a more sudden revulsion of feeling could not be conceived from the great zest with which Mr. Dallas was entering into the pleasures of his children. The father and son had been together, and had enjoyed much happy intercourse previous to this journey. The first thought now was to be as quickly as possible with his afflicted daughter. For this everything was given up, and the most rapid travelling resorted to, to reach home. In thirty-six hours from that moment the father was at Tiverton to soothe and help the widow and her eleven fatherless children, who from thenceforth became the special objects of his anxious care. The death of this much-honoured and faithful minister was a severe blow, not only to his family but to his parishioners, by whom he was much beloved, being instant 'in season and out of season,' in ministering to them the Gospel of Christ. The summons, which was an unexpected one, found him as a faithful and wise steward diligently fulfilling his ministry. The widowed daughter and her family were the father's anxious care, and while sharing in their affliction he was permitted to experience many Providential interferences on their behalf.

On the 26th of March was the last Confirmation which the aged minister was able to attend: and he threw all his energies into that which he felt to be the most precious season of spiritual edification in the parish. The records of this Confirmation not only note continual instruction, but very earnest, faithful addresses to each individual, according to the feelings and views opened to him by each. This was the last time the beloved and reverend Bishop was a guest at the house of his friend, or

was able to officiate on such an occasion there. They never met but to strengthen one another's hands in God; they never parted without being mutually stirred up to be more valiant in fighting the battle for truth. The Bishop's labours were at this time very great from the number of Confirmations he was holding, and nothing seemed to refresh him more than when at the end of the day he could throw aside restraint, and hold unreserved communion with his old friend.

One of the missionaries, the Rev. J. Smith, had been removed from his post in hopeless illness, and the following letter to Mr. D'Arcy expresses Mr. Dallas's feelings on this occasion:—

‘My dear Friend,

‘You know me too well to doubt the feelings with which I have read your letter. The thought of this great trial has added to the complication of distressing matters which have occurred the last month, and I must not hide from you, that I cannot bear work either of mind or body as I used to do. What I would have called heretofore a little pressure unfits me from labour, and so letters get behindhand. I say this, because I want your special prayers specially directed. I have been far from well, and though better, I need to be prayed for as in special weakness, but for this I would not burden you with this information about S——. I am greatly distressed. I have written a word of sympathy to Mrs. S——. I am much exercised by the matter of a successor for him at B——; this makes the fourth vacancy, and I look round in vain for really suitable men. I ask myself sometimes, “Is the Lord shortening His work? and has He gathered by us, all that He means to bring out through our instrumentality?” These painful thoughts drive me to feel how little I deserve the share in the work He has honoured me by assigning to me; and I have no right to wonder that He does not give more. “Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.”’

This devoted missionary was called to his rest soon after. His loss was deeply felt not only by his own people, but by all the Roman Catholics in his district. Numbers attended his funeral, and felt that they had lost a true friend.

The number of visitors and tourists to the West increased as the district became more extensively known, and persons of different opinions came to inspect the Missions. On one occasion a clergyman holding the doctrines of Rome, under the form of Anglican-Church principles, awakened the true Protestant feeling of the converts; and the watchful care of the Honorary Secretary

over the infant Church induced him to address the following letter to all the missionaries of the several districts :—

‘ My dear Friend,

‘ A circumstance has occurred which is so suggestive as an important warning, that I do not feel I should fulfil my duty if I did not act upon its suggestion. One of our interesting stations in the West has been recently visited by two clergymen of the Church of England. One of these was a highly valued friend and a true servant of God ; the other was a stranger. The missionary of the station asked the strange clergyman to speak to the people, who formed a congregation almost entirely of converts, and he consented. In his sermon, while there was the omission of the Lord Jesus, there was a great exaltation of Peter as the prince of the Apostles, and the tone was more popish than Scriptural. As I do not desire to use strong language, I will not attempt to characterize the conduct of this clergyman of the Church of England. If anything could aggravate his inconsistency, it would be the occasion on which he delivered this address. I need hardly say that the missionary did not allow him to depart without dealing faithfully with him and reproving him for what he had done. I am happy to be able to add that the valued clerical friend, who happened to be present, took an occasion to expose his errors to himself afterwards.

‘ This incident makes it necessary that I should warn all our missionaries never to allow any strange clergyman to address their congregations, or to take any part of their duties, until they shall have had unmistakeable evidence that such men are truly ministers of Christ, able to teach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus in its precious simplicity and its Scriptural truth. You should recollect that upon you is placed the responsibility of instructing the converts in the saving doctrines of the Word of God, in contrast with the unsaving doctrines of the Church of Rome ; and that in these days, when men’s consciences are so distorted that they can continue ministers of our Church, while they hold and teach Roman error, against which we protest, it is very dangerous to sanction the teaching of any one, until it has been tested and known to be according to the truth.

‘ I feel that I need say no more to insure your strict attention to this warning.

‘ Very faithfully yours,

‘ A. R. C. DALLAS.’

The burst of Fenian disturbances, and the open development of disaffection which had been long suffered to smoulder and gather strength, was an occasion for testing the loyalty of the converts, and also of manifesting the effects of Protestant teaching in the wilds of Connemara. It was a time of great anxiety. There was a diligent watch maintained both by friends and foes. It would have been a great triumph to the latter had the spirit

of rebellion broken in upon the missionary districts. At last three men were brought before the magistrates who had been in their early years in the Mission schools. After the closest examination, two were dismissed. The other had been detected by the schoolmaster, and by his persuasion had not only given himself up, but was the means of bringing others to justice. Mr. D'Arcy says :—

‘ After a long and severe investigation by Roman Catholic magistrates, one thing will be clear as the result. If Fenianism shall be proved to be in Connemara, you will have it in evidence on the trial that the Irish Church Mission School was the means of detecting and crushing it. If it does not go to trial, you will have three days’ inquiry proving there was none.’

In another letter, Mr. D'Arcy writes :—

‘ From all the evidence gathered, there is not one Fenian in the missionary districts, though there are a few in districts bordering on them. A relation of one of the Fenians said to a person speaking to him, “ Although he is my kinsman, if I was the judge I would hang him for his disloyalty.” Does not this call loudly for extending our work ? The Gospel is our only safeguard !’

Later in the year there was another attempt to sow sedition. Some Fenian leaders hired a room to give a lecture in the town of Clifden. The audience showed such unmistakeable marks of disapprobation that the lecturer never appeared again. The enthusiasm drawn out in all the Mission schools by this circumstance was most effectual in putting down the slightest feeling of sympathy with disaffection. The children were all alive on the subject, and in every school ‘ God save the Queen ’ was sung with such heartiness, that it tended greatly to increase the loyalty of their parents.

In August we had an interesting tour among the Missions, in company with a brother and sister, and we were permitted to pluck many ears of corn in the spiritual vineyard, evidences that the precious seed had not been sown in vain. One little circumstance in our travels must suffice as a specimen of many others. We were relieving our tired horses by a walk up a hill by the side of Loch Corrib. We had only a few minutes left the carriage, when a farmer came by on his old Irish pony, looking very respectable in his blue frieze coat, equipped for market. We made a casual remark as he walked the horse up the hill by our

side. He looked hard at my dear husband, and then said, 'Sure and don't I know your reverence!' 'How do you know me?' was his reply. 'Sure and didn't I learn the Gospel from ye when ye preached at the Glan School-house some twenty years back; and my cabin was over the mountain yonder. Bless God I ever saw your reverence!' He then proceeded to tell us of that first sermon which led him to seek the salvation of his soul in the only true way, by one Mediator, Christ Jesus. On further conversation, we found that he had ever since attended the Mission church, and had brought up his two sons in the Mission school, both of whom were walking in the truth, and now in respectable positions in life. There was only time for a few words of encouragement with the old farmer, but it may be supposed that we went on our way rejoicing.

At the close of the year, Mr. Dallas writes:—

'I have been weak and far from well, with symptoms that warn me that it may please the Lord gently to loosen the cords of the tabernacle; yet I feel His presence in glory to be so near, that I may be honoured to remain till He come. I am better, too, though not best.'

This illness was dangerous, but it was not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby. Mr. Dallas was frequently at the National Club, and speaking of his ailment to a friend one day, he said, 'You ought to go to B——; he is very clever in these cases.' After some persuasion he was induced to go. He found that it was not the doctor intended to be recommended for the particular case, and this marked more clearly the superintending hand of his Divine Master guiding him for a purpose of ministry he did not contemplate. With what joy and thankfulness did he afterwards review the delicate hair-lines of this Providence! He was led to a very clever man, who, under God's blessing, was the means of his complete cure. But a far greater blessing was added to the heart of the minister. Mr. Dallas was never satisfied with leaving a few casual, profitable remarks. When he got an opportunity of speaking for his Master, he always pressed home the point. There was a gentle, loving manner, which generally warded off offence, but he always left solemn, heart-searching thoughts upon his companion, and not seldom the heart's inmost feeling was imperceptibly drawn out to him. Having received much relief from



Dr. B——, he could not rest without trying to do him good in return. He found the self-dependence of talent meeting Scripture statements with that sceptical opposition, which science often generates in a mind revolving round its own centre, and without the exterior light which can alone transform the dead letter to living truth. Mr. Dallas strongly urged the frequent and fervent use of that prayer in which he himself lived—prayer for the Holy Spirit. The difficulties gradually vanished from the doctor's mind. Often the conversation which ensued after the few minutes of physical advice were so interesting to both, that time was forgotten. On one occasion when, after my dear husband's return, the question was asked, 'What did he say to you?' the answer was, 'Really, the way in which Dr. B—— conversed with me, and the many passages of Scripture he led me to open to him, were so deeply interesting, and we were both so filled with these great subjects, that scarcely a word was said about anything else. He considers me well now.' After the first visit the doctor always refused to take a fee, saying, 'You have done more good to me than I have done to you.' The cure was so complete that he never had occasion to go to him again; but when passing in the direction of his house some time after, he called to inquire after him; and Mr. Dallas was again permitted to see the guidance of his God in the visit.

Dr. B—— was in great affliction; he had just heard of the death of a son of much promise, on his passage to India. The anguish of a father's heart was poured out into the bosom of the minister of God, and he knew how to apply the needed consolation. The mother was called, and joined in the earnest prayer, with which Mr. Dallas left them. Illness of another kind afterwards led Mr. Dallas to be much at Brighton under other doctors, and it so happened that he never after was able to call on Dr. B——, but the following testimony proves that the blessing that accrued from this intercourse was not a transient influence. Dr. B—— writes:—

'How much do I thank you for your kind information with reference to my much-valued and sincere friend! How gladly would I have gone down to Brighton for the pleasure and profit (spiritual) of an hour's interview! I can safely and truly say he never came to me but that he left me better than he found me. I shall never forget, nor will my dear wife, the spiritual comfort he afforded us at the time we were

smarting severely from the loss of our eldest son, who died suddenly on his passage to India, having left us in perfect health. You have afforded us much comfort when you say, "You were frequently remembered in his prayers." He used to promise us he would do so. May He who holds and rules all hearts support you !

A sense of increasing infirmities, and a deepening feeling of the responsibility which the Irish Missions laid upon him, led Mr. Dallas earnestly to desire the systematic co-operation of his brethren who were on the Committee, who had hitherto left much of the executive department in his hands. He was greatly comforted by his plan being acceded to of having a Council to meet and consider the cases, which had been up to this time settled in the study at Wonston, and thus to throw upon four Christian men, with the experience of Mr. Cory and himself to aid them, the responsibility which was pressing heavily on his declining years.

This was arranged by himself at the close of the year, and though he still acted as Chairman of this 'Council for Missions,' the address for the 16th of January, 1866, was sent forth in the names of the Revs. E. Auriel, E. H. Bickersteth, T. R. Birks, H. Cory, with that of Major-General Browne. This good man was suddenly called to his rest the week after.

The value of this Council was to be soon deeply experienced. Frequent suffering from bronchial affection, and a very sensible decay of strength, proved that the gracious Master was calling His servant to more rest. The Brighton air was singularly efficacious as a tonic, and a visit there recruited his strength, on which his mental energy made large demands. He was summoned to Wonston one evening, while attending the Thursday evening service at Christ Church, by the dangerous illness of one of his parishioners, who wished particularly to see him. He started instantly, and travelling all night reached the sufferer at three o'clock the next morning, to the unspeakable comfort of his afflicted parents. He ministered to the young man with much faithfulness till his death, and was permitted to supply much consolation to his parents as to the spiritual state of their son.

Neither was the work in Ireland relinquished. A new case of interest occurred about this time in the conversion of a Roman Catholic monk, who was, by a chain of providential circumstances, brought to inquire into the truth of the dogmas

of his own Church. The light which had dawned upon his mind led him to seek an interview with the superior of his order. According to the system of Rome, he was told that his doubts were sinful, that what the Church taught must be right; and, as an effectual cure to mental doubts, he was given as a penance an iron armlet covered with little pricks, called a 'catenella,' to wear continually, till he was brought to a better mind. His arm became very sore, but so far from the removal of doubts, they increased more and more. A missionary clergyman led him to the Scriptures, and eventually to see the truth in contrast to the error he had been so long teaching. Then came fearful persecution, and his own relations were the most violent in their opposition, acting under their priest in devising every means of annoyance and ill-treatment. At last he escaped and came to England. After communication with Mr. Dallas he was located at Wonston for some time, and obtained under his ministry further instruction in the Scriptures. After due examination, he obtained the Bishop's licence to officiate as a curate in his diocese, and he has ever since tested his sincerity and faithfulness as a Christian Minister in an arduous and important position.

At the close of the year the Missions sustained a great loss in the death of the good Bishop of Tuam, who had nurtured its first seed, watched over its growth, and found his greatest joy in the precious fruit he was permitted to gather. The missionary tone shed over his diocese, rebounded in blessing upon his own soul; and in watering others he was himself watered, and found the consolation of those truths he had been the means of supplying to others.

Many were the expressions of appreciation of the good Bishop's kindness, and lament at his loss, which were received from the agents. A missionary, speaking of the Bishop's funeral, says:—

'He is to be buried at Tourmakeady, in one of the Mission fields, which has been *planted, watered, and encouraged* by him. In the infancy of the Mission work there, I ministered to about twelve persons, his servants and attendants, in a barn in his yard. I have since often ministered to a large and overflowing congregation of converts and others in the same place, in a beautiful church built through the kind aid and perseverance of his lordship and his family.'

## CHAPTER XI.

## EFFORTS FOR THE EVANGELIZATION OF SPAIN.

1861—1869.

EFFORTS for the evangelization of Spain occupied so much of my dear husband's mind and time during the last years of his life, that a separate notice of this work may not be out of place. It will be remembered that in the summer of 1861 Mr. Dallas was with Mr. Eade at the Conference of Evangelical Christians at Geneva. The condition of those who had been led to come out from the Church of Rome in Spain was, on this occasion, the subject of much conversation and of earnest prayer, for it was such as to awaken the deepest sympathy of all present. Spain was at that time the only country where the laws of the land condemned men to ten years at the galleys for disseminating opinions contrary to the Romish faith. For several years previous to this, Bibles had been in circulation there, and God had carried His own truth to many hearts. In Mr. Dallas's visit to Spain, he had discovered in different parts those who loved and valued the Gospel, but who were afraid of an open confession. On several occasions, when he began to speak to them of eternal things, they would anxiously look round to see if any one was within hearing, and if quite alone, would express earnest desire for instruction.

In one of these tours he found that there were in one town 143, in another 97, and in a third, 93 persons, secretly reading God's Word, and waiting for the time when they might openly declare themselves Protestants. But the priests were on the alert to enforce the law with sternest rigour. Wherever and whenever they were discovered, there were only three alternatives for them—recantation and absolute submission to the Church :

flight, which was not always to be accomplished; or *imprisonment*.

One of these Christians, who, in order to avoid being seized, fled away in haste, accidentally left in his desk the names of several of his companions, which led to the arrest of many others; and three men were at this time immured in the dungeon of Granada.

The Spanish prisons in general were of the most loathsome and revolting kind, but an interesting circumstance led to the captives being placed in improved quarters. As one of these men was being taken to prison, seated between his guards in a railway carriage, he was observed by an English traveller to take from his breast a copy of the Holy Scriptures. This circumstance so interested the Englishman, that he was led to visit him the next day in his dungeon. He was so shocked with his situation that he used his influence with the authorities, and succeeded in getting him removed to a better class of prison. That Englishman was the present Sir Robert Peel. To these prisoners, the two English clergymen, Mr. Dallas and Mr. Eade, were sent on a mission, from 1923 Christians assembled at Geneva for mutual edification and Christian communion. A very touching letter of sympathy was conveyed by them to these suffering brethren; they were also to present a respectful letter of remonstrance to the Government of Spain; and to obtain information on all matters there, connected with religion. With this errand they were solemnly commended to God, in an interesting meeting for prayer at the house of one of the leading Swiss pastors the evening before they started. 'Matamoros' and his companions had been twelve months in prison at this time, and, in spite of many efforts made by their enemies to malign their character with other charges, the most satisfactory proofs had been substantiated of their innocence of every crime except that of their religious opinions—the most heinous of all in the laws of Spain. Mr. Dallas's visit to the Granada prison is thus related by himself:—

'We were ushered into a room, upon one side of which there was an iron grating, and where there were several people looking to see their friends through these rails. We asked to see Matamoros, but were refused by the warden, who said that we must ask the governor, and come the next morning. We went to see the governor. On our way

we turned into a shop, and asked the shopman if he knew where Alhama (one of the prisoners) was to be found. He looked at us strangely and inquiringly. "You need not be afraid," I said, "for I am a friend." "A friend! sir," he answered, and then exclaimed, "Ah, sir, he's a fine fellow!" and spoke of him in terms of the warmest admiration.

'Having heard that the governor might give us leave, if we asked to see the prisoners, we accordingly asked and got leave. Next morning we were admitted into the gaol, into an open court-yard, where most of the prisoners of the gaol were confined. Oh! it was a terrible scene. These wretched criminals all collected together—some for murder, some for robbery and other crimes. But even these prisoners had the enjoyment of the open sky above them; those we were in search of had not.

'We were then led up some stairs to an iron-grated door which was opened and shut again as we passed through; then up twelve steps more, and at last we came to the room where Matamoros and his companions were confined. Oh! such a room! but a few yards in extent, with no light, save from a small grated window two feet square, set high up in the wall; three small beds, three chairs, a little table, and *three men*. It was a touching moment. We looked at one another for a few seconds in silence. "I come to you," I said, "in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ; we have come a thousand leagues to bring you the consolation and sympathy of your fellow-Christians." Oh, if you had seen the gleam of joy which lit up their eyes at that moment, you would know, dear friends, what it is to be a prisoner for Christ's sake! We then told them that two thousand Christians had met together at Geneva, and had sent them a letter with prayer. "Let us read it!" they exclaimed; "let us read it!" Oh! if you had seen their agitation at that moment!

'The whole scene threw us back, as it were, three hundred years into the days of the Reformation, when our countrymen were suffering like trials for conscience' sake. "Let us hear it," they continued, "and let us answer it." And as we read it to them sentence by sentence, it was strange to witness their excitement, and the joy with which they recognised text after text of Scripture, as it occurred in the letter, and said, exultingly, "That's in the Bible!—that's in the Bible!" "Ah," said they at length, as we concluded the letter, "it is worth being here to have this joy."

'They then told us of what they were doing and had been doing among their fellow-countrymen in Spain, and we in turn told them what we were doing in Ireland, and also of what we would try and do for them on our return. And so we conversed, until at last, after we had joined in prayer, the time came for us to go. "Well," I said, "we must go." Matamoros looked at me for a moment; but at last his feelings quite overcame him, and dashing asunder my extended hands, he fell upon my neck with an embrace which I shall never forget.

'After a great deal of refreshing and edifying conversation, we joined in prayer in Spanish, and I then said, "Now, good-bye!" "No," they

said, "not yet ; there are some stone steps to descend. We will follow you to the end." And they followed us. But at last the door was opened for us and closed upon *them*. As soon as our feelings permitted us to speak, we said one to another, "*And we are free !*"

Mr. Dallas after this visited several other converts, and was able in their own language to minister to them the consolations of the Gospel ; besides opening it to the Romanists, as opportunities occurred. Thus, through the mercy of God, the desire which had been for so many years laid upon his heart was fulfilled, and the language which he had used with such power and fluency in the service of the world, was now used in the service of the Master he loved. This was the commencement of continual efforts, to the close of life, to convey to Spain the ministry of the everlasting Gospel.

A little incident occurred in the journey homeward, which shows how a protecting Providence guarded the steps of His servants. Circumstances occurred which obliged them to hasten their return. They had to join the English steamer at Gibraltar ; this made them leave Cadiz in a Spanish steamer, and after a very stormy passage, they found themselves towards sunset in Algeciras, a Spanish port opposite Gibraltar, on the other side of the bay. As it was forbidden to any one to land at Gibraltar after gunfire at sunset, no boatman would attempt to take them across the bay.

Mr. Dallas was not easily daunted, and made all sorts of inquiries in Spanish and in English, when the engineer of the ship said he had looked through his glass, and that he saw a large steamer in the bay, which he thought was the boat for Southampton. The chance of reaching it seemed worth running, and with some difficulty they prevailed on four young Spaniards, of anything but attractive appearance, to row them to the steamer.

Mr. Dallas kept them to their work by his commanding manner and by his acquaintance with their language, and this was quite necessary, for though he offered liberal payment, they showed symptoms of a bad spirit, which was not diminished when the sunset gun fired before they were half across the bay. After an hour's passage, spent in continual grumbling, they

pulled up alongside a large vessel. The twilight was rapidly disappearing, and to their dismay they found it was a French vessel. On representing that they were English gentlemen benighted, and in the hands of Spaniards, and petitioning to be taken on board, the answer was, 'Impossible; it is forbidden.' The boatmen became furious, and no farther would they go. 'They were not going to Gibraltar to be fired on by English sentries; they would go back to Algeciras for the night.' A serious altercation ensued, and Mr. Dallas, knowing the temper of the Spaniards, and understanding their violent threats, felt that it was a time not only for looking up to God, but also for showing determined boldness. He prevailed on them to row to another large vessel, which turned out to be a Swedish one; and they were again refused admittance. The boatmen became more violent than ever, and their situation was really alarming. Both Mr. Dallas and Mr. Eade prayed earnestly for guidance, wisdom, and protection, when at length the Spaniards said very sullenly they would take them to one vessel more, and if that would not receive them they would not go another stroke. This determination they enforced with fearful threats. The two clergymen went on in silent prayer, not knowing what would befall them; but the deliverance was at hand. This turned out to be a Dutch vessel, and though there was much difficulty presented, the kind captain at last admitted them, and gave them a good supper and a night's lodging, thus enabling them to join the English steamer the next morning.

On relating this adventure, the danger was fully appreciated by those who knew the character of the low Spanish sailors; and these ministers of God endeavoured to make His merciful deliverance equally known and felt.

It may be well supposed with what earnest feelings Mr. Dallas laboured on his return to England to obtain the release of the captives, joining in a deputation to the English Government to petition for some mediation with the Government of Spain. Petitions for their release were also sent from all the Protestant Churches in Europe, and though there was no redress at this time, repeated efforts at length prevailed to remit their sentence to banishment from their country for life.

An account of this visit being related by Mr. Dallas to the



converts of Ireland, on his return, a letter of sympathy was sent by them, which they requested him to translate into Spanish and send to the prisoners. This letter, written in an earnest, loving spirit, was sent in January, 1862, and the signatures amounted to 1737, being 640 from Connemara, 462 from Dublin, and 635 from the other missionary stations. The signatures were thoroughly investigated; and were those of men who truly felt the blessing of release from spiritual bondage. It was most thankfully received, and the response from the prisoners was one which only could be indited under circumstances of such trial.

A rapid tour of three weeks with the Bishop of Winchester and his family in the autumn of 1863 enabled Mr. Dallas again to visit the Peninsula. On this occasion, he lost no opportunity of making various inquiries respecting openings for the Gospel, and he had at Madrid very interesting communication with Senor Don Luis de Usoz, who was a Protestant of some years standing. This learned man devoted himself to the collection of theological books, and spent years of his life in study. He had translated a New Testament which he had found on a dusty shelf while a student at Salamanca, and this had been the means of his conversion. He had also reprinted more than twenty most valuable works written by Valera, Perez, Valdes, and other eminent Spanish Protestants, which had been entirely hidden since the Reformation, and he had sent them to all the principal libraries in Europe that they might not be again lost, and might be ready for his own countrymen when their minds were opened by God for the teaching they contain. While thus preparing the way by diligent study, as well as in collecting those written in the language, he was anxiously waiting for an opening for more active efforts in the Reformation of the Church. His decidedly Christian views and feelings led him to welcome warmly the visit of Mr. Dallas, which was one of refreshing communion to both. This remarkable man having done the work, to which the Spirit of God guided him, died just as that revolution commenced, which gave liberty of conscience to Spain, leaving works of much literary value.

In this same tour, Mr. Dallas got into conversation with the English interpreter at the hotel, and rejoiced to hear from him

that sixteen persons met together every Sunday evening for prayer and study of the Scriptures.

Every visit to Spain deepened the conviction that the country could not long remain under the tyranny of a queen who was entirely subservient to the Roman hierarchy; and Mr. Dallas returned home to pray more earnestly, and to watch for the first indication of a brighter day. He saw that whenever the law of Spain should admit freedom of conscience, there would be the need of teachers of their own nation and tongue, and that fitting agents would have to be prepared. This seemed to be the work marked out for the waiting time. On a visit to a Christian gentleman in Spain, he was introduced to Antonio Vallespinosa, who was sitting with him studying the Bible. This young man had been educated in a Theological College in Catalonia, and had been ordained a sub-deacon; and the course of study he went through in preparation for the priesthood had brought him to see the false doctrines of his Church. His whole story was deeply interesting. Mr. Dallas gave him the offer of coming to England and being there further instructed in the truth. He came to Wonston in the autumn of 1863, accompanied by a friend who also showed some anxiety for more knowledge of the doctrines of the Gospel. These two young Spaniards were located at Wonston, lodging in the village, and coming daily to the Rector for instruction, for some months. The health of one of them soon induced him to return to his own country, but Vallespinosa remained to study with Mr. Dallas, and at length, through the kind contributions of Christian friends, he was sent to St. Aidan's College at Birkenhead, spending his vacations in parochial occupation at Wonston under the Rector. He was from thence employed for a time in instructing the Spaniards at the London Docks. Afterwards, circumstances induced Bishop Trower to seek for a clergyman to minister to a congregation of Protestant Spaniards at Gibraltar, for which purpose an English merchant had generously promised to provide the funds. Vallespinosa was recommended to him, and after due examination the Bishop ordained him deacon, in the parish church of Frant, in Sussex, in 1865. He was for some time located at Gibraltar, but he was full of ardent desire to preach the

Gospel in his own country, and especially in Barcelona, where he was educated.

In 1864, Mr. Dallas was engaged in a conference with Sir Robert Peel and Lord Shaftesbury, respecting efforts for the release of the captives, and measures conducive to religious toleration in Spain. He also attended the Conference of Clergy at Barnet, with a view of more deeply interesting his clerical brethren, and awakening a spirit of prayer for this object; and he lost no opportunity of keeping in full flow this current of Christian love and sympathy. But the door was still shut for any open Reformation movement in Spain.

During the summer of 1868, many months of sickness and suffering gave time for much thought. The great scheme of carrying 'Irish Church Missions' into Spain was naturally much cherished, encouraged as it was by the abundant blessing which had been granted to that system of instruction; neither could he give up the hope of being himself the instrument of organizing it in Spain. The mental vigour which undertook the commissariat supplies of 6000 men in a retreat before the enemy, was still in full force; the courage and energy which defied the French bayonets was undiminished. They were all called for in a far nobler warfare, and greatly would the veteran soldier have rejoiced to lead on the forlorn hope in assailing the kingdom of darkness, and to have planted the banner of Christ in this stronghold of the Papacy. He panted to go forward; but the Captain of Israel's host did not so will. He had other purposes for His servant. He withdrew his physical strength, and restricted his work to the retirement of his own chamber. There, a work of preparation was accomplished in many different ways.

'A Declaration' was set forth by the Spanish Christians in Gibraltar, expressing their protest against the corruptions of Rome, and their own determination to adhere to the doctrines of the Scripture. This, with an account appended of the meetings at Gibraltar, Mr. Dallas translated into English, and widely circulated. As the summer advanced, the news from Spain daily was of a most eventful character. Every newspaper detailed some new demonstrations of popular feeling. One morning, while he was dressing, it was peculiarly laid upon his heart that

*the time was come* for making some fresh effort for this unhappy country. He was deep in these cogitations when the servant brought a letter from Vallespinosa. It was dated 'Gibraltar, Sept. 27,' and it began with these words:—'*The time is come!* God has been pleased to open the doors of Spain to the Gospel.' The letter then described the new state of things in the country, and that a liberal Cortes was being elected; and it closed with an earnest request that help might be immediately sent to establish depôts for Bibles, and to gather congregations for worship. This letter was at once the foundation of an appeal to English Christians. A large sum was gathered, with which Mr. Dallas commenced an arrangement for a Spanish service at Barcelona, to be conducted as much as possible on the model of our own Liturgy. Another important thought was also brought into a tangible form. Mr. Dallas had long felt that a sound and scriptural Form of Prayer would be of immense value among the Spanish Protestants. Their utter ignorance of the formularies of our Church, led the Roman Catholics to regard the English in general as a nation of infidels. A responsive thought was laid upon the mind of a friend, the Rev. W. Richardson, who happened to call at this time, and suggested sending to them the English Prayer-book, and he offered at the same time a handsome contribution towards the expense. It was decided that a copy should be sent to every Deputy of the Cortes. A very nice edition in Spanish was obtained from the Oxford University Press, and sent to each of the 360 members, with the following letter, also in Spanish, from

'THE REV. ALEXANDER DALLAS TO EACH MEMBER OF THE CORTES.

'Senor Deputy of Cortes,

'I request your Excellency to have the goodness to accept a copy of the Book of Common Prayer of the Anglican Church, and to look with kindness upon the motives which induce me to submit such a document for your consideration.

'I am a British subject, a minister of the Episcopal Church of England, and I have resided some years in Spain; and although since then more than fifty years have run their course, now in my old age I do not find that the sincere affection I have for Spaniards has diminished. The good news of the Revolution which commenced last September has therefore filled me with joy; because, amongst other important principles set forth in the Constitution, is to be found that of complete

religious liberty, without which, as a fundamental basis, no true liberty can exist, neither can Spain be raised from her present state of comparative prostration, to the position of power and greatness which she occupied in former times.

'I believe all the illustrious Deputies of the Spanish people to be animated with the best desires for the good of their country ; but the enemies of her desired political regeneration strive with the most persistent determination to defend and maintain, if possible, that which is so directly opposed to it, with the evident design to perpetuate amongst the Spaniards the odious system of anti-religious intolerance, and the consequences which follow it ; as they do not scruple publicly to speak against those who do not think with them on religious subjects ; and especially the Protestants, whom they represent as little less than atheists, and the enemies of the religion of Jesus Christ. I request your Excellency, with the greatest respect, to consider whether the persons are not Christians who profess the religious doctrines contained in the accompanying book.

'I trust your Excellency will pardon the liberty I have taken in calling your attention to these matters, with the motive that I have stated, and in subscribing myself

'Your Excellency's humble servant,

'ALEXANDER DALLAS.

'Wonston Rectory, Micheldever, England,

'June, 1869.'

The result of this step was watched with anxious interest. Many answers were received from members of the Cortes in various tones of feeling ; a few rejoiced to receive a book hitherto unknown to them, and expressed great surprise at the scriptural character of its contents. Several warmly defended the doctrines of their own Church, with great misconception of what Protestantism really is, and still greater ignorance of its standard of truth, *the written Word of God*. But one answer entered more fully into the controversy than all the rest, and was written with acuteness, learning, and much politeness. This was from the Cardinal Archbishop of Santiago, author of a 'Catechism on Protestantism,' and one of the greatest champions of Rome in the kingdom.

With no common interest Mr. Dallas entered into the controversy, and answered the letter of the learned Cardinal. The Cardinal then sent in return a little book on Protestantism, full of false statements. This elicited another letter, in which they are all clearly disproved.

Mr. Dallas powerfully states his responsibility as a minister of

Christ, with that true politeness which pervades the whole letter, of which the following is a short extract :—

‘ And now I find myself in a very grave difficulty, and a very painful dilemma. On the one hand (and I say it with all sincerity) I desire to say nothing that might offend your Eminence ; and, on the other hand, I remember that I am a servant of that Divine Master, whose truth and Divine Word, when called upon to speak, I dare not depart from or disguise, out of respect to any mere human influences, without incurring *His displeasure*, and a most tremendous responsibility. This imposes upon me the irrepressible duty of telling your Eminence, with humility, that you have allowed yourself to be deceived by false historians, and that you have published a controversial pamphlet which, instead of arguments for the proof of doctrines, contains declarations of the doctrines set forth as if they were settled and indisputable. This, in fact, occurs with reference to the principal doctrines on which it would have been necessary to adduce sound proofs by which to establish them, and to rebut with unassailable facts the arguments urged against them.’

And again, at the close of the letter :—

‘ I do not doubt that your Eminence will pardon the frankness and candour with which I have written, considering the sacred obligation under which I am bound, ever to regard as the sure polestar and guide, the revealed truth of my adored Lord and Saviour, to whom I owe everything, on whom alone is placed my hope of eternal life, and whom it is my happiness to serve with my whole heart. In this same service I entertain the most sincere desire for the salvation of your Eminence, and with all respect I subscribe myself

‘ Your most humble servant,

‘ ALEXANDER DALLAS.’

In the early part of the year 1869, the service carried on at Barcelona was often a source of anxiety to Mr. Dallas. There was a want of supervision and of system which he could not supply at a distance. The congregation was large, the schools connected with it filled, and there was much which showed that God had set before His servants an open door ; but there were at the same time many things connected with this ministry which showed that the customs and forms of Roman worship were not altogether abrogated, and many earnest Christians were greatly pained by the want of Protestant simplicity and clearness of doctrine. A very faithful letter was written to Senor Vallspinosa, in which the following passage occurs :—

‘ You must remember that the object of your mission, and that which formed your earnest appeal to me at first, is simply the salva-

tion of the souls of Spaniards who have long been in darkness and in bondage to Rome. The only way to enlighten their spiritual darkness and ignorance is to set before them the work of Christ, His atonement for sin, His readiness to receive sinners, salvation only by faith in Him, and trust in His work, which alone is meritorious, while our works can have no merit to procure or increase salvation. The gift and power of the Holy Spirit to be sought in earnest prayer. The written Word of God as the essential guide. All this I set before you and explained many times when you were at Wonston. All this I believed that you knew and felt, or I could never have recommended you to Bishop Trower, nor could I have been party to assisting you in going forth as an evangelist into Spain. It is upon this teaching, and this alone, that the Barcelona Mission must be conducted, in order that I and my friends here can continue to support it.

‘It is very evident that the preaching of the Gospel, as described in the Holy Scriptures, is the very reverse of the notions taught by Rome; and it is equally plain that the work of the evangelist must be to instil entirely new notions; to show the contrast to Roman habits and ideas. This should be done with kindness and with caution, in the way of explanation, but never by adopting Romish practices, which would be calculated to deceive, by a notion of similarity, instead of contrast.

‘For instance, an altar conveys to the mind of a Roman Catholic the sacrifice of the mass, that gross and idolatrous perversion of the Lord’s Supper. The evangelist should therefore take care not to present to the eye anything that may suggest the notion of an altar, but should adopt plainly and unmistakeably a table, on which to celebrate “The Supper” after the manner of the Lord Himself. Spaniards, as Romanists, have been accustomed to prostrate themselves when they see a cross. The evangelist should therefore avoid ensnaring them into a continuance of an ignorant and idolatrous custom, by not putting a cross before them in worship, but explaining that the cross is spoken of in Scripture to express the *death of Christ* upon a cross, the thing itself being no more to be revered than a guillotine or a gallows which are instruments for the execution of malefactors. As a token of the remembrance of Christ’s death it may be tolerated, but not where it has been made an occasion of sinful adoration. The evangelist should make a clear distinction between his own honourable office of a minister of Christ and the false assumption of the character of a sacrificing priest; an office which does not exist in the Church of Christ, He himself being the one priest of God to His Church. The notion that particular vestments indicate this character is one of the Romish delusions which should always be discouraged.’ . . .

While thus deprecating any introduction of Roman Catholic practices into the Protestant worship, Mr. Dallas was earnestly desirous that Episcopal Church government should be maintained,

and that the whole service should be conducted as much as possible on the model of the English Church. The difficulties in carrying this out were immense. But while doing nothing contrary to this order, he felt the present and paramount duty was 'the ministry to individual souls.' In a letter to a friend at this time, he says:—

'Multitudes of Spaniards are ready openly to cast off the mask of hypocrisy, and there is no light to enable them to regulate their consciences aright. It seems to me that public preaching of the true Gospel, and the gathering in of individuals to the true spiritual Church of Christ, persons who, separately spread over the country may shine as lights in the world and who will speak the truth to others, as did the disciples who were scattered abroad after the persecution of Stephen—this seems the course which the peculiar position of the Spanish nation at this time requires. A condensation into fifty days, of the influences that worked in England for fifty years, is what is wanted, and how to obtain this is the difficult problem to be solved. It would be useless to wait for the conversion of bishops. There are no Cranmers, nor Hoopers, nor Latimers coming forth. Meanwhile, immortal souls have been suddenly cast from a shipwrecked vessel upon an unknown land full of terrible dangers, and I feel that we must not wait for the operation of rules and systems, but take as many wandering souls by the hand as we can, and lead them to Christ, trusting that He will establish order among them.'

With these views, it was Mr. Dallas's earnest desire to visit Spain again, and the hope of doing so was not relinquished without great sacrifice. He more readily acquiesced in this decision when it was arranged that Dr. McCarthy, the superintending missionary in Dublin, should visit Barcelona, and convey his directions and wishes to the missionary clergyman there. Encouraging reports were brought back to him of the eagerness of the people to receive the Gospel, and to be instructed in the Bible. Vallespinosa being only in deacon's orders, the Holy Communion had not been administered to them, and the opportunity was thankfully accepted of receiving it. After preparatory instruction, Dr. McCarthy administered it to thirty-six converts, chiefly of the working classes, who were very attentive and earnest. These accounts were most cheering to his heart. He was mercifully spared from the subsequent disappointment which has clouded this infant Church. It has not seemed to be the purpose of God that the worship should be carried on under that



episcopal order which Mr. Dallas so earnestly laboured to establish. Vallespinosa has left his position at Barcelona, and the congregation is now gathered under that Presbyterian form of Church government, which seems most congenial to converts from Rome throughout all the Continental nations. A pastor of the French Protestant Church at Geneva is now gathering the scattered flock at Barcelona.

In September, another letter from the Cardinal Archbishop called forth the deepest interest of my dear husband, who was full of hope that the arguments he had brought forward in his last reply, would be of convincing power; and that being made public, by the Archbishop's permission, many in Spain would become acquainted with truths therein opened and enforced. Various circumstances and other important work delayed for some time his reply to this second letter. It was the occupation of his last days on earth, and it was written with very diligent study of every point of the Archbishop's letter, and also with much earnest prayer.

It was not the will of the Sovereign Lord and Giver of Life that this letter, though written both in Spanish and English, should be sent forth by His servant. On his dying bed, he committed it to his brother-in-law, the Rev. Charles Dallas, who sent it to the Cardinal. The Rev. Edward Elliott kindly undertook to revise and publish the English edition of this, the last work of his valued friend. He has added many notes, and a chronological chart, arranged with much learned research, to prove that St. Peter was never Bishop of Rome. The whole of this correspondence, in an enlarged form, is now published, and contains much valuable information for students of the Romish Controversy. The Spanish edition has been circulated in different parts of Spain.

Another important work was completed, in the translation into Spanish of Dr. Stamford's 'Handbook of the Roman Controversy,' a work which has been proved to be of great value in the Irish Missions.

In the review of these efforts for the enlightenment of the Spaniards, it must be seen that they did not result in that manifestation of success which was generally vouchsafed by the Lord of the Vineyard to His ministering servant. His sovereignty

is to be learnt, not only in the distribution of His servants' work, and in the time of their employment, but also in the measure of the fruit which appears to them. With the holy prophet of old, they are called to learn the lesson of the 'Potter's House,' Jer. xviii. 1-6, and see themselves and their work to be as clay in His hand. Thankful indeed may they be to be used in any service by the Head of the Church, or even to be as 'vessels of honour' in the course of preparation for His use.

In the much thought and mental labour for Spain which engrossed so many of my dear husband's last days, we are reminded of the word of God spoken to David, 1 Kings viii. 18, 'Thou didst well that it was in thy heart;' and we know that so much precious seed has not been sown in vain in this part of the vineyard, but that it will appear in sheaves of spiritual fruit at the Great Harvest Day.

## CHAPTER XII.

## LAST LABOURS, AND ENTRANCE INTO REST.

1867—1869.

THE very gradual advance of age had hitherto been scarcely felt, either by Mr. Dallas himself, or by those around him. He was so accustomed to incessant work, that an extra share of it was not only expected from him, but was readily undertaken. From the year 1867, however, a decline in physical power became more and more evident; and though labour was not in any degree relaxed, it was carried out with a difficulty and self-denial that had never been before experienced.

A severe cold, caught in crossing from Guernsey to Weymouth in a stormy passage, led to an attack of bronchitis which very rapidly prostrated his strength, and left a cough which assumed a chronic form. During his remaining years there was a continual struggle between the indomitable spirit manifesting itself in youthful energy, and the gradually increasing weakness of body, which put a drag upon the wheels of action. But the power of mind conquered, the strength of purpose prevailed, and he often entered upon his public work when the state of his health demanded rest, and when that work could only be accomplished by a force of perseverance which was very painful to his friends to witness. The very sense of infirmity and bodily weakness gave a strong impulse to mental power, and urged him on to its exercise with unflagging zeal. To urge motives of prudence and precaution when work opened to him, was only to increase the difficulty, and our final resource was that of the sorrowing friends of the Apostle, after similar ineffectual remonstrance (Acts xxi. 14), 'When he would not be persuaded, we ceased, saying, The will of the Lord be done.'

A sojourn at Brighton during the winter of 1866-7 was the means of considerable restoration, and the first feeling of convalescence always suggested a return to his own beloved people at Wonston. On Christmas Day and on New Year's Day we were again permitted to be there for the Holy Communion, and were surrounded for the last time by the young people over whom he had watched for so many years. There was a peculiar solemnity in these last Communion. The inward prayer which the minister was accustomed to offer up for each individual as he gave to each the sacred symbols, was presented with an increased fervour, and with a deep feeling that he might never again minister in this holy ordinance. After the service on the New Year's Day (1867) we had twenty-five old people together to dine in the hall, and he addressed them on the 'Marriage Supper,' and left with his hearers a very earnest parting word. He was unable to preach, and it was clear that he could not remain at home, as the weakness of heart very sensibly increased while there.

It became absolutely necessary to leave to his curates the charge of the parish. But though absent, every arrangement made, every plan proposed, every visit paid, was a matter of deepest interest to him, and he was ever the loving counsellor to give advice, the sympathising friend to enter into the encouragements and disappointments of their ministry, and to bear all the responsibilities of the work.

A letter from the Bishop, with reference to the loss the Church had sustained in the death of the Bishop of Tuam, shows that he saw the importance of relieving his friend from the anxiety which absence from the parish laid upon his heart. He says :—

I sympathise with you very truly, for I am sure you will feel his removal deeply. His work has been too important, and too faithfully performed, not to cause his loss to be a very severe privation. . . . Your account of yourself leads me to remind you that you have now a double prohibition against preaching, whether in the pulpit or out of it—that of your medical adviser, as well as that of your diocesan. I shall have a licence of non-residence made out. The memorial you have sent shows its necessity.'

This he kindly insisted on. In another letter the Bishop says :—

'I am greatly distressed by the accounts of your discomfort, especially because I fear you are slow to follow steadily and resolutely the advice given. But you and I are too old to trifle with ourselves; and although our "times are in God's hands"—we know it, and are well content it should be so—yet, while *He* blesses human measures, we must put on our "plaster of figs" and let it lay upon the part affected.'

The relief he felt in freedom from parochial responsibility was very great. He was able, with entire confidence, to commit the parish to the care of the Rev. Charles Karney, a man after his own heart in energy and devotedness to the ministry, who carried out his plans of usefulness there. When illness compelled him to require assistance, a second curate, the Rev. J. Newton, was associated with him in the ministry.

The tonic of the Brighton air again so far reinstated my dear husband's health, that he returned to his flock in the spring, and notes in his diary :—

'March 10th. Preached in the morning on 2 John 8, and at Sutton in the evening on Luke xxi. 36, the first time since the 23rd of October.'

But this was too much, and necessitated an immediate return to Brighton. A few days after his arrival there, a very sudden shock cut asunder one of the tenderest ties of earth,—the death of his fondly loved sister Julia, the wife of the Rev. Charles Dallas. She had been long an invalid, and confined to her bed. The visits of her brother were frequent, and when together, pain and sorrow seemed to be always forgotten; the buoyancy of spirits with both, threw them into the hilarity of their youthful days. Younger people would be amused at their wit and brightness. Mrs. Charles Dallas had peculiar natural gifts which made her very loveable to all around her, and her simple faith in her Saviour shed an extra brightness upon her naturally bright spirit, and kept her in continual sunshine. Her countenance was radiant with joy, and her room of sickness was like the pilgrim's 'land of Beulah.'

She had been brought through so many attacks of bronchitis that the final change was little contemplated by her friends, and was a fearfully sudden blow on the heart of her husband and of her brother, whose devotion to his sister was very great. The

loss of the last link of early days, 'the only one on earth,' as he used to say, 'who was cradled with him,' was keenly felt.

In a letter from his beloved diocesan, expressing his deep sympathy with his friend under his bereavement, he writes:—

'It is with you even yet more than with myself, that all the fibres which bind us to our parent earth, seem loosing one by one; and the main trunk must soon follow. But I trust we can both say, "I know in whom I have believed," and can look forward to *His* support when the uprooting comes.'

But work soon again occupied the heart of the sorrowing brother. He accepted the call to preach in different churches in Brighton; and, beyond his strength, he gave a series of lectures during Lent, in the Pavilion. He also lectured for the Church Association, on 'The Present Truth for Protestant Christians.' The title was taken from 2 Peter i. 12. The lecture opens the dangers of the Church from the inroads of Romish doctrine and practices, and proves that the truth for which our fathers bled, is as much *the present truth* now, as it was then. This was followed by three successive lectures on the question, 'What is the Church of Rome?' in which is given a full exposition of the essential tenets of Romanism. While at Brighton, he ceased not to bear an uncompromising testimony against the invasion of error, being more and more deeply convinced that multitudes fraternize with the apostate Church, and insidiously imbibe her doctrines, from utter ignorance of their true nature, and of their antagonism to the truth of God.

He continually wrote, by dictation, for the guidance of the 'London Committee' and the 'Council for Missions,' employing the hand of a dear niece who was much with us, and who was a most efficient helper. When laid aside from active work, his mind seemed more than ever in full occupation; and all that related to the Church, or that was passing in the world, supplied material for cogitation and for writing. A town residence gave frequent opportunities of intercourse with men of high intellectual tone, and of a kindred spirit, which was always a great enjoyment to him. He also found among the higher orders continual and very interesting occasions of personal ministry, and every step towards improved health was accompanied with some fresh effort for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

From time to time little circumstances were brought to his knowledge manifesting the Lord's blessing on the past labours of His servant. In the summer, a friend of much Christian experience visited the Irish Missions ; and writing from Clifden, remarks :—

‘ In all my intercourse with ministers, readers, schoolmasters and mistresses, I never saw greater love and faith, and a more single eye devoted to God. It seems such a *living thing*. The children seem all well-grounded in the Scripture : the schoolmaster at B— told us he owed his conversion entirely to the teaching at Castelkerke School, and spoke of Mr. Dallas with the liveliest gratitude. The reader told us he was once at the reading at Clifden Castle, when Mr. Dallas requested all the workpeople might be called in, and expounded to them the chapter in Exodus about Egyptian bondage. What was then said dwelt upon his heart, and afterward brought forth fruit ; and he is now giving himself to the Lord's work.’

Such little encouragements seemed always given by the gracious Master when the heart of His servant was most bowed down under the painful necessity of cessation from work, and were great sources of consolation.

In the autumn, Mr. Dallas was sufficiently recovered to make a tour of the Missions himself, accompanied by his brother-in-law, the Rev. C. Dallas. On this occasion, to facilitate business, he previously prepared a set of questions for the Missionaries to answer in writing, upon which answer he framed his communications with them. He then met them for private consultation, six in Dublin, nine in Galway, thirteen at Clifden. In Dublin he found considerable progress, and an increase in the number of communicants, which now averaged 129. His special desire was to urge an onward aggressive movement, and he again set on foot a rotatory circuit of preaching, by which ten missionaries agreed each to preach a well-prepared lecture, in ten different places, on one day in each week, so arranged that each clergyman would be absent from his post only five days in one week, and after an interval of five weeks, five days in another week. Short and pointed handbills were to precede each lecture, and the agents were to circulate extended notice among the people. The diagram of this plan was sent with a letter from Mr. Dallas to each Missionary ; and the rotation was commenced on the 28th of October.

A course of controversial lectures was also arranged for the town of Galway.

The result of this plan has been acknowledged with thankfulness in many subsequent letters from the different missionaries.

The following short extracts show how this visit was blessed by God to give fresh energy to the missionary work.

From a missionary :—

‘I am sure you will be happy to hear that the controversial lectures in this district are a complete success, so far as we can judge. Three have been already held. Although the evening on which the first lecture was delivered was very dark and wet, there were eighty present, ten of whom were Roman Catholics. The subject was “Extreme Unction.” The next Monday evening our subject was “Invocation.” There were 138 present, fourteen of whom were Roman Catholics. These were all inside the house; but in addition to them, there were between thirty and forty Romanists around the door and windows, all of whom listened with deep attention to every word, and did not attempt the slightest interruption.

‘The evening before last, Mr. R—— lectured on “The Mass.” Number present, 139, of whom 11 were Roman Catholics.’

From another :—

‘My dear Mr. Dallas,

‘I feel certain you will be glad to hear something of my Missionary tour, and if I recollect rightly, you asked us all to write you on the subject.

‘I commenced at B——, and ended at A——. In each place the greatest interest was shown. Judging from my own district and those I have visited, nothing could have been better or more complete than the course of Missionary lectures arranged by you. They have given quite a fresh impulse to the work. In some places, the priests are greatly enraged about them, and I am credibly informed they are getting up a similar organization. \* \* \*

‘Numbers of Romanists whom I formerly knew at —— came up and spoke very friendly to me, and I had many interesting conversations with them. Several Romanists came to the lecture, and there were others outside the door listening.’

From another :—

‘Our controversial work this winter has been most successful. Fully entering into the importance of your observations at our recent valuable *Congress*, I set on foot a systematic course on the Creed of Pope Pius IV., and we had a large attendance.’

From another :—

‘I have had my tour at——. It was most cheering to see the animation of about fifty young lads from sixteen to twenty. The effect of these lectures has been to give a great impulse to the work.’



On this tour, Mr. Dallas expressed to all the Missionaries his deep sense of increasing infirmities, and of being no longer able to work among them, and for them, as he had hitherto done. He also expressed his confidence in the 'Council' that had been formed to take his place in the management of the Society, and to relieve him of the great burden of responsibility. One of the most important subjects put before them was, the necessity of *maintaining an active Missionary* course in the more settled position to which the blessing of God had brought so many of the Missionary districts. He says in his report:—

'I felt it right to speak to the Missionaries in faithful openness upon the shortcomings to which this might lead, and I urged the necessity of an onward aggressive movement, as if the work were only *beginning*, as long as it was *not completed*.'

On his return, some very important suggestions were made to the Council with the ultimate object on his part of resigning the management of the Irish Missions more entirely to others, and with a deep feeling that his day of labour was drawing to a close. This feeling did not, however, lead to any personal relaxation, and for a short time he again took up work in his own parish with his usual energy.

In October, he officiated at the marriage of his eldest granddaughter to Mr. Minchin. This was greatly to his satisfaction; and to a large party of friends then gathered together, the beloved grandfather appeared peculiarly bright and in his usual vigour. He was always in his element on these occasions, and spoke well and to the purpose. He never omitted to give a solemn ministerial word, yet it was so introduced that it never seemed out of place.

On returning to Brighton, he felt so invigorated that the spring of youth seemed for a time to return. He writes:—

'Brighton air, and the delicious plunge-bath, have been almost magic to me. It is quite wonderful how much better I feel; the strength and health it gives me is really astonishing in comparison to what I am out of it.'

Determined to use every atom of strength in the Lord's service, he commenced in November a series of Advent lectures in the Pavilion. An increasing sense of the nearness of the Lord's coming shed an unction of peculiar consolation upon his

own spirit, and he felt anxious to communicate this to the minds of other Christians. He had delivered a course of lectures at Winchester in the Advent of 1865, on the same subjects—‘The *object* of the Lord’s return, the *signs* to be looked for preparatory to it, and its glorious *results*.’ This grand subject was his constant study; and the rapid confluence of events from year to year, and from month to month, both at home and abroad, threw increasing light upon his researches. The three years which have elapsed since these lectures were delivered have so multiplied these expository events, and cast such a focus of light upon the prophetic page, that the student of this part of God’s Word will be interested in the classification of the preparatory *signs* which Mr. Dallas then gave:—

‘The signs given in Holy Scripture, to be looked for preparatory to the Advent, may be regarded as

I. Negative.

II. Positive.

*The negative signs are*

- (1) The coming of the Son of Man as a snare to the world (Luke xxi. 35).
- (2) The coming of the Son of Man unexpectedly as a thief (1 Thess. v. 1, 2).
- (3) The world going on as usual (Luke xvii. 27).
- (4) Wickedness increasing (1 Tim. iv. 1-3; 2 Tim. iii. 1-5; 2 Pet. iii. 3, 4).
- (5) A great struggle between good and evil. ‘The Spirit lifting up a standard’ (Is. lix. 19).
- (6) A small number of believers (Luke xviii. 8). This will be a later sign.

*The positive signs are*

- (1) Many running to and fro (Dan. xii. 4).
- (2) Knowledge increasing (Dan. xii. 4).
- (3) Jerusalem trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles are fulfilled (Luke xxi. 24).
- (4) The tribulation taken off the Jews (Psalm cii. 13-16; Matt. xxiii. 38, 39).
- (5) The Gospel preached as a *witness* among all nations (Matt. xxiv. 14).
- (6) Distress of nations, with perplexity (Luke xxi. 25).
- (7) Signs in the heavens, ‘sea and waves’ (Luke xxi. 11).

These signs he felt to be gathering in rapid confluence and with more lucid evidence from year to year. The coming of the Lord seemed to enwrap every other thought. He lived upon it with such joyful expectation, that it lifted his soul above the

infirmities of the body or the realization of its dissolution. To each of the lectures there was added an earnest personal application. They were considered by many to open very clearly these parts of Scripture; and numberless testimonies were received of spiritual edification and blessing derived from them.

The new year of 1868 opened with one of the most touching manifestations of the tender care and love with which a Heavenly Father soothed the days of weakness which He appointed to His servant. One of the trials which often weighed down his heart has been frequently alluded to as arising from pecuniary encumbrances. Having no private means to clear off the responsibilities of his early years, his living was very heavily burdened with Insurances. Hence, with the appearance of a large income, and with a largeness of heart which never curtailed the charities of his parish, his own resources were extremely crippled. It had been for some time the desire of many friends who knew his circumstances, to present to him such an offering of love as would give a feeling of ease, and freedom from care, to his declining days. This little scheme was kept so secret by the two friends to whom its arrangement was committed, that its first development was an overwhelming surprise. He was at Brighton, weak and infirm, when a box was handed to him containing a beautifully bound and illuminated book, in which was the following address, followed by the names of 400 friends, among whom were many of the nobility and landed proprietors of Ireland:—

‘ 1st January, 1868.

‘ Reverend and dear Mr. Dallas,

‘ We, whose names are recorded in this volume, desire to express our sincere thankfulness to Almighty God, to whom be all the praise, that you have been enabled, through a life, now of long duration, so devotedly to serve Him in the ministry of the glorious Gospel of His dear Son; faithfully dispensing, to very many, the blessed truths of the Word of Eternal Life, and “earnestly contending for the faith which was once delivered to the saints.”

‘ We would also thank God that His blessing has not only rested upon your faithful testimony to the Truth, in those portions of the vineyard where you have been more especially called upon to labour in parochial work, but also very abundantly in the great Missionary field entered upon in Ireland, where you have been made one of the most honoured instruments in reviving the work of the blessed Reformation, and of now for twenty years successfully carrying it

forward by means of "The Society for Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics."

'Whilst we are above all thankful to our God for having thus honoured you as a faithful witness for the Truth, we feel that a very deep debt of gratitude is due to you from the Church of Christ, for your self-denying and long-continued labours; may we, therefore, beg you to accept the accompanying purse, containing sixteen hundred pounds, as an expression, however inadequate, of the Christian love and esteem entertained for you by a large number of warmly attached friends in the United Kingdom; accompanied with the assurance of our earnest prayers on your behalf, that the God of all grace may continue to bless you with His Holy Spirit, and to comfort, sustain, and stablish your heart; "Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

This was replied to in the following letter:—

'Wonston Rectory, 6th January, 1868.

'My dear and most kind Friends,

'Your address, with the offering which accompanies it, has greatly affected me. When I recently heard of the arrangements making for this purpose, I was overwhelmed with surprise. The thought had never crossed my mind of a testimonial, other than that testimony to which I look forward in the day when "the Lord shall make up His jewels," and when He shall gather among them those precious gems, which He has graciously employed His unworthy servant to draw from their depth in the earth, and to prepare, by the ministry of the Word, for His own glory.

'My heart echoes warmly and fully what you express of "thankfulness to Almighty God, to whom be all the praise," that I have been enabled through a long life, "to serve Him in the ministry of the glorious Gospel of His dear Son;" and as none of you can know as I do, how much of shortcoming and infirmity would have marred that ministry, but for the free grace of the Lord Jesus, I desire that my echo of your thanksgiving may be double the voice you raise, that my gratitude may speak trumpet-tongued the praises I ascribe to our God for these mercies.

'With a deep sense that the Providence of God alone has directed my steps, and the power of God alone has imparted the gifts needed for the great work in Ireland to which you allude, I do not shrink from a full appreciation of that work; because with a deep sense of my incapacity for a mission that has been so much blessed, and an entire absence of any thought of merit, I can acknowledge my happiness in having been chosen of God to do His work for His glory in Ireland, and I can rejoice in a high sense of the honour He has thus put upon me.

'And a similar feeling, in connection with a similar sense of unworthiness, fills my heart on receiving your magnificent offering. I have often felt it to be a tender mercy that our gracious Lord has

called forth, in so many of His servants, an unusual amount of affectionate acceptance for me. He has thus strewed my path of difficulty, trial, anxiety, and sometimes of danger, with special flowers of sympathy and fruits of affection, which have often healed the wounds of opposition and coldness that have been received in the road to those special honours with which God has accompanied my spiritual course. I have ever regarded this as His gracious mercy, and my heart has swelled with gratitude to those whom God has thus employed for my comfort and support; and now that you send me a condensed manifestation of this kindness, my heart overflows with gratitude, which will not be restrained even by a lively sense of how unworthy I am of it all.

‘And this overflowing gratitude carries me along to tell you what I should perhaps have withheld; but as it points out an additional call for thankfulness, I readily and frankly state that your offering comes in a form which is peculiarly fitting. Circumstances of a painful character, quite of the past, have greatly limited my apparent income. While my means seemed to be large, it has, for a very long time, required the exercise of the strictest economy to enable me to maintain the position in which the Providence of God has placed me. As a minister of Christ, and one honoured by being allowed to stand in the prominence referred to in your address, I have felt this limited usefulness, more as it concerned the glory of God, than for the personal inconvenience it occasioned. The combination of both these motives has led me very often to pray earnestly that at His own time, and in His own way, it may please God to remove this cross. The abounding love of our compassionate Lord has answered these many prayers; He has chosen the period of my declining years as His own time to relieve me from anxious care: He has especially manifested His tenderness towards His servant, by choosing, as His own way, the expression of so much kindness from so large a number of affectionate hearts. I wonder at this undeserved mercy, and gratefully acknowledge the singular affection of my many friends in providing this benefit, while my gratitude is heightened by receiving it as God’s tenderest way of answering persevering prayer. My prayer is thus turned into praise, which will henceforth be mixed with earnest supplication that God will please to reward a hundredfold those dear friends whom He has made the instruments of His goodness.

‘Specially asking your prayers that the Holy Spirit may give me wisdom and humility under so much mercy,

‘I remain your grateful and affectionate friend,  
 ‘ALEX. R. C. DALLAS.

‘To the contributors to the Testimonial to the  
 Rev. Alexander R. C. Dallas.’

A letter from Sir C. Lighton shows the feeling which prompted this offering of love:—

‘In sending the winding-up of the testimonial fund, I desire to

thank God for the measure of success He has given me, as well as for the small additional comfort it has, I hope, afforded you. I can truly say that if it has given you a moiety of the happiness in its reception that it has afforded me in its collection, I rejoice. May our gracious Saviour's own comforting presence never leave you till He Himself shall welcome you into the heavenly mansions !'

On sending the valuable book which contained the names of all the kind contributors, Mr. Washington writes :—

'I wish I could be with you when you open and first look through it. Oh, what histories ! what trains of thought, what happy, grateful feelings will arise in your heart, and what praise to our adorable Saviour ! I cannot express the gratification it has been to me, unworthy though I am, to have been permitted to help in drawing this cup of cold water, and raising it to your wearied and fainting lips. May He abundantly bless to you this token of love, by drawing you still closer to Himself, and enabling you more than ever to show forth His praise during the days which yet remain to you on earth.'

The desire of these dear friends was abundantly vouchsafed. The strong consolation of Divine love was fully tested. The year now commenced proved to be one of accumulated trial, and yet under all there was a spring of joy and peace which never failed. The first sorrow was the illness of his much-loved Bishop, which he very keenly felt.

Concerning this he writes in a letter of the 4th of March :—

'You know what I am feeling. I could not tell you the shock it is to me. I ought to have been ready for it, but I am not. He was so well and strong ; a stroke on him never came into my mind. We have had forty-seven years of heart friendship, such as few have had. Well ! we shall have an eternity of heavenly friendship together. He may be spared to us some time yet.' (And, through the mercy of God, prayer was answered and my dear husband had the consolation of his friendship all through his pilgrimage.)

Again :—

'I am not fit for much to-day. I was engaged to preach at St. Margaret's this morning ; so I went, with my mind all broken, and my thoughts interrupted with this grievous news ; but God supported me, and preached for me as well as by me.'

A few days after this, he writes :—

'You can quite understand what a heavy feeling clings to me about the dear Bishop. I wait and pray, but with much anxiety. He is in the Lord's hands ! I think of him so much in connection with his important work, and the influence so needed in these days.'

Another painful circumstance at this time gave a great shock to Mr. Dallas, whose weak action of heart made him doubly susceptible of sudden emotion. He had had much happy intercourse with his cousin, Lord Byron, for a few weeks at Brighton, who, though he had been an invalid, had not lately been more ill than usual. On calling at the house, expecting to see him, Mr. Dallas was informed, without any previous warning, that he had been suddenly called into eternity after a few hours' illness. Lady Byron, whose distress was extreme, felt the consolation of my dear husband's ministry in her hour of sorrow. In a letter written at this time, he says :—

'You will feel for me, and partake of the shock I experienced. It quite overcame me. I cannot describe the effect of the sudden and most unexpected intelligence. How thankful I now am, to have had the conversations with him I have had. May it please God to make me useful to Lady Byron in her deep affliction. What a call to me !'

Another friend whose friendship had been tested through many years of trial, was also suddenly called away from his ministry on earth, at this time. After this, my dear husband writes :—

'Verily, I am as Job. Dear Colpoys was seized in the pulpit last Sunday, and died in three days. You do not know how much I owe him, and how much I love him. It is the Lord ; "Let Him do what seemeth to Him good." Am I to be the next ? Byron on Monday, the Bishop's illness on Wednesday, Colpoys on Sunday. I am feeling much.'

But all this sorrow of heart only urged him to more work. He responded frequently to the call of his clerical brethren to preach in different churches. On the 16th of February, he pleaded for the 'Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews,' preaching on Rom. xi. 25, 26 ; and, early in the spring, he was again in home duties at Wonston. But he was no sooner there, than many symptoms of debility reappeared ; among them especially a wound in the arm, which obstinately refused to heal. He was, however, determined to be once more present at the April meetings in Dublin, being anxious to seize the opportunity of meeting his clerical brethren there, and to further the cause of the Society he so much loved. Before leaving his parish, he visited the sick and aged ; and, among others, the

dying-bed of one who had been his helper in the parish, and a much valued district visitor, since her first conversion to God under his ministry in the year 1830. She was distressed to see her pastor so weak, and still more at his determination to go to Ireland. She did not live to see him again. On his journey he was accompanied by the Bishop of Ripon, who watched and tended his aged friend with truly filial love.

On Sunday he was again in the Mission Church, and preached on Dan. xii. 10, a subject which he had well studied, and with which his mind was fully imbued. It was a time of great excitement and interest, and though his dear friends Mrs. Smyly and her family, with whom he always found a home and an affectionate welcome, watched him with anxious care, and with as much restraint as possible, he was necessarily called out to much exertion for which he was totally unfit. He had been accustomed to an athletic frame, ever subservient to strong mental purpose; and much discipline was needed ere the infirmities of age were yielded to and acquiesced in.

At the public meeting for the Society he spoke with much deep feeling. He had afterwards private interviews with many of the clergy, and then went to the evening meeting, where he not only spoke himself, but introduced several missionaries, and heard the report from each, of what was going on in their respective districts. He was accompanied by the Bishop of Ripon and his old curate, the Rev. C. L. Karney. The next evening, a meeting was arranged unknown to him, which he never ceased to speak of as one of the most affecting which he had ever attended. It was suggested that not only the agents, but all the converts then in Dublin, should have an opportunity of meeting once more the father of the Society, the one whom they had all learnt to revere as having brought to them the Gospel of Peace. Each reader was supplied with a certain number of cards of invitation, which they were to give to any one whom they knew to be a convert from Romanism, and to none other. The result was related in a letter from a lady present:—

‘ We were very anxious for an opportunity for all the Mission people to see Mr. Dallas; so, after great consultation, we settled to have a meeting, and to invite by tickets those whom we knew, having received blessing through the Mission, would like to see Mr. Dallas. The result was, 600 were gathered. Of course the number had to be



limited, and of these only 90 were original Protestants ; and many of the latter have just as much reason to thank the Mission as the former.

‘ Mr. Dallas spoke most wonderfully ; every one was so pleased to see him ; and I am sure he was very seldom present at a gathering of such enthusiastic friends. Each one felt it such an honour to be invited to meet him ; and really we seldom heard him speak with greater vigour. It was a very great exertion, but it gave great encouragement to all. His heart was too full to speak much. He sat down, and was greatly overcome, leaving it to the Bishop of Ripon to speak for him.’

The following is from the friend who accompanied him :—

‘ I shall never forget that gathering. A large party of us had previously dined at Mrs. Smyly’s, to meet the Bishop of Ripon and Mr. Dallas. We all went together to the meeting. It was my first introduction to the Mission work ; no one could need any other testimony to its power. The welcome Mr. Dallas received on entering the room was enough to overpower the strongest heart. The whole thing is indelibly impressed on my memory—the hearty greeting not unchecked with emotion—the burst of feeling in the beautiful hymn—

“ My blessed Saviour, is Thy love  
So great, so full, so free ?  
Behold, I give my love, my heart,  
My life, my all, to Thee.”

‘ Mr. Dallas spoke as I never heard him speak before or after. It was simply the outpouring of a heart humbled to the dust, almost afraid to look up and face the thought of what God had wrought by him. He knew it was an opportunity given to him, and he forgot himself in his Lord and Master. Some men toil for a life ministry without seeing a single soul led to Christ ; there, before Mr. Dallas, were 600 who would most assuredly rise up and call him blessed. Perhaps there are not many who could bear such a token of blessing. Mr. Dallas could, and in his deep humiliation his Saviour was exalted. I never heard him mention it after. His energy, during the whole of this visit, was marvellous. The next day he went with the Bishop of Ripon to Kingstown, and on board H.M.S. “ Warrior,” where, after having partaken of the kind hospitality of the captain, he went all round the ship, and even, to the astonishment of all, down into the engine-rooms. After this he went back to Kingstown, visited the “ Bird’s Nest,” addressed the children, and returned to Dublin for further work in the evening.’

It may be well supposed, that after all this interesting excitement there was a painful reaction of entire prostration of strength. It was some days before he could finish his Dublin work. Determination gave strength ; but beyond this, he

leaned on an Omnipotent arm, and thus completed all he had purposed. Before he left, he spoke at a meeting in the 'Bird's Nest' at Kingstown, and he saw all the missionaries privately, besides transacting a great deal of extra business.

He returned home with a great increase of nervous debility, and the absolute necessity of complete retirement was at length acknowledged. On arriving in London he insisted on attending the Committee and giving in his report, which he did under the deepest conviction that it was a farewell attendance. He was, in fact, too ill all this time to suppose himself, or to give his friends much hope, that he would ever again be restored to resume public work.

We hastened to Brighton, and here we again sensibly felt the gentle touch of that Providential care which the dear patient delighted to recognise as evidencing the precious assurance—'The hairs of your head are all numbered.' The Bishop of Ripon happened to be there, and, being about to leave the next morning, called to see Mr. Dallas on the evening of our arrival. Hearing of the aggravated state of the wound on his arm, he intreated us to consult Dr. Allen, who had shown great skill in a surgical case in his family. We went to him the next morning. He immediately perceived the nature of the wound, and traced it to an over-taxed brain, weakness in the action of the heart, and a general failure of the nervous system. From that day we had the unremitting attention and the tender solicitude of a physician whose first-rate skill was thoroughly tested, and who was the means, through the mercy of God, after some months, of effecting a perfect cure of these ailments. Many days of great suffering were appointed as the trial of faith and patience through which the minister of God was to pass. It was a new school, as it were; and perhaps the constraint of absolute cessation from work imposed a harder lesson to his active mind than the bodily pain, which was often very severe.

But the 'sufficient grace' was at hand, and all around were permitted to see a new exhibition of its power. Though the disease was of a very irritable nature, and there was at one time five wounds open together, not a murmur escaped from him; on the contrary, his natural vivacity and his vein of pleasantry, and sometimes facetious wit, often burst forth, and helped to carry

him buoyant over pain. There was a continual desire to be in action again, but every effort forced from him the conclusion, 'I see it will not do.' But the time was not lost, it was well filled up with reading various works which active life gave no time for; and there was much meditation and thought. Very precious were the hours we spent together in the study of the Word of God, and in prayer. The book of Job, the treasures of which are always most developed by the light of bodily suffering, seemed to be opened to us with a deeper interest than ever before.

Though the subject of death was one which his natural feelings greatly revolted from, the brightness of the Lord's coming being that point on which his mental eye was always fixed, there was occasionally, during this painful illness, more realizing of the nearness of the eternal world than he ever expressed when we were together. He seemed anxious to ward off every thought which would cast a cloud upon our happiness. The death of a dear friend with whom he had had much refreshing intercourse, very much affected my dear husband at this time. The Rev. C. Adam, who came to see him a few days after this, records his reference to it, on this visit:—

'I found him sitting in his dressing-room, and he greeted me in his usual happy manner, and with his wonted bright smile; and on my alluding to Mrs. Alexander having entered into rest, he raised his eyes heavenward, and with a face as it had been the face of an angel, he said, "Ah, Adam, she has seen the Lord Jesus before me. To see Jesus—that is all I am now longing and looking for—to see Him." May I mention another remark? Before I was presented to my present living I consulted him as to what testimonials I should send, saying of one, "It is too flattering," upon which Mr. Dallas replied, "My dear Adam, a *Christian is never flattered*"—meaning that he has nothing to claim as his own, that all was free gift of grace.'

On another day, when great weakness kept him longer in bed than usual—which was always depressing to him—this same friend came in unexpectedly, and told him of two new instances in which the little prayer for the Holy Spirit had been the means of spiritual enlightenment and blessing. One was the case of a man in Australia, who had been many years before under his teaching; the other was the fruit of some work which he had written. The beam of joy and thankfulness which

lighted up his countenance, and the expression of glory to God on hearing these things, that friend will never forget. Pain was forgotten, and every word was praise.

In June, it was felt necessary to have a consultation of surgeons. The symptoms were very serious, but he was calm and even cheerful. He said, 'The Great Physician will assuredly be present at the consultation, and on Him I trust. I suffer a good deal, but He suffered more. I feel that I must bind up the loins of my mind to endure this hardship as a good soldier of Christ. I hope to be less grumbling, if more suffering.'

Much earnest prayer was offered up, both in Ireland and in England, for the restoration of this valuable life; and God was graciously pleased to spare His servant from His presence a little longer. The shadows of evening seemed to be thickly gathering, and often brought a cold chill to our hearts; but it was a passing cloud, a glorious evening brightness succeeded for the remainder of the day, and the labourer was again in the vineyard.

In the midst of all his pain and weakness, his mind was continually at work for the progress of the Missions, and he dictated a paper, in which he entered with systematic detail into the state of every District, and proposed a plan for reduction of expense in each. In the painful duty of dismissing agents, and changing the position of others, with the view of strengthening the positions of action, he addresses the Council with considerable pain of heart, and closes thus:—

'I should shrink from the effort required for these changes, even within this time' (the four months he asks for), 'if it were not for the youthful activity and earnest devotion to the work which are combined in my friend Mr. Cory; and, trusting in the help of the Almighty arm which can remove all difficulties, and the tender love of the Almighty Saviour that can soften all troubles, we will seek the aid of the Holy Spirit, sure that He will enable us to effect His own gracious will.'

In the autumn, the state of political feeling in Ireland was one of great excitement. The prospect of a disestablishment and disendowment of the National Church there, awakened the deepest feelings of the clergy, and those who felt with them that a great principle was involved in this act. To avert it, they strained every nerve and laboured unceasingly in view of the approaching Election. Much was written in an angry spirit on both sides. Mr. Dallas felt the necessity of maintaining the Missions in their

neutral position, and wrote a letter to the missionaries and agents, the tone of which is shown in the following extracts:—

‘My dear Friends,

‘You are aware that I have been called to pass through a very severe illness, which at one time brought me nigh unto death. It has pleased God to raise me from the state of extreme weakness to which I was reduced, and to renew my strength in some degree. Though I am forbidden by my medical advisers to enter again upon the active ministry in which I have been engaged for forty-seven years, yet I am enabled to take some part in those matters in which I have so long been deeply interested. None of these stand in my heart before the work in which, for more than twenty years, I have been associated with yourselves; and while I thank God for the mercy He has shown to me personally, I specially rejoice that my strength has been renewed at a period so interesting and so important as the present. . . . . While every man is left at liberty to hold his own opinion in political matters, and to manifest it by his vote, your conduct in the great Missionary work in which you are engaged must be specially unpolitical. As the aged father, who yearns over you as over the family which God has given him, I expect this of you, and it would grieve me to the heart if any of you were to bring upon us the charge, that agents of the Irish Church Missions, who pretend to win the souls of Romanists, were warm political partisans. The Council for Missions and the Committee expect this of you. Our numerous helpers in England expect this of you. Many of these have manifested this feeling in their earnest representations to the Committee.

‘This will show you that our supporters in England give their support upon the understanding that the Committee take care that the agents adhere to the great principle of single and simple devotion to the one object, without the admixture of political partisanship so as to interfere with the paramount duty of advancing the spiritual interests of the Roman Catholic population to whom they are sent.

‘A little serious consideration will show the reasonableness of this course. The strength of the Visible Church, wherever established, lies in the spirituality of its members—they are as the hair of Samson. Where God has many people He is sure to protect the Church, and “if God be for us who can be against us?” We are the honoured instruments, providentially appointed, to bring His people from darkness to light—honoured in the appointment—much more honoured in the blessing given to our work. True Christians are the “salt” not only of the Visible Church, but “of the whole earth,” and our great duty is to be active in bringing forth this preserving influence for the Church of Ireland. While politicians are raising the din of battle for earthly externals, we are recruiting the support which shall decide the struggle and gain the victory. It would ill become us to descend from our high position into the arena where “potsherds strive with the potsherds of the earth,”—where our very success, if we had it, would mar our influence for producing the greater result.

‘Feeling for you all that warm affection, which melts into one heart those who are working together in the same blessed service for the salvation of souls and the glory of Christ, I am anxious that your consistency as well as “your profiting may appear unto all men.” I seem to have risen from the grave to give you this earnest warning, lest the great cause, in which we have been so happily engaged, should sustain damage from the peculiar temptations which surround you at this remarkable crisis in the history of the Church.

‘Commending you to the guidance and care of the Divine Master whom we serve, I remain,

‘Your faithful and affectionate friend

‘And father in the Lord,

‘ALEX. R. C. DALLAS,

‘Hon. Sec. for Missions.’

In September, Mr. Dallas was so much restored as to be able to return to Wonston to give his own people the first public ministry he had attempted since May. He preached on the passage of Scripture with which he commenced his ministry there, reminding his people of the precious truths he had urged upon them during the forty years of his ministry. He especially dwelt on *three*: ‘The work of the Holy Spirit—the promised Gift, to be sought by prayer; The divinity of the Lord Jesus, and His all-sufficient atonement, on which salvation depends; and ‘The expected return of our Lord to the earth, and the Judgment.’ This was a very solemn sermon, and was much felt by those who loved and valued their aged minister.

It was clearly manifested that he could not remain at Wonston through the winter, and many circumstances seemed to indicate the guidance of God to lead to his giving up the rectory to a resident curate, and taking a more settled position at Brighton. Through His merciful Providence he was guided to one who was able thus to fill the Rector’s place, and to whom he could commit the care of his flock with full confidence and rest of mind. This arrangement necessitated that he should be some weeks resident himself, in order to arrange the house for the reception of a large family. It was a fine month, and we enjoyed for the last time the many comforts and resources which our old rectory abundantly supplied. His improvement in health gave a spring of happiness to this last sojourn under our roof, which made us scarcely realize that it was no longer to be our home. The pastor had returned from the brink of the grave, and both his

personal ministry and preaching was characterized with peculiar power and unction. The final arrangements and packings were a great effort; but he was able to see all his people who came to him, and to give them his blessing; and when, in the beginning of October, he had to introduce the Rev. F. Newman to them, the interest and excitement gave a deceptive strength, and he went about the parish and exerted himself far beyond his measure of physical power. He seemed entirely to forget his age, and to live over again the work and the experience of his early ministry. This arrangement enabled him to return to Brighton with a freedom from all care; but the home of forty years was not quitted without much anguish of heart. He foresaw, as those around him did not, that he would never return as a resident there. It was a manifest relief to suppressed feeling when on our departure the drive to Winchester gave opportunity for the bursting of grief.

The winter at Brighton was an uninterrupted progress towards health and strength, and he entered upon an amount of work which filled every hour of the day. Ready to respond to every call, he was continually engaged in sermons and lectures. On the opening of 'Classes for Young Men,' he delivered two on 'The Character of the Church of Rome.' The audience were deeply interested in these addresses, and a very solemn tone pervaded them. The Chairman, Dr. Fox, afterwards remarked, how earnest and continual were his silent appeals for the help of the Holy Spirit. Even while speaking, he seemed, between his sentences, to be looking up in prayer and *receiving* from above. After this, he delivered several addresses to the 'Young Men's Christian Association;' and every week added to the calls for ministry. Occasionally he preached twice on the Sunday in different churches; and he has left the notes of twenty-five sermons preached at Brighton, after his restoration. At Christ Church his sermons were much valued, and he rejoiced in being able to assist Mr. Vaughan, who was for a season laid aside from indisposition. The unexpected mercy of seeing the aged minister in that pulpit, preaching to the large congregation that assemble there, with all the energy and power of renewed health, produced feelings of joyful gratitude in those who most loved him, that words can ill express.

On the evening of Easter Sunday his sermon on the Resurrection was one of thrilling interest to numbers. He went through the circumstances of the day, from the early morning visit to the Sepulchre, to the late return of our blessed Lord from Bethlehem, with an exact detail of every event in order, omitting no incident of the four Gospel narratives, and so picturing the scenes as they happened, that we truly felt while hearing it, that we were brought into the company of our Lord. The interesting story, and the loving appeals to the heart with which it was interspersed, made many of his hearers forget the time, which much exceeded the usual length of sermons in this church.

Another opportunity for interesting ministry was opened to Mr. Dallas. He was requested to address the Brighton Bible Women at their weekly meetings at the Mission House. An exposition and prayer were thus undertaken for every Thursday ; many Christian friends availed themselves of this opportunity of spiritual edification, until at length the room was filled with those who drank in these draughts of living waters with thirsty hearts. He was spared to go through the whole of the Epistle to the Ephesians, every verse of which was carefully opened out and enlightened by the additional experience and deepened tone of feeling which his recent illness added to his addresses. Many were the testimonies of blessings received under this ministry.

One hour every Monday he devoted to a little clerical meeting at his own house, to which the younger clergy were invited for the study of Scripture, and at which they had the opportunity of benefiting by his ministerial experience and study.

But amidst all this new and encouraging work which the residence at Brighton presented, the Missions in which he had been so long engaged never ceased to engage his deepest interest. A visit to Ireland was in contemplation for the summer, and, with the watchful care of his wife and his niece, a tour round the Missions seemed feasible. He could not, however, start on this expedition without spending a Sunday at Wonston, and on the 6th of June he preached again to his beloved flock, on Acts xx. 32, 'The charge of an old minister on being absent from his flock.' This visit strengthened the hands of the resident pastor, who ever sought in all things to carry out the Rector's plans for their spiritual edification.



Another circumstance also required his presence, and called forth the loving interest of the fond grandfather, the marriage of his granddaughter to Mr. Brett of Winchester. He entered into the preparatory arrangements with his usual energy, and officiated on the occasion.

All was bright and full of joy when we started for Ireland on the 16th of July, and my dear husband showed such vigour and vivacity that it brought us back twenty years in our thoughts and feelings. We could not travel as then, and several rests on the way were needed, that he might be quite strong to bear the 'Cead mille failthe' that awaited him. Our first halt was at the house of his beloved friend Sir C. Lighton, whose society he always greatly enjoyed. In energy and youthful flow of spirits the two friends seemed cast in the same mould, and also in devotion to the Irish missionary work. In the large family at Ellaston, Mr. Dallas was loved and revered, and the eleven children were always remembered by him with prayerful affection. On landing at Kingstown, we were met by a band of readers ready to assist us, and the joy of these good men was very great at welcoming their beloved friend once more to Erin's shore. The next day he was permitted to appear again in the Mission Church with his usual power. As a specimen of the work which was achieved, the first Sunday in Dublin is sufficient :—

'Sunday, 20th. Attended sermon at the Mission Church. Took part in the administration of the Lord's Supper. Visited the Coombe Sunday-school. Addressed them. Visited Mrs. Holden (the school-master's wife), who was sick. Visited the Townsend-street Sunday-school. Addressed them. Read the lessons in the evening service, and preached on Luke xxi. 28. The church quite crowded.'

In his sermon on Luke xxi. 28 he dwelt on the *command* 'Look up,' and the *promise* 'Your redemption draweth nigh.' The subject which shed such abiding consolation on his own spirit was continually opened to his congregation.

On the following day an address was presented to Mr. Dallas from all the agents, beautifully drawn up and illuminated; warmly expressing their gratitude to God for his restoration and appearance once more among them. This was signed by 61 missionary agents. A fortnight spent in Dublin, with every hour fully occupied, and the time carefully arranged, gave him great

opportunity for a full investigation of the work. Many encouraging scenes, showing both soundness and progress, cheered his heart. Perhaps one of the most interesting days was spent at Hoath, where it was arranged by our kind friends to take out all the agents and all the children of the Mission school for a day of relaxation. This country ramble was thoroughly enjoyed by those who lived and worked in the lowest part of the city; and to have their beloved father with them made it a great day. They will long remember his earnest loving address, and his prayer with them before they dispersed. Every school was visited by him, the missionaries had the opportunity of bringing their difficulties before him, and many future plans were arranged for the extension of missionary efforts. Another very interesting evening was the gathering of the young men who had been trained in the 'Boys' Home,' all rescued from misery, vice, and the Romish delusion, under teachers supplied by the Society, and located in respectable positions in the town. All this was arranged by Mrs. Smyly, the dear friend who has for so many years laboured in the Dublin Mission.

In the town of Galway we passed several days. The readers came in from the districts around, for that personal examination and inspection which Mr. Dallas was determined to have with each. The Bill for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church had just passed through Parliament, and was causing great excitement, especially in the country districts, where an idea was encouraged by the priests that it would lead to the supremacy of the Papal power and the total overthrow of Protestantism. It was, therefore, a time of severe testing to the converts, and of violent opposition to the readers. Here every door seemed shut against them. One man said to the readers, 'I want a Bible. and I want to learn more about all you tell me: if you will meet me at such a corner, at such an hour, I shall be glad: but don't come to my house, if you are seen there, my life is in danger.' It was therefore a time to see things in their real state. Mr. Dallas said to the readers, 'I shall be at the schoolroom to-morrow evening, tell any of the converts still living that their old friend Mr. Dallas is here, and would be glad to see them. I do not want the upper classes or the Protestants, *only the converts*, and inquiring Romanists.' We expected that, upon this short

notice, perhaps a dozen might be collected. Nothing was said, and we went along to the schoolroom. What was our surprise on opening the door to see the room well filled with 180 people. Pleasure was on every face, and from so many mouths the welcome burst forth, 'Your Honor's welcome'— 'Your Reverence is welcome to Galway.' Having read and explained a short passage of Scripture, Mr. Dallas spoke to them of the circumstances of the country, and prayed earnestly for their stability in the faith, and for a blessing on the Missions in that place. Many Romanists were among these poor people who were seeking truth, though not openly come out of the apostate Church. After this service, many stayed behind and crowded round to get a word with the minister, and aged men and women spoke of the early days when through his preaching they were brought to the light of the Gospel.

But passing over many incidents of deepest interest, we must hasten on to Clifden, where a very joyous welcome awaited their beloved and aged friend. An address was presented similar to that in Dublin, expressing the same love and thankfulness, signed by 83 agents. Making Mr. D'Arcy's house his headquarters, he was able to visit all the surrounding stations, and inspect the whole Connemara district, preaching at Clifden, Errislanon, and Sellerna; visiting the schools, and addressing every day different gatherings of converts. Many important cases were brought to him to decide, and the Missionary clergy were greatly invigorated by his presence once more among them. Under the influence of that gracious Spirit, invoked at every step, new impulse and fresh life were given to the whole work. The passing of the Bill was also causing much excitement among the Roman Catholics of Clifden, and Bishop M<sup>c</sup>H—— was on a visitation to his clergy; but with all this to awaken opposition, the feeling and behaviour of the people towards Mr. Dallas made this visit a marked contrast to that manifested in the year 1850, when their Bishop's arrival and Mr. Dallas's visit happened, as now, at the same time.

On one occasion only, was there an attempt to disturb the peace. To afford the children of the schools an opportunity of welcoming Mr. Dallas, 170 were assembled for tea in the schoolroom in the town. After examination, and an address from him,

we were surprised by a mob of people, collected round the house, with some loud expressions of dissatisfaction. Mr. D'Arcy went out to inquire what they wanted. The offence which aroused their indignation was rather an amusing one. The teachers and children had decorated the room with welcomes for their beloved friends. A gentleman who had a yacht in the bay lent them his flags, which were placed at the entrance of the room, two or three signal flags being placed outside the house. One of these flags had, as they supposed, a mixture of orange in it. The cry was to take down the party flag. One of the ringleaders of the mob, pointing to the Union Jack, said, 'Sir, we respect those, and would die for them, but that red flag with the yellow cross we want to have down.' Mr. D'Arcy said he could not see any orange in it. 'Oh,' he said quickly, 'don't red and yellow make orange?' About 200 were by this time collected, and one of the women cried out, 'Och, then! don't be talking about "orange," if ye were listening to the questioning of the children inside there, ye'd be proud of them; they are able to teach the best of ye!' The resident magistrate, who happened to drive by at the time, joined with Mr. D'Arcy in trying to convince them that no insult was intended; and after a little while they all scattered.

By Mr. Dallas's order the flag was not taken down till the clamour had ceased, and the people were brought to reason; the importance of firmness, as well as concession, being always tested with success, in dealing with them. His closing address and prayer calmed and solemnized the minds of all present.

The following account from Mr. D'Arcy describes this last happy visit to Connemara:—

'The visit of Mr. Dallas, accompanied by Mrs. Dallas, was a matter of excessive joy and thanksgiving to God throughout the whole Mission. During his long and severe illness, constant and earnest prayer had been made for him, and it seemed hoping against hope to believe that we should see him again in the flesh; but our gracious God was better to us than all our fears, in raising him up from the point of death, and sending him, full of vigour and energy, to counsel and encourage, and again, as of old, stimulate the work, and make fresh arrangements for its extension. He visited every part of the Mission, nearly every school, and declared himself encouraged by the progress he witnessed. On the Tuesday after he came, he visited the Sallerna district, and on his way he came as near as possible to the Barna-

hallia school, situated some distance from the road, which, being unable to reach, the Rev. George Shea brought the school to him, and an interesting examination was held on the mountain-side, in the open air, where he had remembered the most violent opposition and persecution. It satisfied him that the reports he continued to receive during his illness were not overdrawn. He then proceeded to the island of Omev, accompanied by Mr. Shea, and afterwards to Sellerna, where both the Russadilisk and Sellerna schools, with several converts, were assembled, who welcomed him earnestly and thankfully, calling to mind many incidents of the early days of the mission, when many of those present were bitter persecutors, but now thanked God who had sent him with the true message of peace. They were proud to have their children present, able to answer in those blessed truths that had been so long hidden and shut out from them by their enemies the priests. The next day was devoted to Errislanon, where the school-children and the converts had lit a bonfire in front of the school-house, to give him a warm reception. They cheered earnestly as Mr. Campbell led him in, that he might examine and hear what had been doing in his absence.

Before we had seen Mr. Dallas, we should scarcely have expected he would have been able for the journey of the next day to Roundstone, and across the bay to Moyrus. However, he was determined to visit them, and was received in both cases, particularly the latter, with an enthusiasm that manifested how they appreciated their deliverance from the thralldom of Rome, and their thankfulness to God for raising up His servant to labour for the continuance amongst them of the ministry of that blessed Word which set them free. Strengthened and cheered by the visit of that day, Mr. Dallas resolved to go to the island in the Ballyconree district, and was cheered to find the same earnest work proceeding in that remote part. The examination of the Ballyconree school fully supported the character it had established in the neighbourhood, even to lead to the breaking down of the National school. On Sunday, he preached for the Irish Church Missions Society, in the Clifden church, and in the afternoon went to Errismore, where Mr. Ryder had the Sunday-schools of Derrygimla, Duholla, and Bunowen assembled; and after examining and addressing the children, he preached for the first time in the new church, which had been consecrated since his last visit. The next day was appointed for visiting and examining the schools of the Clifden district.

Amid the crowd of interesting incidents which brightened our Missionary tour, one more must be recorded. At Ballyconree, the Missionary work had extended in every branch. Under the devoted labour of the Missionary clergyman, the Rev. H. Pelly, the National school, which is entirely under the priest, had been twice closed during the winter and spring, all the children in the district coming in a body to the Mission school.

On this spot the liberality of General Hall had secured an endowment for a permanent ministry. This, with a contribution towards a church, was intended as a memorial to his beloved daughter, who spent all her youthful energy in the furtherance of Missionary work. With donations from other friends, the sum of 500*l.* was collected for the building of a church. To this was added the very last grant the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for Ireland were able to make, as the Act of Parliament for disestablishment and disendowment put an end to that body.

The necessary documents were preparing while this Bill was passing the House of Lords, and the utmost promptitude was called for to get them signed, and to have the site secured. Mr. Dallas entered with great energy into this urgent business, and the deeds were executed only a few hours before the Bill received the Queen's signature.

On the 17th of July he laid the first stone of the church at Ballyconree. This was the sixty-third building that was the result of missionary labour among the Roman Catholics, with which he had been connected; and of these twenty-three were churches. It was a lovely day, and above 300 people were gathered on a mound, which was the intended site. The beautiful mountains of Connemara bound the horizon on the east, and on the west the arm of the Atlantic rolls in, while scattered around are numerous cabins, containing a large population of poor. The interesting establishment of the boys' 'Connemara Orphans' Nursery,' with the grounds around, forming a model farm, is also in the vicinity.

After Mr. D'Arcy's address, Mr. Dallas expressed the deep emotion which overwhelmed him, as he was permitted once more to address them on that spot, after having been so long laid aside in weakness and suffering, and as beyond all human expectation he had been, at an advanced age, raised up to do something more for his Heavenly Master. The present occasion was one of deep interest on many points. He had been the instrument in the hand of God of first raising up a Missionary church there; he had watched its progress for many years, and this seemed a crowning point. 'There was,' he said, 'another point of deep interest. This church was to be erected to the

memory of a dear young lady who had been early called from the Church on earth to the Church above, whose own desire while here, was to spend and be spent in doing good. She was specially interested in orphan and destitute children, and even when health and strength failed was untiring in her efforts for their spiritual good. This church will therefore call to remembrance the labours in love of Miss Annie Hall. Her only remaining sister has undertaken to collect the money required to meet the grant of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and several kind friends have helped in this cause with earnest diligence.' Mr. Dallas then spoke on the 2nd of Haggai, drawing their attention to many of the verses, particularly the 4th and the 19th, and he made an earnest appeal to the young and old there assembled, entreating them to ask themselves whether they were living stones of the true Church built upon the one only foundation—the Rock of Ages—the tried stone laid in Zion, on which all the spiritual members of Christ were built up a holy temple.

He then called on the youngest boys of the Orphan Nursery to assist him in laying the stone; and after prayer and suitable hymns and doxology, this large assembly dispersed.

On our return from the West, a few days at Oughterard enabled Mr. Dallas to introduce a new missionary, and to gather up the converts of past years, who met him in the schoolroom, and listened with deepest interest to what he had to say to them. He was determined in every station to examine, and enter fully into the work of every reader and schoolmaster. The fatigue was immense, and sometimes caused a painful reaction on the nervous system, but the work *was to be done*, and it *was done*. There was a deep feeling in his own mind that it was for the last time. After this tour, a few days of entire relaxation was supplied to us in a visit to Lord Roden, when the most faithful friendship found its expression in much enjoyable intercourse. Lord Roden had also recovered from a dangerous illness, and he seemed living on the confines of Heaven. He daily drove out with his friend, and greatly enjoyed showing him the splendid scenery of Tollymore during a drive of six miles through his own plantations. This was a great refreshment and rest, though four days was all that Mr. Dallas allowed himself from the work. He hastened on to Dundalk to meet there all the agents in the district.

Lord Roden only survived Mr. Dallas a few weeks, and the following letter written by him to a friend in Dublin shows how much he loved him and valued his works:—

‘Edinburgh, Dec. 16, 1869.

‘My dear —,

‘Last night’s newspaper has made me quite unfit to write or think: the announcement informing *Ireland* of our dear beloved friend Mr. Dallas’s removal from amongst us, leaving so much behind still to need his wisdom and his guidance, quite bewilders me; but it should not be so, for his Great Master still is above, and our dearly beloved friend was only what his Lord made him, and honoured him as His instrument to effect the wonderful events which have accompanied him in his labours. At present we have nothing to do but to turn away from all earthly relief and to be looking unto Jesus.

‘Ah! poor Ireland, my own dear country, what a blow she has received, and will feel in the absence of our dear Alexander Dallas; but still, we should praise the Lord for all He has done through His servant in the honour He put upon him during his long life. I suppose we shall now have published the book of his autobiography, which I read with such wonder and praise for what his God has done for him. I pressed him much to have it printed and published when he was with me at Tollymore in the autumn, but his own delicate mind made him revolt at anything which might even appear ostentatious or magnify himself. So it is still to be brought to light, and I will venture to say that a more interesting biography, and one bearing the stamp of God’s watchfulness over one of His creatures, never appeared.

‘To you, my dear —, I would not attempt to offer any consolation. I know how you loved him and how he loved you; but “*it is the Lord,*” and he has taught us to follow up the Scripture, “*Let Him do what seemeth to Him to be best.*” “*It has been well*” as respects the thousands of Popish children brought through him to Jesus; *it is well* as to himself, “Absent from the body present with the Lord;” and it shall be well when we join him in singing the praises of our Jehovah Jesus, who has washed us with His blood, and clothed us with His righteousness.’

After many public engagements in Dublin, he went to Kilkenny. There he was much occupied with the arrangements for missionary work, and the examination of the agents. Our last pleasant sojourn in Ireland was at the house of Archdeacon Thacker, who entered warmly into my dear husband’s suggestions. Feeling much the stretch of mind which two months of continual effort had cost him, he determined not to go further south, and Dr. Collis from Cork kindly met him here, together with the readers from his district.

He had thus personally examined 193 agents of the Society.



and that so carefully and minutely, that on his return to England he prepared a book arranged according to his parochial statistics, in separate columns, enrolling the name of every reader, his wife, the number of children, his age, length of time in service, and every particular of the work in which he was employed. This book is a valuable remembrance of the systematic energy which characterized this last visit of the Honorary Secretary. There is yet another which surprised the Committee, as the evidence of undiminished mental power and prompt action. The report drawn up and sent in to them by himself, containing a compendium of his observations during this tour, and suggestions consequent upon them, occupies eleven large folio pages of print. This document is arranged under five heads:—(1) The general condition and state of the Roman Catholics; (2) the position and state of feeling of the Protestant laity; (3) the present feeling of the clergy of the Church; (4) the course proper to be adopted by the Irish Church Missions under present circumstances; and (5) the present state of the Mission work, with a view to such arrangements as may increase its efficiency.

This visit found many of the readers advancing in years, some had grown feeble in their arduous work, and Mr. Dallas returned home with anxious thoughts for them, and with an earnest desire to make some provision for those who had borne the 'burden and heat of the day,' and were no longer able to carry on their work as heretofore.

Having discussed this subject in Committee, he wrote the following letter as an 'Appeal to Christian Friends:—

'My dear —,

'Bordering upon eighty years myself, my anxiety that some provision should be made for the declining years of those who have served with me in that noble cause in which, by God's Providence, it has been my lot to take a prominent part, is naturally very great. On my return from a two months' sojourn in our Mission, I felt it my duty to lay before our Committee the following:—

'The increasing age of our best agents warns us of a serious trouble which must shortly be experienced. What is to become of agents who, having devoted the strength of their lives, and the greatest part of these lives, to the service of the Society, are entirely disabled and unfit for the work? Unless some provision is made, nothing but the work-house lies before them. Something should be done, or the agency cannot be maintained in efficiency. The Committee have made resolutions, which I subjoin. Any contributions will be thankfully received.'

This letter, which was not printed till November, was the last effort for those whom he had for so many years directed and guided as fellow-labourers in his great work, and who had so long looked up to him not only as their master but as their father and friend.

The appeal has been since responded to by many who have considered offerings sent to this object as the best memorial they could raise to the memory of their departed friend.

My dear husband returned to Brighton, not to rest but to labour more abundantly, as one who seemed anxious to crowd a great many undertakings into a short period of time. But before settling into work he visited his own flock at Wonston, and preached to them on Sunday the 19th of September from the 3rd Epistle of St. John, verse 4. He spoke very touchingly of the joy it gave him to hear from the minister left in charge over them of any who were 'walking in the truth,' and closed with a farewell which many of the flock will not forget. Far was it from the thoughts of any of his hearers that it would be the last time he would ever stand up in his own pulpit, he was in such full power of mind and so greatly was his bodily strength restored. We fondly hoped the meridian sun had burst forth after the darkening cloud; we little thought that it was the golden lighting up of the setting sun.

The ministry of forty-one years was closed at Wonston. It was a ministry of continual preaching, and the voluminous notes of sermons that remain, testify to the precious truths that have been from Sunday to Sunday set forth in that pulpit. It has been sometimes imagined by those who did not know Mr. Dallas's habits of thought and rapidity of mental action, that his sermons had not sufficient time allotted to their preparation. His deeply-studied notes testify against this supposition. His usual habit was, on the Sunday night to choose his subjects for the next Sunday; and in this he generally followed the teaching of the Church, selecting his texts from the appointed portions of Scripture. He made these the materials for thought, meditation, and prayer during the whole week—filling up every spare moment,—and at the close the arrangement was written with great detail and clearness. Very rare was the exception, of a sermon preached without the whole plan being previously written.

His powers of oratory were perhaps more developed in his speeches than in his sermons. In the former, there was peculiar ease of manner and fluency of diction, and his style was conversational, though never colloquial. He could command the interest and attention of his hearers, not so much by flights of eloquence as by the power of sympathy; he met their hearts by the flowing out of his own heart. His descriptions were also lively pictures, and his addresses never wearied. The consciousness of his power of securing the attention of his audience gave a confidence and self-possession, so that he was never at a loss for a word. His action was graceful—animated, but never vehement.

In preaching, he was always solemn and impressive. He never entered upon it without a realization of his high calling as the minister of God. The power he possessed, instrumentally, might be traced to a firm and expansive grasp of the subject in his own mind, and to a heartfelt conviction of its importance. In a little book printed during his illness, 'The Power of the Pulpit,' he has given many hints on the subject drawn from personal experience. The one great object of saving the souls of his hearers was so prominently before him, that there was an energy and a decision in presenting truth as contrasted with error, and also a pointed application, which could not be palatable to those who did not realize, as he did, the importance of eternal truth. His exposition of Scripture was characterized by diligent investigation of its literal meaning, and by great simplicity.

But in the review of his long ministry the prominent point is the continual exhibition of the office and power of the Holy Spirit, not as an influence, but in His Divine nature as the Third Person of the blessed Trinity. He never attempted to speak or preach without an open invocation of *His presence and work*. His indwelling *individually* in each member of Christ was a doctrine continually brought forward as the source of spiritual life. The entire dependence on this gracious Spirit for teaching, guidance, strength, and comfort, was the secret spring of blessing and success throughout his whole life.

It would be naturally supposed by those who only casually study human nature, that this ministry of forty years must have left a very visible effect upon the parish generally, and have raised the

tone of morals and of religious profession. Instead of this being the case, perhaps the open ungodliness and irreligion assumed a more hardened and unimpressible character than would have been found, had the parish been left without any of that machinery for spiritual good with which it was favoured for so many years. A close examination would often lead to the same observation with respect to individuals to whom solemn truth has been repeatedly presented, and where the only effect appears to be increased resistance of the natural heart. The enigma is only to be solved by the light of Scripture.

The Rector of Wonston laboured much in his early ministry to raise the standard of morality, to make it a model parish; and, while his personal influence acted upon the people in continual intercourse, the external reformation was perceptible. He had also the comfort of seeing many from time to time receiving the Word in the power of the Divine Spirit, and growing under the means of grace. He could, at the close of his ministry, look at many graves in his churchyard with the confidence of claiming the departed as his 'joy and crown' of rejoicing, at the Great Day. This cheered his heart while living in the midst of many who 'would have none of his counsel, and who despised his reproof.' The discouragements of the parish brought to his own heart two important lessons, which he would often commend to his younger brethren. One was, the absolute insufficiency of any instrumentality without the mighty working of the Holy Spirit on the heart of man, and that reformation and acquiescence of the mind in Scriptural truth may exist without renewal of the heart, which only can be transformed by a Divine power (Zech. iv. 6). The other was, a more clear understanding of the purpose of God in the present dispensation,—to gather His elect Church individually, and not collectively—according to the compendium of His purpose expressed in Acts xi. 14-17; 'the visiting of the Gentiles, to take out of them a people for His name,' being the present work of God committed to His ministers in the preaching of the Gospel. He was thus led to look more in believing expectation for the conversion of sinners, and not so much for the general improvement of society. The study of prophecy also somewhat strengthened this view, and judging from Dan. xii. 10, and many other passages, that towards the end of the

present dispensation iniquity would abound, his ministry became more and more a note of warning to the world, and an earnest call to all sinners to come out and flee for refuge to the Cross of Christ (Rev. xviii. 4).

The following extract shows the views of his valued Curate, who knew the parish well:—

‘The effect of dear Mr. Dallas’s ministry at Wonston was clearly marked ; but this was seen most in the contrast the parish presented. I know no parish where light and darkness are so apparent, or where you can so well realize the true meaning of “Come out from among them,” and “They will not come unto Me.” I was standing in the road talking to Mr. Dallas one day, when he was mourning over the state of his people, and from the spot on which we were standing I saw three men walking in front of us, all of whom had been brought out of darkness into light, and were bringing up their families in the fear of God. I pointed them out, to cheer the pastor’s heart. I believe there are many such witnesses in Wonston, light-bearers, being a light which Mr. Dallas led them to kindle from above. There were more godly people in Wonston than in any place I know ; but, alas ! there were more who seemed to have hardened their hearts. Christ was faithfully preached, and there was a division among the people because of Him.’

Mr. Dallas had already given an inaugural lecture to a class of young men, and he was now, on his return to Brighton, requested to undertake a Protestant educational class for ladies. This plan was set on foot by the Scottish Reformation Society, in different large towns, to give information on the doctrines of Romanism, and to strengthen the principles of the Reformation in the minds of young people of the higher classes. At the end of the course, prizes were to be awarded to those who passed the best examination. He engaged to give twelve lectures ; and after each, a set of questions was printed and given to all the pupils, who returned their answers in writing. His first lecture was given at the Pavilion on the 16th of October. A considerable number assembled, and though he was thoroughly versed in the subject, much previous study was called for, and the Questions show how fully his mind was thrown into this instruction. He had undertaken twelve, but he was only permitted to deliver eight. The weather became severe, and though an hour was the appointed time, he was often detained long after, explaining different points to inquirers. A bad cough, which he little

heeded, often made him speak with difficulty ; but energy conquered infirmity, and the course of instruction was well sustained. Many have since testified to the deep teaching they received in these lectures.

The exposition on Thursday was carried on at the same time with increasing attendance and with much evidence of God's blessing ; and, at the earnest request of some of his hearers, he undertook an exposition of the prophetic Scriptures on Friday at the same place. He also commenced a series of tracts on the doctrines of Rome, and carried two numbers through the press.

The severity of the month of November did not hinder frequent journeys to town, for the Irish Missions and for Spain, which aroused his deepest interests at this time. He had been associated with Mr. Rew in all his efforts for the evangelization of that country. This excellent Christian merchant was suddenly arrested by bronchitis, which terminated fatally. His illness and death deeply affected my dear husband, and the last private ministry in which he was engaged, were visits to this house of mourning. His sympathy and advice was a healing balm to the widow's heart ; and his last words to this dear friend were to ' gird up the loins of her mind, and to go forward in labour for God, as the best healing for a bleeding heart.'

The Church Missionary anniversary was a day much looked forward to in the parish of Wonston. The Rector always invited some clergyman to speak to his people, who had personal experience of the work of the Society. He was joined in these missionary efforts by his valued friend Archdeacon Jacob, whose little parish of Hunton was contiguous. The united collections of the year were sent in, for this evening, and the schoolroom was always overflowing. The effect of this day was often traced in a more earnest missionary feeling in the parish.

It was a great comfort to the resident curate that Mr. Dallas's renewed health enabled him to be present, and to give his people his usual address on the 23rd of November. He was accompanied by Bishop Ryan, whose personal experience in Madagascar was a valuable assistance. In the address of the aged Rector there was a solemn tone, for his own heart was deeply moved in seeing so large a concourse of his people before him, and in receiving their warm expressions of welcome. He felt that he

had been recalled from death to speak again to them on the forty-first anniversary of that day in the parish. He was fond of reviewing the past years, and was led to speak of former occasions when clergymen of eminence in the Church had stood beside him there; and he closed with earnest exhortation to his hearers to hold fast the truth that they had been taught, and to meet him with joy on the Great Day. Far was it from the thoughts of those who were there present, rejoicing in his renewed health, that this would be his last word to them—that those lips which had so many years spoken to them of a Saviour's love, would be so soon sealed in death!

In the following letter, Bishop Ryan gives his remembrance of this last visit to Wonston:—

‘I think it will be a comfort to you to hear of the comfort which I experienced from the last two occasions which I had of intercourse with my dear friend, your lamented husband: I was never more impressed with the solemnity of his devotedness to the service of his Master than when I met him at Tunbridge Wells, and I carried away an impression which made me look forward with very pleasant expectation to the visit to Wonston. His most considerate kindness led him to send me information about the trains, which gave me more time, and enabled me to get through some important business.

‘At Wonston I saw him with his neighbours, with his parishioners individually, to several of whom he introduced me: and at the meeting, where he gave an affectionate pastoral and fatherly address, and referred to former meetings, quoting the names of some of the speakers of them. It was intensely solemn and interesting.

‘The next morning we travelled together to the station, then to London, and had some conversation also at the National Club, where I bid him good-bye. God's wonderful dealings in providence, the fulness of His love in Christ, the state of the Church, the openings in Spain, and preparedness for the Lord's return, were the chief subjects of our conversation. I felt thankful at the time, from a kind of presentiment that I should not have such an opportunity again; and it was very delightful to hear his affectionate mention of the Bishop of Winchester, a subject which naturally suggested reflections of the length of time in the past, and the probable shortness of what remained. It was just the kind of conversation which I could wish to have had with him for the last time, as it led the thoughts on to that bright land where we hope to meet again. May you be enabled to lay hold of the comfort which the Gospel holds forth respecting those who are blessed because they have died in the Lord, and they rest from their labours; their works do follow them!’

On Advent Sunday, the 28th of November, he preached at

St. Margaret's, Brighton, on Rom. viii. 22, 23, with great power and blessing, entering very fully upon the return of the Lord Jesus. He dwelt much upon the word '*waiting*,' as the '*pivot-thought*' of the whole passage, and then gave his hearers three serious considerations—'1. Who are waiting? 2. How are they waiting? 3. What are they waiting for?' At the close was a very personal application as to the '*earnest expectation*,' leaving upon them the solemn questions, '*Have we this?*' '*Are we preparing?*' A deep interest was awakened in the congregation, and many testimonies were received of spiritual edification from this *last* sermon.

A gentleman who happened to be at Brighton at the time has written as follows:—

'I heard Mr. Dallas deliver the first of a series of lectures on the Romish doctrine of the Real Presence in the Mass. His treatment of the subject brought out the awful sin, as well as the folly of it, in a way quite fresh and vivid to me. I shall never forget his look, and tender, solemn tone. But that which most remains in my mind, and will, I trust, in the minds of many who heard it, is the sermon he preached on Advent Sunday, on Rom. viii. 22, 23. He dwelt particularly on the words "Waiting for the adoption—to wit, the redemption of the body."

'I never heard a sermon on the second coming of our Lord delivered with such impressive earnestness. No one who heard and saw him that day could doubt whether he was uttering truths which he felt with all his heart and soul.'

In the same week, he commenced a course of Advent sermons at Fulham, at the request of his friend the Rev. E. Batty. These were to be delivered every Thursday evening, and would necessitate a journey thither after his morning exposition at Brighton. "Only one was delivered, on '*The Necessity of the Return of the Lord*.' He had arranged the complete course. The subject filled his whole soul, and he lived more and more waiting, looking for, hastening the coming of the Bridegroom.

This glorious prospect was his last ministerial utterance, and it has left a note of the heavenly song to vibrate on mourning hearts till the day of full redemption, when the united Church shall know the '*adoption*' for which she now is waiting.

On December the 5th my dear husband did not preach, but attended the service at Christ Church. He sang the Jubilate and the Te Deum with such power and sweetness that it



attracted the attention of those around him; and, on coming out of church, persons remarked, 'With what power of voice that old gentleman joined in the singing!' Was there a presentiment in his mind that ere another Sabbath had closed he should be a worshipper in the heavenly temple?

He was much occupied at this time with the controversy he was carrying on with the Cardinal Archbishop of Santiago, and his last letter to him engaged many hours in his study. Dr. McCarthy had also come from Spain with a good report of the Barcelona Mission, and it was arranged to have a gathering at our house of all those friends who had assisted in maintaining it, to listen to his report. This took place on Monday. In the evening he was peculiarly lively, and, a few friends having dined with us, he read aloud to the party his letter to the Cardinal. It was remarked with what humility he received the criticisms which were made upon it, and how readily he acted upon them. Even during this reading he often lifted up his heart in prayer for Divine guidance. His mind was very full of this last encounter with the apostate Church.

With all the work which he had taken in hand at Brighton, he was tempted to grasp more. An earnest invitation from the Dean of Ripon to preach in the Cathedral there on the 12th, and to attend a meeting on the 13th, at which the Bishop was to preside, could not be refused. In vain did the tender solicitude of love plead that to undertake such a journey, in such inclement weather, was beyond his strength; that to undertake it alone, without that conjugal care on which he had long depended, was a very painful and hazardous enterprise; but there was a youthful energy of mind which made him overlook all physical inconveniences, and anticipate with peculiar delight the intercourse he should enjoy with his two much-loved friends, 'McNeile' and 'Bickersteth.' That communion was to be deferred till they together sit down at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

The energy with which he prepared for this journey deceived all around him as to his physical powers. On Tuesday he went to Gatton Park, where he was to rest a whole day. The weather was intensely cold, but with his dear friends Mr. and Mrs. McCalmont he had always the most affectionate attention and kind care, and

he enjoyed the society of Lord and Lady Cairns, who were also there. They remarked at dinner that he was not in his usual spirits, and having caught a severe cold on the journey, he retired early. On Wednesday he was most of the day in his own room, writing a great deal, and preparing for his sermons at Ripon. He also arranged to meet the Professor of Spanish at Oxford, on the following Monday, to get some assistance from him in the book he was printing. On Thursday morning he felt very ill, but he would not acknowledge it, being bent on pursuing his journey. Lady Cairns went into his room, and urged his remaining quiet, with the most tender entreaties. It was in vain. His last reply was, 'Don't you remember the words, "When he would not be persuaded we ceased, saying, The will of the Lord be done."'

The incidents of the last two days on earth were given in a letter written to many sorrowing friends whose anxious inquiries were too numerous to be answered singly. It is added here, with only those parts omitted which have been already related :—

*'To the Friends of the late REV. A. R. C. DALLAS, both in  
England and in Ireland.*

'My dear Friends,

'Though with an intensity of sorrow with which no other can compare, and which Almighty strength can alone sustain, I will not delay to fulfil a promise I made to my dear husband an hour before he departed, that you should be informed of all the circumstances of his death.

'He seemed anxious to dictate a letter to the Missionaries and Agents, and with a strong and last expiring effort, spoke, in broken sentences—but it was too much for him—the only part of that message I can convey to you is, "Tell them I die in the faith I have so urged upon them to teach to others."

'In reviewing the time that has passed since our happy visit to Ireland, I see that my dearest husband resumed his work with a power, energy, and a promptness which was not exceeded, I might almost say, not equalled twenty years ago. And there was a peculiar character in his work. He was more deeply impressed than ever before with the conviction that the Lord is at hand in his Second Advent, and that the time is short.

He was keenly alive to every event that transpired in the State and in the Church, and saw, in all the disorganization and confusion, signs of the Lord's coming; but especially in the fearful tide of Romanism, which he watched from day to day, making inroads upon our Protestant Church. The present aspect of the Roman Church strengthened this conviction. It nerved his energies, it filled his soul with uncompromising zeal; he seemed to live but for one thing, to gather souls to Christ. With this desire and aim he undertook work beyond his strength. He forgot his age, and bodily infirmity was forced to succumb to mental vigour.

My precious husband had been asked to preach an Advent Lecture, at Fulham, for the four weeks preceding Christmas. He had preached one, and was on his way to preach the second, on Tuesday, the 9th of December, intending, from thence, to proceed to Ripon, to plead the cause of the Irish Church Missions on the Sunday, when it pleased the Master, for whom he was working, to bid him cease, and to call him within the veil. He went on Tuesday to Gatton Park—he always enjoyed the society of his dear friends there—and I felt that he would have a day of rest, which he would not take at home. On Wednesday he was unwell, from a severe cold. On Thursday he fell worse, and reluctantly gave up the journey to Ripon, and also his sermon at Fulham, but no entreaties prevailed to prevent his going to town. Lord Cairns accompanied him thither. He was totally unfit for the exposure to a cold fog in London. On arriving at the office, he was so ill, that though he attempted to transact business, he gave it up, saying, "My work is done." Colonel Gabb ordered a carriage, and drove with him to Blackheath, to the house of my brother-in-law and my sister, Mr. and Mrs. Annesley, whose love and care he had often tested. They sent for their medical attendant, who immediately pronounced his ailment to be bronchitis, on both lungs. He thought him very ill, and telegraphed for me; but it was nine o'clock when I received the telegram, and every train had gone from Brighton. It was a night of agonizing suspense. I could not start till six o'clock the next morning. I was with my precious invalid soon after nine o'clock. My kind brother-in-law had sat up with him. He was greatly oppressed in the chest, but there were many

good symptoms, and we joined in prayer, with a confidence that, as he had recovered so often before, this sickness might not be unto death. In the afternoon of that day he requested me to write to Mr. Tapson and to Mr. Newman, to have prayer offered up for him, both at Wonston and at Christ Church, Brighton, where we attended. There was restlessness and fever at night, and a great feeling of weakness, which seemed to increase. The next morning, he wished his brother, the Rev. C. Dallas, and his daughter, to be telegraphed for; who, with his daughter-in-law, came on Saturday, and this was evidently a great satisfaction to him, though it was only to bid them farewell.

‘On Saturday he was very restless, dreadfully oppressed in breathing, sometimes nearly choking; but his mind was quite clear, and his prayer was continually, “Jesus, have mercy on me.” In intervals of uneasy sleep, his mind worked painfully on business—the Missions, the Committee, &c., and he said, “Oh! what have I to do with them now? they must take their course; I must think of myself; I am a poor sinner going into the presence of my Saviour. Oh, what a sinner! Jesus, have mercy; Jesus, save me.” I said, “My precious husband, He has saved you.” “Yes,” he replied, “wonderful, and when?” I answered, “When we were sinners, Christ died for us.” “Yes, there’s the comfort. He saw all my life—all planned from eternity.” The predestinating love of God seemed to give a strong hold of comfort several times this night. Again, he said, “My sins are more in number than the hairs of my head, but Thy blood covers them all.”

‘At another time, on my repeating, “Jesus, Refuge of my soul,” he alternated every verse. Again, we repeated, “Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness;” he corrected me in this hymn, and spoke with strong emphasis:—

“Midst flaming worlds, with these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.”

‘In the middle of the night he prayed, oh, so earnestly, for his poor wife; for grace, wisdom, and comfort to be given to her. I said, “Mine is the death, yours the *life*.” He said, “But I shall come again to you very soon.”

‘The suffering and restlessness were very dreadful, and he often said, “Jesus, have mercy.” I said :

“Mercy’s full power we soon shall prove,  
Loved with an everlasting love.”

These words were often afterwards on his dying lips, “Loved with an everlasting love.” When I repeated Psalm xxiii., “When I pass through the valley of the *shadow* of death, I will fear no evil ;” he said, “I don’t fear. Why should I fear ?”

‘There was much earnest prayer that the Lord would bless and carry on the Society for Irish Church Missions ; to which he added, “He has carried it on by a bad instrument, hitherto.”

‘He had not been accustomed to dwell on the thought of death ; and when his foot touched the river, the cold chill gave a shudder ; the time was short, the call was sudden, and he seemed to want to gather up all his strength for the plunge. The confidence of faith never left him for a moment, but he felt the necessity of keeping close to the Cross. His mind was in full power. Many things he referred to, this last day, showed that all his life was brought before him in review ; and it was all taken to the foot of the Cross, and “mercy” alone was his cry. There was a prayer once for the full assurance of acceptance, and when answered that he would have “an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom, as a ship in full sail riding into the harbour,” he said, “I should like a token,” referring to his daughter’s death, and the glory she appeared to see. I said, “You have many tokens, souls brought to Jesus by your ministry—‘They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.’” He whispered, “Yes, *many ! wonderful !* and all of grace !” Another little verse I heard upon his lips was, “My Jesus, I love Thee ! If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, ’tis now.” And also, “Just as I am, without one plea,” &c.

‘On Sunday morning, there were still some hopeful symptoms, which induced me to send for Dr. Allen, whose tender and skilful care had been so blessed in his last illness. He arrived only an hour before his dismissal to hear the words, “Dear Allen.” Some Christian friends at Blackheath had agreed to have a special prayer-meeting after the evening service ; at two of the churches, Mr. Fenn’s and Mr. Bucke’s, this was arranged. As it was

unsought on our part, it gave us a hope that even yet he might be spared to us. He was greatly cheered by hearing of it, as a token of such Christian love. But the afternoon left us no doubt of the Lord's purpose towards us. With full power of mind he watched the gradual approach of the last enemy, saying, "I am beginning to see double, which is a sign of death." He also wished to be very quiet—"alone with God." To the doctor he said, "Now tell me the exact truth, do you think it will be to-morrow, or a few days hence? I have no fear, but I want to know how near I am." He said, "Sir, it may be to-night."—"Wonderful! To see Jesus!" He was absorbed in the thought, which seemed to fill his whole mind, and said again,—*"The doctor thinks I shall see Jesus to-night."* The suffering and labour for breath increased. It was so dreadful to see him suffer! very earnestly did we pray that he might have a little sleep. This prayer was not answered—but the distress was less the last half-hour. He said to me, "Pray!" "*Praise!*" My bursting heart could only repeat the Communion Doxology—"We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty." He said, "Go on;" the Rev. C. Dallas coming in at that moment offered up a short prayer. There was little said after this. His spirit fled at half-past ten on Sunday night. Had he lived till the 29th of March, he would have entered his 80th year.

'Truly have his life and death been an exemplification of 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8,—*"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them that love His appearing."* The "battle was fought, and the victory won." The "course" is finished with an immortal crown. The "treasure" of the faith has been kept. As a standard-bearer he has fallen clenching the colours. And did not the veteran soldier "love the appearing" of his Lord: "looking for"—"hasting it"—"waiting for it more than they that watch for the morning?"

'The widowed, anguished heart, finds its only solace in the blessed assurance, "Them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." "Even so, come Lord Jesus!"

‘Dear Friends, I hear the voice of the Bridegroom speaking from the dying bed,—the open grave, of my beloved husband, words which will resound to the shores of Connaught—“Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.”

‘The dear remains were laid in their last resting-place, on Friday, 17th instant, in the churchyard of Wonston, where my beloved husband had been the faithful pastor above forty-one years.

‘A great number of friends, with the neighbouring clergy, attended.

‘Believe me always,

‘Yours in Christian love,

21st December, 1869.

‘A. B. DALLAS.’

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The long life that has thus been brought under review seems to present itself in three different portions, and in each to awaken some important considerations.

In that comprised in the *Autobiography*, we have seen the making of the man, the early development of a mind of no common order, with natural endowments of much power, moulded and trained, not by common scholastic culture, but by the influence of circumstances and position, united with a strongly implanted desire to excel. Providential interposition tended to nerve the character, and military discipline and system supplied an education, which would not otherwise have been attained. But it was the natural character still, with thoughts and desires centred in present things.

In the *second portion* we see the man transformed. A Divine influence, exterior to himself, has given a new direction to the heart, and through the affections, changed the principle of action. The object of life is no longer self and the world, but is gradually transferred to invisible realities that were quite unknown to him before. He revolves, as it were, round a new centre. Through the mighty working of the Holy Spirit he is brought into union with the Incarnate God, and his object is to live for Him whose atonement and substitution is henceforth the ground of his de-

pendence for acceptance with God. His standard of right and wrong is changed, and he takes the Inspired Volume, the revelation of God's will to man, as his rule of life.

He enters into the clerical profession with a new spring of spiritual life, shallow indeed at its beginning, but gradually expanding, till all the energies of the mind are concentrated in the prosecution of objects, bearing reference to eternal realities. Personal influence—a gift bestowed in no small measure—and diversified talents, all are more and more employed for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-creatures.

The pastoral office supplied a sphere in which all this might find full development; and in the usual routine of life, his course would have run on in this regular channel, but during the *third period, the last twenty years*, a still larger extension of ministry was appointed by the 'Chief Shepherd,' which was given with such an evident call from Himself, and such a manifestation of His guiding hand, that to His servant's ear and eye it was unmistakeable. As the originator and director of a large machinery of Missionary work in Ireland, his position was one which called for all the training of the two former periods of his life. It needed an influence which the power of original character can alone impart, as well as those habits of discipline and system which were supplied by military training.

The peculiar gifts which were bestowed for the direction of this work can only be duly appreciated by those who live in the country in which they were exercised. A testimony has been lately borne to them by an eminent statesman, who well knows Ireland. In a recent public speech for the Society for Irish Church Missions, Lord Cairns says:—

'I trust that the memory of Mr. Dallas will long linger around this Society. I trust and believe that his mantle has descended on those who are now the executive of the Society, and that the energy, the ability, the sound practical wisdom, the true faith, and the heartiness of Mr. Dallas have not left the Society, but will still continue to direct and prosper its good work in Ireland. I believe that, through the medium of societies of this kind,—through the medium of works such as this Society carries on,—by bringing into every cottage in Ireland the light of the truth of the Word of God,—I believe that by this means, and by this means alone, you will be able to dispense with coercive legislation for that country, and that by a process of that description, and by that process alone, Ireland will become great, glorious, and free.'



Throughout this life of labour, there was an invisible spring of action, and everything was commenced and continued under its influence. The stream of 'living water' once flowing into the heart cannot but flow forth in blessing upon others, according to the promise of our blessed Lord, 'it shall be in him a well of water *springing up* to everlasting life, and *flowing out* in rivers of living water' (John iv. 14; vii. 38). The minister of God can only give as he receives, and that spring of influence must be known and used. If in some who are called to important work we see great grace, strong faith and ardent love, let us remember that the fountain is full to overflowing to all who come to it. The vessels brought thither may be of very different dimensions, but they shall all be filled.

The same Divine Spirit who taught and guided the mind of Alexander Dallas, is promised to all who, renouncing self-sufficiency and self-dependence, are made willing to seek and to receive His grace. And there is a uniformity in the process of His teaching in every heart. The advance in the knowledge of the salvation of Christ is ever proportionate to the conviction of our sinfulness and need. We see this minister of God deepening in humility as he learns more of the sufficiency and security of the salvation of God, and he enters into the presence of his Lord, not as a veteran returning from his victory, not as a pastor presenting many souls won from the world and sin, not as a saint, fitted for his place in heaven, but as a sinner crying for mercy, clinging to the cross, and pleading only *the blood of Jesus for acceptance*.

If any reader is led by these recollections to pray more earnestly for the Holy Spirit, and to live more under His gracious influence, the prayer of Alexander Dallas, on his dying bed, will be fulfilled, 'That his death might be for the furtherance of the Gospel and the life of many.' His first desire, when on earth, was that Jesus might be glorified, and His kingdom extended. Will not this result bring increased joy to his spirit now, shared as we know it is by the angelic hosts, and will it not be to the glory of our Lord when He returns to take His kingdom, when He comes to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe?

May God, for Christ's sake, give the Holy Spirit to every one who reads this Book!

A Tablet has been erected to the Memory of the late Rev. ALEXANDER DALLAS, M.A., in the Parish Church of Clifden, Connemara, and in the Mission Church, Townsend Street, Dublin.



#### INSCRIPTION ON THE CLIFDEN TABLET.

In Memory of the  
REV. ALEX. R. C. DALLAS, M.A.,  
Rector of Wonston, Hants, England,  
Founder and Father of the Society  
for Irish Church Missions  
to the Roman Catholics,  
who died in the Lord, Dec. 12th, 1869,  
in the 80th year of his age.

In June, 1848, he came to Connemara,  
in her hour of deepest woe,  
bringing the everlasting Gospel,  
and Believers were added to the Lord;  
multitudes both of men and women.  
For 25 years he laboured prayerfully  
for the salvation of the perishing  
Roman Catholics of Ireland.  
Truly he loved our nation.  
He was instrumental in erecting  
21 Churches, 49 School-houses,  
12 Parsonages, and 4 Orphanages,  
in connection with  
the Society's operations.  
In all his work his prayer ever was,  
"O God, for Christ's sake, give me  
thy Holy Spirit."  
Reader, let it be yours.

#### INSCRIPTION ON THE DUBLIN TABLET.

In Memory of the  
REV. ALEX. R. C. DALLAS, M.A.,  
Rector of Wonston, Hants, England,  
Founder and Father of the Society for  
Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics.  
He died in the Lord, December 12th, 1869,  
in the 80th year of his age.

For 25 years he wrought with earnest faith  
and ceaseless prayer for the salvation  
of our Roman Catholic countrymen.  
His efforts prepared the way for  
the Irish Church Missions, instituted A.D. 1849,  
organized and worked by him for 21 years,  
in Dublin, Connemara, and other parts of Ireland.  
He was instrumental in having erected  
21 Churches, 49 School-houses, 12 Parsonages,  
and 4 Orphanages, in connection with  
the Society's operations.  
The Lord gave him much wisdom, hope, and love,  
with faith, and persevering prayer, and length of days.  
He used him for His own glory here,  
then took him to Himself.  
A man full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost.  
He loved our nation.  
Being dead he yet speaketh.  
In all his work his prayer ever was,  
"O God, for Christ's sake, give me  
thy Holy Spirit, Amen."  
"Go and do thou likewise."

A monument in St. Patrick's Cathedral is also in course of erection,  
intended as a national memorial of gratitude to the Rev. Alex. R. C.  
Dallas, from the Church of Ireland.

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE.

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*From the Rev. EDMUND BATTY.*

As one who was privileged to enjoy his friendship for twenty-four years, and who owes much to him, I may be allowed to express my sympathy. I had the pleasure of first knowing Mr. Dallas when near the time of my ordination, and I call to mind with much thankfulness his Christian interest in me, while some of his wise observations on the duties and trials of the ministry have ever since been fresh on my mind.

*From the Rev. BEAUCHAMP STANNUS.*

I am not sure that any one not related to him witnessed his private life for a longer period or more intimately than I did. Those months at Wonston I shall never forget when he and I were together. I never desired other society. He taught me much that must ever oblige me to hold him dear in memory. I rarely open my Bible without seeing some mark or help to systematic arrangement suggested by him. I cannot forget how he aided me in what I am persuaded is the right interpretation *as a whole* of the prophetic Word, and in studying Scripture generally. Then, his lively, agreeable, polished manners, combined with prayerfulness and so much kindness of heart, endeared him to me and to thousands besides.

*From the BISHOP OF RIPON.*

I have had the greatest reverence and affection for your dear husband. He has been, for many years past, one of my kindest friends, brightest examples, and wisest counsellors. I was looking forward with great pleasure to his intended visit to Ripon, anticipating not only the happiness but the real spiritual profit which I always experienced from intercourse with him. But God has taken him—for his sake we cannot but rejoice. He nobly ran his course even to the end, and is now for ever with the Lord.

*From the Rev. W. DRUITT.*

Your dear husband was one who held a large place in my heart. I never spent half an hour in his company without feeling the better for it. Always the same—always exhibiting the beauty of the Christian character, always the staunch friend, always showing himself, under all circumstances, the humble though bold and unflinching follower of Jesus Christ.

*From the Rev. CANON CARUS.*

You well know how very long and how very dearly I loved and honoured your dear departed one; but how much of thankfulness must blend with our grief! What a life of eminent faithfulness, diligence, courage, devotion, and love was his; and what thanks ought we to render to Him who gave such great graces. And now he is rejoicing in the presence of that dear Lord whom he loved so truly, and served so faithfully to the end.

*From MRS. SOMERSET.*

How grand a memorial to his memory the Orphans' Nursery and other Homes will prove, to say nothing of his abundant labours for Christ at home and abroad! Sir Arthur Laurence in reference to him said:—'It makes one blush to think how some people serve their Master. Mr. Dallas is always at work, and it is wonderful to me how much he does to uphold good things wherever he is.'

*From MR. COLQUHOUN.*

The tidings were indeed saddening, and affected me greatly. To see no more that kind face, and hear no more that happy voice, is indeed a blow. How often we shall miss him! how bereaved we shall feel! But he was spared to us marvellously; and let it be our labour, though at a great distance, to follow his steps. Our prayer-meeting will be an affecting scene. Whether I shall be able to face it I know not. We can think of the many who will welcome him in that world of peace and love which he has entered.

*From the BISHOP OF TUAM to COLONEL GABB.*

Your letter has filled me with the greatest sorrow, not for him who is gone to rest and glory, but for his loss to the Church of Christ on earth, and to the special work into which he threw such single-minded zeal and life. He is taken from much evil to come; but also from

much work before your Society, which he would have animated. Just before leaving my house this year, he told me, after a long and interesting conversation, that he intended to raise an endowment for the Rectory of Clifden, and also for Ballinakill, this great centre of your work being left desolate by Gladstone's Act.

*From Rev. DR. COLLIS, Rector of Queenstown.*

Your mournful tidings fills my heart with deep sorrow. I did indeed love that dear and beloved servant of God with most grateful affection, and I cannot realize that I shall never see his ever-joyous face in the flesh, without painful emotion. When I went to meet him in Kilkenny, he looked so bright and buoyant that I hoped he would be spared some years longer. He was so cordial, and filled with longings after progress and success in the Master's work, that I felt the one hour I passed with him was a reviving season. Though it was a gracious dealing of our God to him and to us that he lived out all his life, still, if there had been some break!—if he had seemed failing, one would have been prepared for the removal of him to whom every Christian in Ireland owes a debt of love, which he must wait for the glorious morning suitably to express. The gracious Lord does not reprove our tears—He will not allow the memory of his undying energy in seeking after perishing sinners to fade away. Our beloved brother has left an example which may God in mercy place before many hearts.

*From the Rev. H. D'ARCY, Clifden.*

How shall I write to you, or give expression to my earnest feeling of sympathy with you? I cannot write as a mere friend; the marvellous power of the departed one in winning every heart that was acquainted with him, making them feel as if they were the special objects of his loving care, had that charm for me for the last twenty-two years that I have known him. There was no human being to whom I could so confidently open my heart, its troubles and its joys, whether as to the blessed work in which we worked together, or my own private concerns. His loving sympathy, his wise counsel, and his singleness of purpose, left no possibility of reserve with him. He drew me on with him. I loved him without knowing or thinking of my love to him. I thanked God for the privilege I enjoyed, but as a son with a father, I never stopped to expatiate on the privilege I enjoyed, but oh! what a blank, as I awoke up to the reality of my loss!

The blow was so sudden, it would almost appear as if our loving Father could hardly have taken him away from His children, whose hearts He had so bound with their beloved friend in and through His own most blessed cause, if He had suffered them to be roused up into importunate prayer to Him. But we know He does all things wisely and lovingly. If we loved our dear friend in a way that we could forget ourselves, our sorrow would be absorbed in his joy. Among the gifts and graces bestowed upon him by the Lord, nothing struck me so much, for the twenty-two years I have known him, as the steady consistency with which he held to that one point—the true Gospel of Christ for the Roman Catholics in all its controversial bearing on the delusive doctrines by which their souls are deceived and enslaved. Friends and enemies failed to make him compromise or soften it in the least. May we be kept faithful to it !

*From the REV. W. HARRISON.*

I know of no one to whom death would be a greater joy. What must have been his first glimpse of his loved Master ! We must not faint—he would say more than ever, ‘Press on.’ If ever there was a man raised for a special purpose of good, it was he. I cannot say I shall follow his steps, but I shall try. The time is short. You will carry out that best memorial of his name—the Scripture-readers’ fund.

## THE WORKS OF THE REV. A. R. C. DALLAS.

Sermons on the Lord's Prayer.....	1823
Country Curate's Offering .....	1825
Sermons to a Country Congregation .....	1825
—— (Ordination) .....	1829
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Cottager's Guide to the New Testament. 6 vols. Nisbet ..	
Guide to the Acts. Nisbet .....	
—— Epistles. 3 vols. Nisbet .....	
Revelation Readings. 3 vols. Nisbet .....	
Letter to the Clergy of the Church of Ireland.....	1840
Pastoral Superintendence.....	1841
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Wonston Tract Commentaries on the 25th and 27th Psalms. Nisbet .....	
Jesus Tempted .....	
The Parables Explained .....	
Reasons for Declining to attend a Public Concert of Sacred Music .....	
Romanism: Its Rise, Progress, and Prospects.....	
Clouds of the Morning .....	1847
Popery in Ireland a Warning to Protestants in England.....	1847
Castelkerke .....	
The Point of Hope for Ireland .....	1848

Confirmation Tracts. Nisbet .....	1850
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Protestantism in Ireland. Lecture to the Church of England Young Men's Society.....	1851
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A Mission Tour Book in Ireland.....	1857
Transubstantiation .....	1857
Romanism in Bayswater (Correspondence with Dr. Manning)	1858
Queen Elizabeth's Legacy.....	1858
The Story of the Irish Church Missions .....	1864
Visible Unity .....	1865
The Power of the Pulpit .....	1868
Brighton Tracts .....	1869
Controversy with the Cardinal Archbishop of Santiago. Revised by the Rev. E. Elliot. (Seeley and Co.) .....	1869

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Among the Lectures on Prophecy preached at St. George's, Bloomsbury, those by the Rev. A. Dallas were :—

The Judgment of the Living ( <u>2 Tim. iv. 1</u> ; Matt. xxv. <u>31</u> )...	1843
The Restoration of the Kingdom of Israel (Acts <u>1. 6</u> ; Ezek. xxxvii. <u>21, 22</u> ).....	1847
The Victory of Christ over the Confederate Nations (Ps. ii. <u>4-6</u> ). Also the Preface to this vol.....	1848
The Boasting of the Mystic Babylon (Rev. xviii. <u>7, 8</u> ; Isa. xlvii. <u>8, 9</u> ).....	1851
The Corruption of the Church and its Issue (Matt. xiii. <u>24-30</u> )	1853
The Sixth Vial the drying up of the great River Euphrates (Rev. xvi. <u>12</u> ) .....	1854
The Light thrown by Prophecy on the recent Development of Popery ( <u>2 Pet. 1. 19</u> ) .....	1856





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